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METHODIST REVIEW

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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1905

ART. I.—THE PILGRIMS' WAY

CHAUCER has given the road from the Tabard Inn at Southwark to the shrine of Thomas à Becket something akin to immortality. It was only a fifty-six miles' journey through what are now great centers of population—Deptford, Greenwich, Rochester, and Sittingbourne—but the tales told by the members of that party who contrived so delightfully to blend piety with pastime are a heritage that has enriched all the English-speaking world. Chaucer's road was that by which the men of the North, the Midlands, and East Anglia trooped to the shrine. Londoners used it when they wished to visit the most sacred place in England. That route to Canterbury eclipses all others. But there was another road, whose charm is scarce changed since Henry II made his first pilgrimage along it, in July, 1174, to do penance at the tomb of the proud prelate whose death lay heavy upon his conscience. The king landed at Southampton and traveled, by Winchester, through Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent, till he reached the city where à Becket had been foully murdered on December 29, 1170. This was the route by which pilgrims from Normandy and Brittany came to the shrine, and for the west of England also it was the high road to the most popular of all places of pilgrimage.

The road was an old British track used by the Romans. Such a passage, right from the Straits of Dover to the west of England, must have been the most important of England's lines of traffic. A range of hills, which "for its length, unchanging pattern, and aspect has no exact parallel in Europe," stretches like a great bow

across southern England from the neighborhood of Dover. The North Downs reach no great elevation, but they serve as an unerring guide to the traveler. "Nature herself laid down the platform of a perfectly defined ridge, from which a man going west could hardly deviate even if there were no path to guide him. The road, which is still known in Kent and Surrey as The Pilgrims' Way, clings to the hills, running half way up the southern slope where sunshine and shelter were to be had. Rows of somber yew trees still mark its course, some of them doubtless planted by the birds before Thomas à Becket fell a victim to the rage of his enemies. Mr. Belloc, who has been exploring the whole course of this road along its hundred and twenty miles between Winchester and Canterbury, found that three fifths of it was well known, the remaining two fifths unknown. There is no continuous gap of unknown road of greater length than seven miles. He set himself to study the characteristics of the known portions and applied these data to the discovery of those that were unknown. Place names helped in this search, and the analogy of trails. The road never turned a sharp corner save to avoid some precipitous rock or the sudden bend of a river. It keeps to the southern slope, to drink in the sunshine, and does not mount higher than circumstances require. If it has to climb a hill it takes the shortest road to the summit unless that proves too steep for travelers. Mr. Belloc has recovered many traces of the old road by working on these principles, and though he has had to leave some points doubtful he has prepared the way for local investigation which ought soon to clear up the remaining difficulties. His pilgrimage was made on foot in the month of December, that he might reach Canterbury on the anniversary of the murder. Becket was canonized by Pope Alexander III three years after his death, and the date of the martyrdom was set apart as the Feast of Saint Thomas of Canterbury. The marvelous tales of so-called miracles brought flocks of pilgrims to his burial place. For fifty years they crossed the sea and toiled on through winter storms to invoke the favorite saint of England. On July 7, 1220, the remains were removed from the tomb in the crypt to the new shrine at the eastern end of the Cathedral. Henry III walked in the procession which bore the

relics; the streets of Canterbury ran with wine. The chroniclers say that such crowds had never gathered together in England. The Feast of the Translation soon eclipsed that of the martyrdom, and henceforth the pilgrimage became a summer holiday, when days were longest and weather most delightful.

The travelers from the south met at Winchester. This was the old capital of Wessex, where King Alfred was buried and his gentle tutor, the good bishop Saint Swithin. Miracles were, it is said, wrought freely at his shrine, and visitors to Canterbury were thankful to seize a double opportunity of blessing such as Winchester and the shrine of Becket afforded. There were twenty thousand residents in the city, and some one hundred and seventy-three churches and chapels stood within the walls. Hospitals and monasteries of national fame were conspicuous features of the place, and in the reign of Edward I the monks of Saint Swithin built a Strangers' Hall at their convent gates for the reception of poor pilgrims. The plan of the city forms a cross. Its northern arm was the Jewish quarter. "The whole stream of traffic which passed out from the capital to the rest of England went through the street of the money-lenders, and we may say with certitude that the north gate, the limit of that lane, was the starting-point of the Old Road." After feasting their eyes and hearts on the marvels of Winchester the pilgrims turned toward Alton. They passed the Abbey of Hyde, which boasted of a great silver cross given to the New Minster by Cnut and of the bones of Alfred the Great. The road leads by the side of a stream which supplied the abbey with water. "The path," says Mrs. Ady, to whom all students of the Pilgrims' Way are under so great a debt, "is cool and shady, planted with a double row of tall elms, and as we look back we have beautiful views of the venerable city and the great cathedral sleeping in the quiet hollow, dreaming of all its mighty past." Cobbett felt that few spots in England were more fertile and more pleasant, and none more healthy than the Itchen valley. Charles II often visited Itchen Abbas, near to which was Avington Park, the seat of the Duke of Chandos; Thomas Carlyle came to stay with his friend Lord Ashburton at the Grange. New Alresford was a flourishing center of the cloth trade, and the pilgrims could make

their purchases at the noted Winchester fair in September. Tichborne Park, notorious for its great lawsuit, is near New Alresford. At Chawton, about a mile before we reach Alton, is Jane Austen's cottage, where she lived for eight years and wrote the novels which have won her lasting fame. Gilbert White's home at Selborne is four or five miles to the right. After leaving Alton the pilgrims followed the side of the river Wey till they came close to Farnham, which has been the home of the bishops of Winchester since the days of Saint Swithin. Henry of Blois built the first palace. "The lawn, with its stately cedars and grass-grown moat, deserves a visit, but the most interesting part of the building is the fine old keep, with its massive buttresses and thirteenth-century arches, commanding a wide view over the elm avenues of the park and the great extent of wild commons which stretch eastward on the Surrey side." Cobbett was born at Farnham, and died not far away, at Ash, in 1835. Moor Park, the retreat of Sir William Temple, lies outside the town as we begin to rise toward the Hog's Back. The statesman of the Triple Alliance considered it the sweetest place he had ever seen, at home or abroad. Just beyond Moor Park are the ruins of Waverley Abbey, the first Cistercian house planted in England and the mother of many other abbeys. The Hog's Back is a great chalk range which links Farnham to the old town of Guildford. The views from this ridge are some of the most lovely in the south of England and greatly surprised Queen Victoria when she first saw the district, on one of her visits to Aldershot. The Pilgrims' Way did not run along the top of the hill, as the modern highway does, but two hundred feet lower on its southern slope. Every step of the way has its interest. The church at Seale was built by the Abbots of Waverley early in the thirteenth century. That of Wanborough, on the north side of the hill, was rebuilt by these great churchmen. Fairs held in the churchyards were patronized by the pilgrims, who seem to have availed themselves of every opportunity to brighten their journey. Chaucer's pilgrims are a fair representation of all who turned their faces to Canterbury. Devotion drew many, but curiosity, love of change and adventure and the delights of a summer holiday drew more. At Compton there is a

beautiful Norman church mentioned in Domesday Book. It has—the only instance in England—a double sanctuary, one section perched above the other. The oldest Norman screen in England is here. It was close by, at Limnerslease, that George Frederick Watts, the great painter, spent the last years of his honored life. The beautiful mortuary chapel which he built will always attract visitors. A mile farther is the famous Elizabethan house of Losely, the seat of the More and Molyneux family. Here, as readers of Walton's Lives know, Dr. Donne, Dean of Saint Paul's, found a wife. Wesley's school, the Charter House, is a little farther south, at Godalming. It was removed from London in 1872, and its spires and turrets form a feature of the view from the Hog's Back.

The pilgrims pushed on from Compton to Saint Katherine's Chapel, overhanging the river Wey. This was rebuilt in 1317 and was much frequented. A steep road leads down to the river, then the Wey runs across the meadows to Shalford, where a great fair was held every August. It spread from the churchyard into the fields by the river and covered a hundred and forty acres of ground. It was the most important fair in this part of Surrey. Guildford used to have its fair at Christmas, but changed it to September in 1312, and Saint Katherine's also had a five days' fair in September. John Bunyan is said to have lived for a time in Guildford and Shalford and it has been suggested that his Pilgrim's Progress may owe something to the scenes which thus became familiar to him. On leaving Shalford the Pilgrims' Way passes the old pesthouse, or hospital for sick wayfarers, which is still standing. The lovely wooded Chantries lead on to the church of Saint Martha, which is still one of the landmarks of the district. It stands on the crest of a hill and marks the spot where some early Christians suffered martyrdom. When the pilgrims began to stream along this route a new chancel was built for their use, in 1186. Farthing Copse and Halfpenny Lane remind us of the tolls levied on them as they approached the chapel. It fell into ruin during the Wars of the Roses and in 1463 Bishop William of Waynflete granted forty days' indulgence to those who visited the place to repeat a Pater Noster, Ave, and Credo, or contributed to its repair. What most delights

the modern pilgrim is the glorious view from the summit. Mr. Belloc says, "The spot, for all its proximity to London and to the villas of the rich, preserves a singular air of loneliness. It has a dignity and an appeal which I had thought impossible in a land of which every newspaper is full." A little to the north is Newlands Corner, which affords one of the finest prospects in the county. From Saint Martha's we drop down to The Silent Pool, where tradition says that a woodman's fair daughter, loved by King John, was surprised by the monarch in the act of bathing and was drowned with her brother, who tried to rescue her. Close by is Albury Park, one of the seats of the Duke of Northumberland. Here the famous conference on Prophecy was held, in the days of Mr. Drummond the banker, which led to the formation of the Irvingite Church. Twelve apostles were chosen and it was confidently predicted that one at least of these would live to see the coming of the Lord. But the last of the company rests in the churchyard at Albury and the faith of this strange church has suffered a sore eclipse. In the gardens at Albury there is a famous yew hedge, ten feet high and a quarter of a mile long. It is probably the finest in England. The gardens were laid out by Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, with the help of his neighbor, John Evelyn, of Wooton. They are simply delightful. The Pilgrims' Way runs past the old Norman church, now standing disused in the duke's grounds, through a splendid avenue of limes to the church of Shere. Here is a tomb to Lord Audley, who died in 1491, and many interesting Norman features. The village itself is one of the most beautiful in Surrey and is a favorite resort of artists and literary men. "Subjects for pen and pencil abound in all directions; quaint old-timbered houses, picturesque water-mills and barns, deep ferny lanes shaded by overhanging trees, and exquisite glimpses of heather-clad downs meet us at every turn." We are in the heart of Surrey. Cobbett declared that there were very few prettier rides in England than this stretch of country. A granite cross on Evershed's Rough marks the spot where Bishop Wilberforce lost his life by the fall of his horse, in July, 1873. Box Hill attracts and holds the sight of the traveler. Mr. Belloc calls it "The strongest and most simple of our Southern hills."

> It stood out like a cape along our coasting journey, our navigation of the line of the Downs. The trend of the range is here such that the clean steep of this promontory hides the slopes to the east. It occupies the landscape alone. . . It has been debated, and cannot be resolved, why these great lines of chalk north and south of the Weald achieve an impression of majesty. They are not very high. Their outline is monotonous and their surface bare. Something of that economy and reserve by whose power the classic in verse or architecture grows upon the mind is present in the Downs. Those which we had traveled all that day were not my own hills—Dunston and Bury, Westburton, Amberley, and all—but they were similar because they stood up above the sand and the pines, and because they were of that white barren soil, clothed in close turf, wherein nothing but the beech, the yew, and our own affection can take root and grow.

John Evelyn, the diarist and naturalist, lies buried at Wooton Church, two miles east of Dorking. The old red-brick house where he lived is full of memorials of him. The prayer book which Charles I used on the scaffold is here, and many other treasures.

Near Dorking the Pilgrims' Way crossed the river Mole and climbed the side of Box Hill. Then it crossed the great chalk pits at Betchworth, the largest in the county, and ran on to the famous suspension bridge on Reigate Hill, from which is a glorious stretch of view right on to Chanctonbury Ring, near Worthing, in the south and far to the east. Reigate is Ridgegate—the road along the ridge—and was called Cherchfelle at the time of the Norman Conquest. A quaint town hall in the main street occupies the site of a chapel of Saint Thomas à Becket which stood here in the fifteenth century; another chapel stood a stone's throw away and an old hostel. The Pilgrims' Way now turns north, through Gatton—Gatetun, the town of the road. From the reign of Henry VI down to 1832 this little borough, which for many years had only one voter, returned two members of Parliament. Cobbett called it "a very rascally spot of earth." A little town hall, like a Greek temple, still stands in the grounds. The house was formerly the residence of Lord Manson, and its fine marble hall, an imitation of the Orsini Chapel in Rome, and its church, with its beautiful carved wood, are well worth a visit. A few miles of pleasant road bring us to the charming village green of Godstone and its old gable-fronted inn. We now pass along the top of the ridge over open commons looking across the Weald of Sussex to the

valleys of Sevenoaks and Tonbridge. Half the county of Sussex can be seen at a glance. The old road continually gains in importance. Tributary roads fall into it, each bringing an accession of travelers. Titsey Place, the old home of the Greshams, is here, surrounded by downs and commons. "Wherever the eye rests, one ridge of wooded hill after the other seems to rise and melt away into the soft blue haze." Coins, urns, and pottery have been found here, and in 1867 a Roman villa was discovered not far from the Pilgrims' Way.

A little beyond Titsey the Way crossed Chevening Park, where it can still be traced through Lord Stanhope's grounds. The road from Greenwich now joins it, adding immensely to its historic interest. The first point of importance after this junction is Oxford, near to which Edmund Ironside routed the Danes under Canute in 1016. Offa is said to have fought a great battle here in 773. At Oxford there was a manor house belonging to the See of Canterbury which was dear to all pilgrims as a favorite residence of à Becket. Another sacred place was Kemsing, with a church and well consecrated to the Saxon princess, Saint Edith. Her image was in the churchyard. It was believed that if a handful of corn dedicated to the saint were mingled with the "seede corne, it would preserve from harme and prosper in growthe the whole heape that he should sowe, were it never so great a stacke." Four miles eastward is Wrotham, another manor of the archbishops, who often stayed here in their journeys through Kent. A mile above the village a shoulder of the hill commands the whole valley of the Medway. Mr. Belloc says:

> It is a view of astonishing effect, such as I did not know to be in South England. There dominated that view a character of space and dignity which not even the Itchen valley from the heights nor the Weald from the crest of the Surrey Downs could equal. Far off, miles and miles away, the hills continued their interminable line. The haze, and a certain warm quality in the winter light, added to the vastness of the air, and made the distant range seem as remote as a to-morrow; it was lost in a gray blue that faded at last into mere sky upon the east coast.

To the north of Maidstone, after crossing the Medway, the pilgrims would reach three monoliths of sandstone, eight feet high and eight feet broad, with a covering stone of eleven feet which rests

on the heads of the others. It is known as Kit's Coity House. This may be a Gaelic phrase—the grave in the wood—but no one can get beyond conjecture. It is one of many similar remains scattered over the hillside and locally known as the Countless Stones. Probably this was a Druid cemetery, where British chiefs and heroes lie buried. A mile away stood Boxley Abbey, famed for two miraculous relics. One was the image of Saint Rumbold, the little Saxon prince who proclaimed himself a Christian at the moment of his birth and died after three days of testimony to the heathen. Only the pure and good could lift this image, but the priests knew how to reward a generous fee by touching a hidden spring which allowed the image to be raised. Still more famous was the wooden crucifix which moved its eyes and lips. Crowds flocked to see this marvel. In 1538 "certayn ingyns of old wyer with olde roten stykkes" were found in the back of the cross, and after the trick had been exposed at Maidstone on a market day the rood was taken to London and broken in pieces at Paul's Cross. Edward II was a guest at Boxley Abbey when he wrote to the aldermen of London giving them permission to choose a Lord Mayor. At the dissolution of the monasteries the only complaint that could be made against the monks was the profusion of flowers in their garden. The Commissioners wax indignant on the waste of those who turned "the rents of the monastery into gillyflowers and roses." Would that no other sins may be laid to their charge! Between the Abbey and the thriving town of Maidstone stretches Pevenden Heath, where the Saxons held "gemotes" and Lanfranc pleaded the rights of his see of Canterbury against Odo, half-brother to the Conqueror, who had laid violent hands on many possessions of his see. When the pilgrims reached Charing they were on historic ground. It was among the first lands bestowed by King Ethelbert on Augustine. The archbishops had a house here long before the Norman Conquest. Its church boasted a great relic—the block on which John the Baptist was beheaded. Visitors were told that it had been brought by Richard I from the Holy Land. The block vanished in the sixteenth century, but the church is a delight to the visitor and antiquarian. The village still has an air of prosperity despite the taunts of its jealous neighbors

to the south. After a few more miles the Pilgrims' Way joins Chaucer's road at Harbledown, a little village on the edge of the forest of Blean.

> Wist ye not where standeth a little town
> Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down,
> Under the Blee in Canterbury way.

Mrs. Ady, who has written the most charming book on the Pilgrims' Way, points out that bob-up-and-down is a very happy description of the rolling ground that leads to Harbledown. Lanfranc's lazar house was here, and pilgrims dropped their coins into the hands of the lepers and saw a precious relic—a crystal which had once been an ornament in à Becket's shoe. Erasmus tells us that when he and Dean Colet passed a leper ran out who sprinkled them with holy water and offered the upper leather of a shoe bound in a brass rim, with a crystal set in its center. Visitors were allowed to kiss this relic. The piece of crystal and the box in which Erasmus dropped his coin are still said to be preserved at the alms houses on the site of the old lazar house.

Canterbury was first seen from this village. The pilgrims dropped on their knees when the golden angel on the central tower caught their wondering view. The sight made a profound impression on such a critical visitor as Erasmus, and we can imagine the awe with which simple folk of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries gazed on the goal of their long pilgrimage. Vast crowds met in the streets of the city. In 1420, after the battle of Agincourt, a hundred thousand pilgrims are said to have been present. Inns, hospitals, religious houses were thronged with guests. Pilgrims were shown the spot where the archbishop was murdered and the rusty sword of Richard le Breton. They went down into the wonderful crypts to kiss the saint's skull encased in silver and gaze on his girdle and hair shirt. The cures and wonders said to be wrought at the tomb were talked of all over Europe. The shrine which held Becket's body was the crowning sight on which the pilgrims feasted their eyes. They climbed up the worn steps after being shown the crown of à Becket's head "preserved in a golden likeness of Saint Thomas's face, ornamented with pearls and precious gems, which had been presented by Henry V.

Then, at a given sign, the wooden canopy was drawn up by ropes, and the shrine itself, embossed with gold and glittering with countless jewels that flashed and sparkled with light, was revealed to the eyes of the pilgrims." All fell to their knees in worship. Only the broken pavement and the marks left on the stone floor remain to remind us of these memorable scenes of the Middle Ages, but the great Cathedral still thrills all visitors. Mr. Belloc says, "Even from a long way off the cathedral and the mastery of its central tower had made a pivot for all we saw; closer by it appalled the senses. Save perhaps once, at Beauvais, I had never known such a magic of great height and darkness." For three centuries Canterbury "drew toward it all Europe," and no one can visit it to-day without feeling that the spell of those centuries is still resting upon him.

Art. II.—MORAL EMPHASIS IN THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS

For many years past the leaders in the Protestant pulpit have evidently felt that the most effective way to preach the suffering of the Son of God is to proclaim the Cross as the supreme setting forth of the condescending love of the gracious Father. Just now it would seem that the practical demand is that we should insist as we have not yet done that the love of God is a moral love, and that the Cross of Christ is an expression not only of the merciful nature, but also of the moral nature, of the Almighty. This need arises for a double reason. First, in many pulpits the love of God has been taught as an amiable good-humor beaming forth in indulgent smiles upon saint and sinner alike, and the ethical quality of the love has been missed; second, the yearning of our time is clearly for the rigorously moral in religion. Business, politics, and society are being made moral, and religious life and thought must be made moral also. The moralization of theology is even more a duty than the moralization of secular activities. Whatever our theory of Atonement may be, our preaching of the Cross must be throughout in accord with this growing insistence upon the need of intense moral devotion and quick and deep moral insight. By moral preaching I mean a statement which finds in the entire work of redemption an expression of God's moral nature in which God himself can find eternal satisfaction; an exaltation of the ethical splendor of God as the one great fact in the moral universe.

Consider the problem before God in his work of redemption. Can he so alter the moral system that sinners may be freed by fiat, by royal edict, by a sort of Emancipation Proclamation which shall at once sweep them into the kingdom? No: this would at most touch only the consequences of sin, and even here God's moral nature forbids any tampering with that ethical provision which binds evil harvest to evil seed-sowing. Moral principles are too intimately woven into the constitution of things, and are too essentially an expression of the very life of God, to be liable

to repeal or amendment. Can God not so play upon the soul of the sinner that redemption shall come by a subtle inner determinism—so that in spite of ourselves we shall find ourselves converted to righteousness? So far as metaphysics is concerned undoubtedly God could do this, or something like this. In him we live and move and have our being, and he is never so far from us but that by a quiet touch he could make us over into puppet saints without our suspecting the loss of our freedom. With the loss of freedom, however, the moral element is canceled altogether, and the words "saint" and "righteousness" are emptied of meaning. To be sure, conversion seems sometimes to come by compulsion. Convictions long pent-up and kept under seem in some crises to break the will by a sort of spiritual explosion, but the upheaval has real religious worth only as it comes through a free yielding of the heart. If we are to be saved at all we must be saved as free men, and in the saving nothing of moral value must be lost. How can God do this? How can he save us and the moral values at the same time? How, indeed, but by coming into our lives to save us by moral means; to set on high his holy love with such persuasive effectiveness that men shall of their own free choice accept him? Rather than save men by any means not wholly in keeping with moral demands the Son of God is obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Calvary is the extreme to which a moral God is willing to go to save men by moral means.

This is not all. In all our thought of the significance of the Cross we must guard ourselves from that pale impersonality which goes by the name of the "moral influence theory." In the Cross God is in one sense saving men and in another sense he is saving himself. That is to say, it is out of a sense of the responsibilities which he has assumed through the creation of a race of free men that God moves forth to the work of rescue and salvation. He owes it not only to men to put himself forth to the utmost in their behalf, but he owes it also to himself as the impersonation of the moral law and to the moral law as the expression of himself. Moral influence theories of the work of the Cross see in Calvary nothing but an influence exerted upon men by a loving God. A thoroughly moral theory sees there the exertion of an influence,

to be sure, but an exertion which exhausts the resources of a God determined to leave nothing undone to discharge the high ethical obligations which rest upon him as the Creator. Think of the position in which God, as a Person of living moral intuition, sees himself. He has sent men forth into a terrible universe without consulting them. He has involved himself in heaviest debt by furnishing them with the unsolicited boon of freedom. He must go to the utmost to save men from the sin which thus becomes possible, if he is to discharge the immeasurable debt to men and to himself and to the moral law.

But God has willingly taken the debt upon himself and meets the obligations magnificently. He sends his only begotten Son to reveal the inmost spirit of the God-life, to set on high that holy love in the name of which forgiveness may be found, and to take upon himself the burdens of humanity so completely that it can never be said that God has loaded our shoulders with any weight which he has not, as far as possible, taken upon himself. This assumption of humanity's burden must be looked upon as something awfully real for God. There is no need of here entering the province of formal Christology, but it would seem that the line of least resistance, so far as moral requirements are concerned, is the thought of the Son as God's Eternal Other and Companion, as Son subordinate to the Father and thus capable of being limited to the laws which express the human condition. If such emptying impoverishes the Son it impoverishes the Father also. If Christ felt at the final moment that God had forsaken him the sense of desolation must have invaded the heart of the Father also. In a day of such earnest ethical cravings as ours we must preach something more serious than the thought of Christ merely as a prophet sent to teach the truth. We cannot even be content with the Sabellian conception of Christ as the transcendent "manifestation" of God. God has taken upon himself the agony of placing his Eternal Other under the laws and limitations of humanity for our redemption. He could do no more. In this warfare for redemption God has acted on the principle that he himself must be first enlisted and last discharged. To his moral glory be it said that he would accept no discharge short of Calvary.

The enforcement of the Cross as God's highest tribute to the profound moral realities of his inmost being is all the more important to-day because of some confusions which cling to the current doctrine of "divine immanence" as popularly understood. The doctrine of immanence, especially as elaborated in a rational system of philosophic idealism, is immensely valuable. The former idea of the universe of law as a self-running mechanism, set going by a Prime Mover and broken into now and again by his miraculous interferences, is fast passing away. In its place is coming the understanding that the "universe" is a system of God's present doings and that a "law" is only a more or less unvarying rule of procedure. Trained thinkers have handled this conception with astonishingly helpful results. By doing away with the automatic machine which holds men fast and pushes God into the distance they have given freshness and force to the thought of a Living Revealer who sanctifies the most ordinary laws as bearers of his messages. Some of the amateurs, however, have not been so happy in their philosophical ventures and have lost all sense of perspective and direction. Many have allowed a half-mastered logic to carry them to the conclusion that the doctrine of God-in-everything can stop nowhere and that God is therefore in human sin. Others have somehow failed to see that there are various kinds of divine nearness. They have not been awake to the distinction between metaphysical nearness and ethical nearness. With the discovery that God is present in the actual metaphysical conservation of the souls of saints and sinners alike they have gone on to speak as if God were equally near saints and sinners in a moral sense, and thus have spilled from their thought all vital spiritual worth whatsoever. All that philosophy can establish in the doctrine of immanence is a nearness of God resembling somewhat the nearness of physical contact. Philosophy can show that the logically easiest view comes with the assumption of an Infinite Doer in whose sustaining activity all things are grounded, and to whose creative power all men, both good and bad, are equally close, but moral nearness, the nearness of spiritual sympathy and inner ethical communion, is of a different order. Moral remoteness is compatible with physical proximity.

The expositors of the doctrine of immanence who have not kept this distinction in mind have brought forth nothing of religious value, and even some teachers who have seen the distinction have thought that, because there is meaning in all God's revelations, the meanings are all on the same level; whereas some meanings are clearer than others and some are more important than others. God, no doubt, speaks by the thunder but the thunder is in a foreign tongue. God is, no doubt, in all forms of his revelation, as the orator is in all parts of his speech; but the orator is "in" his climax more truly than he is "in" a secondary sentence, and God is "in" the climax at Calvary more vitally than he is "in" any other form of his message. In spite of the ethical seriousness of our day these popular misunderstandings of the nearness of God have thus brought confusion concerning the primacy of the Cross as the final revelation of God's deep moral life. To those who find in current philosophy a warrant for accepting a pantheism which blots out all moral distinctions we must preach the cross as the tribute to righteousness of the Immanent God. Against all confusion of metaphysical with moral nearness we must protest that the moral God comes really near us only in the holy love of Calvary. The blurred insight and distorted perspective which put all divine revelations on one flat surface of equality of importance must be corrected by the truth that more of vast and intense moral significance is to be found in the suffering of the Son of God than in any other realm of fact or life whatsoever. The Incarnation, culminating as it does in the Cross, is to be kept at the center of the kingdom of moral values. To any really live thinking the doctrine of divine immanence makes the coming of God in the Incarnation more of a moral necessity and obligation upon God than ever. That doctrine makes the universe the immediate product of his will. The world is his continuous deed, and the deed seems at times to express no moral purpose whatsoever. He makes roses and weeds, robins and vipers, lambs and tigers, with scant hint as to the meaning either of the beautiful or the hideous. He feeds every living thing—including even the bacillus of cholera and of tuberculosis. All terrible forces are in God's hands and he is morally responsible for their moral use. We cannot clear him

of responsibility even with the evolutionist's theory of the survival of lower forms of existence. If the vermiform appendix slyly eluded natural selection appendicitis is with us as a matter of course, but all talk of such escape becomes absurd when we think of an immanent God. If God is "in" everything he is "in" the various terrible features of the world as we see it, continually producing and reproducing them. The bearing of all this on the moral problem becomes more acute when we remember the fatal fascination of the things of sense, the steady downward drag of the earthward forces. Temptations come out of disease and out of health. A snare often seems spread for our feet in the very search for moral uprightness. If God is immanent in the universe his responsibility for the universe is such as to leave him no place for rest until he has paid out the last throb of his power in an overwhelming effort to make men see the moral spirit in which the awful cosmic forces are kept at their task, and thus to discharge the heavy bonds which he has assumed as Creator. A man with power to touch the characters of others for moral movement, either up or down, by furnishing even the occasion for temptation is under enormous moral debt. God has gone into debt beyond our power to measure. The Cross pays the debt.

The Cross does not pay the debt in any sense, however, which frees the sinner from the necessity of genuinely moral repentance. Of course any truly ethical religious thought must put God at the head of all the great in the completeness and heartiness of his personal forgiveness of the repentant sinner, for if it would be the mark of moral littleness in a man to refuse to forgive a repentant brother it would likewise be a mark of moral smallness in God to refuse to forgive a repentant son. The Lord our God is a great God. So far as his personal recognition and approval are concerned he is instantaneous in his response to the cry of the penitent for relief. He could not be worthy of our moral respect and hold to anything like personal pride or be tardy about forgiveness through any personal reasons whatsoever; but the repentance which calls for this magnanimity must be moral. In the face of growing moral intensity we must not confuse repentance with mere sorrow at being found out in sin, or with terror at the prospect

of artificial penalties here or hereafter. Sin must be viewed from the standpoint of high morality and must be spurned for its own loathsomeness. So strongly are we to press home this truly moral character of genuine repentance that repentance itself, which is too often thought of as an altogether elementary and preparatory step in Christian life, is to be made to appear what it really is—one of the mightiest achievements within the reach of the soul. Though we are willingly to cast the cloak of charity over many of those sins of sense into which men are often almost unconsciously carried by the silent but strong pull of the earthward forces we must have uncompromising sternness for black outrage against love, for deliberate treason to confiding trust, for wicked rebellion or indifference to light. God is willing to forgive even these, but does repentance go deep enough to be taken into the account by a moral God? If the sinner pleads for forgiveness in the name of a Cross whose passionate expression of holiness he is willing to accept as the rule of his repentant life, there is hope; but only the Cross itself warrants the hope. Moral preaching of the Cross has no place for easy repentance. Professor Bowne, to whose clear vision we owe so much of ethical as well as philosophical discovery, in his discussions of the Atonement insists so strongly upon the profoundly moral character of any repentance worth the name as to lend alarming pertinency to the question, Who then shall be saved?

Moreover, a moral thought of redemption will understand that no repentance can make a sinner what he would have been if he had never sinned. In harmony, again, with the developing moral insight which marks our time it is frequently in order to say a terrible word about the deadliness of sin. God will forgive sin? Certainly, if repentance has any ethical content. God will remove the consequences of past sins on condition that the penitent help him eradicate them? Yes, to a certain extent, but only to a certain extent; for, after the healing forces of the Cross have done all, they can never quite put a man back to the condition in which sin found him. It has been known from the beginning that time lost is lost, and everyday experience shows that memories of past iniquities remain to blight and soil. Can it be maintained for

an instant that the forgiven soul whose past wickedness has sent others to perdition can ever have as much of heaven as if his life had from the start gone out toward good? In the condition of almost every one of us there are consequences of past transgressions which can never be eliminated. Theologians may be justly criticised for laying too much stress on law conceived of as a mechanical system whose claims can be satisfied only by a made-to-order scheme of court-room sentences, but it would be hard to give too much respect to law conceived of as the system of methods by which God must proceed. Whether the result be spoken of as "consequential punishment," or as the "expected working out of natural law," this much is clear: that sin, whether unforgiven or forgiven, receives inevitably a most terrific penalty. Of such punishment the Cross is the supreme instance. Dickens has pictured a household in which the growing son is the object of willing and thoughtful service on the part of a faithful family attendant. In an insane fit of rage the son hurls a hammer which cuts into the face of the attendant. The wicked deed is forgiven, but a scar clings like a curse across every smile which the injured one thereafter bestows upon him who threw the missile. A certain chorus tells us that we shall know him by the print of the nails in his hand. From the standpoint of the song-writer the pierced hands are a revelation of the goodness of God, but from another angle they reveal the baseness of humanity. Any man who sees in his own sin a kinship to the wickedness which came to expression in sending the Son of God to a criminal's death takes but small comfort in some reflections on the print of the nails. In the Cross the punishment of sin is in a sense made eternal; for the Cross must always be the Cross, and the time can never come when it shall cease to be humanity's unspeakable shame. It almost damns by its unforgetableness; by the simple fact that men remember the crucifixion of the Lord of love the punishment is carried on. Perhaps something of the secret of Gethsemane lies in the Master's distress at the consciousness that the Cross, held fast forever in the memory of men and angels, would eternally commemorate humanity's ill-desert. As I have said, the Cross is the great instance of the working of that constitutional law which sends evil consequence on the heels of

evil deed. I would not for a moment imply that this is *all* the truth, but in spite of the goodness of God's love, and the recuperative power of sin-sick hearts, all this is true. It is morally inconceivable that the law should be otherwise. The thief was forgiven but forgiveness did not alter the fact of his thefts. The prodigal was welcomed home with feasting, but not all the spell of the father's joy could lift from the son's mind the pictures of the days among the swine, or make good the losses from riotous living. He removes our transgressions as far from us and from himself as the east is from the west, so far as his own personal attitude is concerned, but his moral nature makes it out of the question for him to give us what he had planned for us if we had never sinned. He will do the best he can for us under the circumstances, but the circumstances make an eternal difference. He sets healing forces to work—the very revelation of the love of the Cross is such a force—but healing takes time which could otherwise have been given to normal and healthy growth. If it be objected that this same line of argument makes it likewise impossible for those who have been thrown behind through no fault of their own ever to make up the lost time, the ready response is that patient waiting upon Providence is itself such a quickener of vision that when the veil is lifted the patient waiter can no doubt see just as far as his apparently more fortunate brother. There is no such training and education, however, in sowing wild oats, or even in sinning that grace may abound. No knowledge of sin from the inside increaseth wisdom. The more we know the more ignorant we become, just as we become poorer by adding to our possessions of sterile lands. It is possible for a sinner to become knowledge-poor just as it is possible for the buyer of land to become "land-poor." In odious recollections, in dulled insight, in blunted sensibilities, in commonplace taste, in shrunken capacity for God, evil-doers will show that they have been with sin and have learned of iniquity. We cannot fall back upon a crude metaphysics and say that all this is merely natural result, coming of itself, and not punishment sent by God. The day of such metaphysics is done. Natural laws are God's ways, and serve the moral purpose which is woven into the inner texture of things. If I choose sin God fastens the sin upon

my memory, God sears my sensibility, God shrivels my soul toward the vanishing point; and all this as direct and immediate punishment. We forever glory in the Cross as the manifestation of God's merciful forgiveness, and God himself must find a certain infinite satisfaction in the contemplation of the life-giving obedience of his Son. As the dark thought of humanity's part in the tragedy of the Cross comes to mind, however, we can only cry, The Cross of Christ redeems us; but who in the universe shall redeem the Cross?

What, then, shall we do? Really moral preaching of redemption answers that we are to sin not at all. If we have sinned we are to cease to do evil and learn to do well. The past can never be completely undone, but let us undo as much as we can. If we have started baleful fires in our own or in others' breasts we cannot wholly recover the charred wastes of the past burnings, but we can at least try to put out the fire. The propitiation which is finally to satisfy God is a transformed life. In the light of the Cross we know that God looks more to our will to be Christlike than to the meager deed we actually perform in trying to be Christlike; but this substitution of will for deed, in his thought of us, is available only for those whose desire is set inflexibly toward the spirit of holy love set on high in the Cross.

Francis J. McConnell

Art. III.—THE MISSIONARY INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

The Christian church is slowly coming to its right mind. For proof we note how hostility has effervesced in suspicion, and suspicion has changed to indifference, and indifference has become interest, and interest has leaped into loyalty, and, finally, loyalty has been transformed into a notable pride in the fruits of the toil of a peculiar type of man. We cannot know too much about him. We were once Gentiles, and now for some ages have been intrusted with the holy ark. He found us in the gloom of our ancestral paganism. He spilled his blood lavishly on our door step that he might turn the door on its hinges for the entrance of Christ into our hearts, our homes, our national and race history. This man is unique among men. He swings down the centuries with free and powerful stride. His right to the path he has not allowed any one long to dispute. Not to know him is not to know the trend of history since Calvary.

At the foot of the tablet erected to the memory of John Howard in Saint Paul's, London, are the words: "He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality." To none other is the statement of the glorious isolation of the pioneer more fitting than to the man who first started around the shores of the Mediterranean to preach out of power the superstitions of a dark age. But since that time he and his comrades have been filling up the path and the end of the journey is none the less immortality. Now they seem to swarm in the world's highways, and even to give a new distinction to the unfrequented byways. No one can interpret the long perspective and not have to reckon with the missionary. He and his fellows think, in the main, alike through the long millenniums. They love, they toil, and they die as if powerfully impressed with the sense of absolute devotion to the orders of the same great Commander. They go out as if they never cared to return. Their whole bent is centrifugal, not centripetal. They claim to be constructive, yet they leave houses, lands, wives, and children—all; forsaking things that other men covet having material values and

strain every nerve and challenge every hazard to get to "the uttermost parts." Nothing less than the outer rim will satisfy their ceaseless hunger for the last nation, the loneliest habitation, the abandoned man. They are a desperate set. Their fashion for marking off the stages of their advance is novel. They lie down and with their last breath call out, for encouragement to their followers, "Another Empire!" At first glance they seem to be composing a sort of triumphal procession of blunderers, and their forward movement has to the uninitiated all the marks of an aimless quest. I find no mention of this breed of men in the forty-six parallel Lives and the four detached Lives of Plutarch, nor does Carlyle portray him for us in his "Heroes." Emerson has on his bead roll philosopher, mystic, sceptic, poet, soldier, writer, but not the man whom history is coming to regard as one of the "representative men" in race progress since the Christ came to earth. We have failed to discover any one to take his place. His greatness does not appear to be exhausted. He keeps succeeding himself. He defies oblivion. Rotation may be the law of nature, and people may say that they explore the horizon in vain for the successor of a great man, for his class is extinct, as Emerson affirms; but the world is not done with the missionary. To the past he was a necessity, the present is an epitome of his idealism, and the future is inconceivable with him as a minus quantity. The philosophy of history is now coming to take him by the hand for a cordial greeting on the level. For the homiletic classic he is still an immortal supporting column. Romanticism in the pulpit welcomes his everlasting freshness. The infinite variations of his appearance make him an unspeakable benediction to unnumbered pulpits and pews. One of them is seen swimming through the angry surf off the island of Malta; he is an expert in prayer and in the swimmer's art. His versatility takes the breath out of our wonder. He got into history by the name of Paul. Yonder are men in a boat off the coast of Fife. They mourn the gloomy prospect: "The snow closes the road along the shore; the storm bars our way over the sea," the leader says; "there is still the way of Heaven that lies open." It is Cuthbert speaking, the glorious herald of Northumbria. And now, after long centuries have gone

by, it is a man in the hot streets of Goa ringing a hand bell to attract the dusky peoples to hear his strange but comforting message. It is Xavier. Again, it is another swimmer cast on the coast of Mauritius, indeed twice wrecked before he arrives in India. It is a Scotchman, and they call him Alexander Duff. Then the vision changes and we are watching a fugitive in a jungle of India. Mutiny is abroad; it is midnight; the burden bearers have deserted; tigers prowl about. The man steps out from the path, lifts his hat, in the time of awful peril, and prays two minutes as he had never prayed before. He steps back into the path and there he finds the bearers bent to their loads. It is William Butler. And there in Calcutta goes a tall form with a white cotton umbrella overhead. He is bare-footed. It is Taylor calling the Eurasians to Jesus. Once more: the blue sky of the New Hebrides overarches a placid form lying in a canoe; his breast is covered with palms and underneath are five spear wounds. The boat floats out into the lagoon and is welcomed by weeping followers. It is the body of John Coleridge Patteson, Bishop, and like Bishop Coke he is lowered for burial into the sea. As the pictures of this man's wanderings and apostolates and evangelisms rise before us the tribute to Livingstone comes to mind. One night in 1887 Henry Morton Stanley was on board the Peace, on the broad bosom of the Congo, talking of Africa and her degraded condition, and the only regeneration possible for her. Stanley said, "If Dr. Livingstone were alive today I would take all the honors, all the praise, that men have showered upon me; I would put them at his feet and say, Here you are, old man; they are all yours."

It begins to dawn upon us that the missionary interpretation of history may in the long run hold good. If so, it behooves the Christian church to adopt his theory, breathe his spirit, and pray God for a share of his power. What has he done? Look a bit.

I. He first appears as a miracle-worker. If we had had insight we might have surmised the truth. The Master told him that he would work greater miracles than the Master himself had done. It might take time but he would get them done. Three centuries file by in slow procession, each column bannered by the insignia of a haughty imperialism, and at the end he substitutes his own for

the Roman's ancient standard. None but the most wealthy and active imagination can recreate this most tremendous conversion of all time. Renan, indulging in extravagant appreciation of Greece, has this: "I will even add that, in my opinion, the greatest miracle on record is Greece itself," and another writer, more eloquent than sober, has said: "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origins." Surely a scholar's strabismus. For while Greece was easily the master in the field of culture, and forever glorious, Rome surpassed her in the field of practical politics, and yet the latter, forever illustrious in imperial rule, found her master in the humble evangelist. The same missionary who left his message upon the hill with the Athenian philosophers lifted the scepter of the Nazarene over the Capitoline Hill. So Professor Edward A. Freeman is right in declaring, "The miracle of miracles, greater than dried-up seas and cloven rocks, greater than the dead rising again to life, was when Augustus on his throne, Pontiff of the gods of Rome, himself a god to the subjects of Rome, bent himself to become the worshiper of a crucified provincial of his empire."[1] Not even the devotion of the able reactionary Julian could restore the pagan faith which this itinerant had so uprooted. He smiled at the helpless disgust of the emperor when he discovered that at one of the greatest shrines in Asia the hecatomb which should have been offered had shrunk to a paltry goose. He knew why the statue of Victory, Rome's chief patron in her last days, was voted out and down by the rising Christian majority in the Senate. The transformation of pagan into Christian Rome took place over his dead and often defiled body, *but it took place.*

From Rome to Madagascar and Polynesia is a long leap, but the same miracle worker is present to astonish us with his power. What if Froude writes despairingly of the work in Zealand? Charles Darwin declared that "the lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand." What if Dr. Oscar Lenz sneers in the London Times that missions in Africa are a failure? James Russell Lowell votes with mighty conviction that they are not, and Count Limburg-Hirum returns to Europe amazed at having been "welcomed

[1] Periods of European History, p. 67.

in the land of cannibals by children singing hymns," and the father of modern geography, Ritter, calls the work of the missionary a "miracle" indeed. In 1819 the Church Missionary Society sent to Sierra Leone a poor German laborer, William B. Johnson, to a refuse population in which there were twenty-seven tribes, and as many dialects, and war was perpetual. In seven years Johnson died, but he lived long enough to see the country transformed; every trade represented, even the professions, a family altar in every home, thousands of children at school, a church—builded by natives—holding two thousand hearers. To work this miracle these men have not canted, they have not cringed, they have not despaired; they have not halted before a hard job, nor made courage wait on caution, nor hesitated to pay for success at the expense of their own lives, preferring death to failure. They earn the encomium of the Lord's fools rather than that of worldly wise men. And the sheen of dress parade is always more offensive than the dust of the battle. They have not always had the pleasure of choosing the alternative of the Spartan mother, "either with your shield or on it," for oftentimes it has been neither, and Patteson is dropped into the sea, Williams of Erromanga is eaten by cannibals, and Hannington is decapitated and his head likely set on a pole to adorn the rude entrance to the hut of some chieftain in equatorial Africa. Livingstone's bones, it is true, get interment in Westminster, but his heart is now mingled with the dust of the shore of Lake Bangweolo, and so he holds two continents in holy bonds for the redemption of both.

II. The next thing was to get the nations of the future. The missionary has never failed to divine the regnant qualities that lie latent in certain races. He must needs work for the future through those peoples who, by instinct for expansion, by growth, by industrial supremacy, by the long call of Providence are to master the next half hundred and the next half thousand years. He lays his hand upon the hand of the coming masters of men. When he stands at the base line of what Merivale calls the greatest event of secular history, the fall of Rome, he rushes off to seed down the new peoples with his faith. In the fourth century he is Ulphilas journeying to the North to take the edge off the barbarism of the

Goths before they should reach the Imperial city. Again, at the opening of the fifth century, when Honorius, weakling that he was, fell down helpless before Alaric, even then a monk by name Honoratus redeemed the name from dishonor and dispatched from his home in Lerins numerous laborers to the south and west of Gaul. The Goth took Rome by storm; the missionary took the world by love, and ushered in a more enduring conquest. In the outer circuits of the Empire he goes by the name of Columba, and then Columban, and Gallus, and Patrick, among the Celts. Then, when the rough Saxon swept the British church from the Eastern half of the island, a new man appears, and they call him Augustine, and the seventh century starts out with a fresh guarantee that the future is to fall in with the plans of this breed of miracle workers.

This brings the Saxon in to add permanence to the evangelism of the emotional Celt. None have left more inerasible footprints than those of the good monk of Exeter, Boniface, "the apostle of Germany." On the shores of the Zuyder Zee and in the forests of Thuringia this man is paying back the debt of England to the Continent and overpaying it, as with his kinsmen Wilibald and Wunnibald, and their sister with her thirty companions, he gave permanence to the earlier settlements and expanded the narrow confines of earlier labors. At seventy-four he hears the footfall of armed men approaching his tent. Pagan insolence bears down the saint as he cries to his followers, "Lift not a staff against them," and gains a martyr's death. In the ninth century the periphery is pushed farther to the north, when Anskar, another apostle, brings Norway in line with the trend of the ages and the mercy, the patience, and the love of God. "The far-off divine event" draws a trifle nearer when the fiery vikings of Scandinavia get the conviction that to them too is committed the "faith once delivered to the saints." And now far to the northeast flames the holy torch in the hands of the Greek missionaries Cyril and Methodius, whose gift of the Bible in the vernacular of the Slavonic tribes tempered the harshness of the masterful peoples of the Scythian steppes. That the new nations, even if only half Christianized, saved Europe from being crushed by Islam needs no argument. The cross was not stifled by the crescent. Then fell the dark ages.

Then the Crusaders rush to Syria. Then falls the time of internal reorganization, illuminated, however, by a martyr's death when the illustrious Raymond Lull, a second Saint Augustine in his early life of waywardness and also in his later humble spirit and tireless zeal for the Master of scholars as well as of saints, led him to appeal to warrior popes for backing to carry not a weaponed, but a reasonable gospel to the followers of Mohammed in Northern Africa, thus proving that men who would not yield to the sword of the knight might be won by the summons to reason and the offer of divine love.

In the long interim in which the nations of Europe were realizing their aims at unification, and in which the efforts at reform and revival flung off from the parent church the branches of the Reformation church, and Europe was getting herself adjusted to the new relations of life political and religious, we find the missionary pausing for guidance into the new field which the discovery of America laid bare. Catholicism was not long in offering new opportunities to Xavier and Las Casas, the former in the East and the latter in the West, models both of ambitious zeal and appealing humility. Protestantism was too busy justifying itself, in the sixteenth century, before human thought and conflicting political aims to spend its resources in going to the farthest shores, and it was not until the new viewpoint was rationalized that it got under way in foreign fields. Luther had said, "In a hundred years it will all be over." This doubtless chilled for a while the centrifugal ferment of protestantism. Yet soon the Elijah mantle of the original apostolate drops upon the shoulders of the latest zealot for life and liberty. It was Raleigh who made the first subscription for foreign missions, and the diarist of Sir Humphrey Gilbert tells the faith of the English mariner: "The sowing of Christianity must be the chief intent of such as shall make any attempt at foreign discovery, or else whatever is builded upon other foundation shall never obtain happy success or continuance." Now it is broad day in the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race. The seventeenth century walks into view leading John Eliot by the hand. And the very year, 1649, in which the faithless Charles Stuart lost his head saw the organization of the first Protestant Missionary Society

in England. Old Europe is amazingly interested in the New World and in Asia, in most ways with abominable selfishness; but at times, from the anvil on which she is pounding out and shaping destiny, there falls a bright spark of idealism that lives on until it becomes a star of the first magnitude. In 1705 Bartholomew Ziegenbald departs for India, and August 7, 1707, he dedicates the first Protestant church in Asia. It was the sense of the needs of the Colonial church in Maryland that led Dr. Bray from London as "ecclesiastical commissary," and he it was who inspired the organization, in 1701, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The modern movement is on, and there is no stopping it. That ever glorious eighteenth century, though called by Carlyle "an unheroic age," gets its name upon God's honor roll, for the year 1732 is no more great because it is the birth year of Washington than it is for the matchless faith and fine fervor of the Moravians at Herrnhut to get to "the uttermost parts," for in that year, as if, too, in answer to the Lettres Philosophique of Voltaire just issued, two plain men, the one a potter and the other a carpenter, Leonard Dober and David Nitschman, left Herrnhut at three o'clock one morning carrying hand bundles, and with less than four dollars in pocket, to begin a journey of six hundred miles afoot, with four thousand miles farther to follow. In the years immediately after this one their missionary passion attained the most prolific proportions known in history. And with the coming of the matchless nineteenth century the Teutonic peoples, who had thus far been shaping history for Europe and America, now outdo themselves in their set determination to fix the standard for the rest of the world and multiply missionary societies through the century at the rate of more than one for every two years.

This lone missionary is the man who is teaching the world, through the push of the main agent of God in the whole world's forward movement, that John Fiske was right in saying that there is to be not less, but more, of religion in the future. "The world needs to know," says Dr. E. E. Hale, "when it speaks of physical discovery and material progress, that discovery itself is never physical, and that progress is itself always spiritual." In his emphasis upon this proposition the man with the Book under his

arm, and in the vernacular of the new people he faces, surveys a future of whose riches in all the agents of progress—the newspaper, the railroad, steamships, telegraph, schools, factories, art halls, churches, and even its militarism—he is the comprehensive augury, exposition, regeneration, and crown. For the multiplied agencies of our advance are getting results like those to which Sir James Macintosh referred when conversing with Henry Martyn, saying that there was a striking analogy between the situation of the English peoples in the Orient and that of Alexander when he made the East Greek in order to make way for the religion of the Lord Jesus. In the same fashion is the nineteenth century striving to get control of peoples in Asia and Africa who are to have a hand in the affairs of the future. They must not become injurious users of the easy privileges of modern intercourse among nations, old and new, and they must be won to Christ if those nations already Christian are to be safe from evil contact with twentieth century forms of heathenisms. So William Carey reaches India in 1793. Dr. Morrison gets to Canton, China, in 1807. Henry Martyn is in Persia in 1811; Adoniram Judson in Burmah, 1812; Dr. Duff in Calcutta, 1829; and the stream has flowed full since then.

The world has been eyeing that wonder-child among the nations, come to power within a half century—Japan. In 1859 the missionary got a footing there and won a convert after five years; by twelve years he had ten. Then behold: in twenty years there were twenty-seven missionary societies on the ground, and now Christian chaplains, officers and privates and nurses pray and fight and die on the road to Harbin, winning victories for progress far up in Manchuria. The powder cart is an uncouth chariot for the King's agents to charter for a short passage, but somehow the Cause of causes gets on even if for a while the only music is the vicious shriek of the cracking shrapnel. The fact to be evermore remembered is that this man with the Book must now be in haste, tremendous haste. Turn to this man's record in Africa. At the close of the last century but one the Moravians renewed their grip there: in 1812 the Wesleyans entered; in 1832 Melville B. Cox goes to Liberia, not to return; then in goes Livingstone and soon Mackaye

at his heels, to be followed by Hannington, the last two dying—one of fever, the other of spear-thrusts—but leaving in their train a vigorous body of native Christians in Uganda able to preserve their integrity and to propagate their faith. It was my good fortune, fourteen years ago, to hear Mr. Stanley, just four days back from his Emin Pasha Expedition, address the Church Missionary Society in Salisbury Square upon the work of Mackaye. He declared it his profound conviction that, if every vestige of Christianity were erased from the earth save the church in Uganda, there was enough life there, enough intelligent spirituality, enough power, to start the gospel around the world again. Truly it was a wonderful people for whom the Scotch honor student and the crack oarsman of Oxford gave their lives just in time to get equatorial Africa in line with the plans of God for the twentieth century. This file-leader of civilization turns to the Pacific Ocean in good time to get things ready for some stupendous happenings in the present century whose outcome none of us can know. New Zealand is called upon to line up with the forces of the one Kingdom toward which all others are gravitating. Williams of Erromanga is the first martyr. James Calvert gets the hearts of the Fijis and lives to see cannibalism transformed to a Christian civilization. In 1850 Captain Gardiner leads the gospel expedition to Patagonia, and is the first to land and the last to expire on that inhospitable coast. Most precious seed is this "blood of martyrs." At Aneityum, in the Samoan group, is this legend on a memorial tablet telling of Geddie: "When he landed here, in 1848, there were no Christians, and when he left here, in 1872, there were no heathens." Surely too much was done there for more not to be done. In these islands savagism, infanticide, lust, cannibalism, ran riot, yet in less than fifty years nearly thrice twenty thousand had joined the church and not a cottage lacked its Bible and hymn book. Thirty years after the first missionary put foot on the shore at Hawaii the native church had organized a "Society for the Promotion of Foreign Missions," the very men who had offered loathsome sacrifices now giving and getting money for the purpose. So when Mr. M. D. Conway, the graduate of Dickinson College but later a liberal preacher in London, visited Honolulu he was dis-

appointed, on Sunday, at not finding the natives "swimming around the ship in Arcadian innocence," but, instead, the city quiet and "paralyzed by piety." He had to go to church to see the people.

III. In another emphasis of these later days the missionary is typical of the times. It is not that he is growing up to the spirit of the new day, for he has always been pointing to the day; has indeed led up to it. The world seems to be swinging into its final gait toward democracy. But nearly two millenniums ago Paul wrote to the Colossians thus: "We warn every one, and instruct every one, with all the wisdom we possess, in the hope of bringing every one into God's presence perfected by union with Christ." In this undisguised love for men he took up the cause of Onesimus, the slave; and lo, long ages after there sits a man on the bank of the Nile writing to his sister in Scotland, "I have just seen one of my black sisters toiling up the steep path," and they call him General Gordon. And in the same spirit that young aristocrat of Eton, Coleridge Patteson, refused to call the heathen of the South Pacific "savages." They were all "men" to him. Ziegenbald's first five converts were slaves. Once in Cape Colony the words over the church doors were, "Dogs and Hottentots not admitted." But not for long. The French governor of Madagascar told the first missionary that he could never make the blacks Christians, for they were brutes. The missionary waited a bit and then published his answer. Hundreds of churches and thousands of lay preachers, with their devout followers, have long since stilled the inhospitable sign and the inhuman word. The human soul has its value in the eyes of God. It is coming to have it in the attention of human government. Mr. Bryce has said that the American type is that to which all others are slowly tending. Cavour declared that "Society is marching with long strides toward democracy. . . . Is it a good? Is it an evil? I know little enough, but it is, in my opinion, the inevitable future of humanity." If the form of government which is of, by, and for the people is to be imperishable it will become so only as the world rises to the high valuation set by Paul, by Aidan, by Xavier, by Eliot, by Las Casas, by John Hunt, by Alexander Mackaye, by Henry Martyn, by William Taylor, by Hudson Taylor, by James Chalmers, and

Fidelia Fiske, and Isabella Thoburn, upon the common man of the world; in whose life ultimate kingship is to have its crown and ultimate priesthood to win its consecration. In his purpose to preach the gospel to the poor the missionary is in line with one of the latest German philosophers, Wundt: "Religion, moreover, is always the point where the man who is debarred from all higher interests of intellectual culture can meet his fellow men." Sometimes good men err in this matter, as when Dr. Durbin in 1859 said that his plan would be to marry into the family of a rajah, and then by means of the inherited control of the destinies of a few millions he would speedily accomplish the work of righteousness. The nodding of this Homer however did not prevent him from outrunning this sorry dream with his masterful stewardship of the policy of our church. Let us not miss the mark. Let us not follow the leaders of caste in the Orient in their scorn of the "lower classes." The mandarin Pung Kwang Yen, at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, advised missionaries to appeal to the upper classes by offering them advanced learning and technical information. Our foundation is not culture first, and then righteousness, and if China is to trail after the great Teacher she must have not foremost the title "Bachelor of Arts," but "Born Again." One B.A. is divinely fundamental, the other is humanly inevitable. When the economic reformer cries out "I am for men," it is high time for the church to pray again for a true vision of true duty.

IV. In one other light the man of whom I write has always been supreme: in his enthusiasm. From the days when the Jewish synagogue and the Roman Senate failed to confine within its original limits the new Faith, down to the days in which the East India Company sent a solemn memorial to Parliament declaring that "the sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most extravagant, most expensive, and most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic fanatic," this man put up against the stoic spirit that dominated the Eternal City that contagious sympathy with human suffering and against the infernal selfishness of the great commercial monopoly that sublime devotion to the will of God before which adamant melts like wax. To-day the Company is a bad memory,

while hundreds of churches dot the banks of the Ganges. What will you call that which led Carey to work seven years to get one convert, or the Moravians in the mountains of Thibet to wait from 1856 to 1879 for their first baptized convert? or that kept the Church Missionary Society in Foochow for eleven years, like the needle to the pole, without a single addition? This spirit is supreme after two millenniums of trial. It shows no sign of degeneracy. The stamp of the Divine is upon it. It comes to the home church at this time with power for inspiration just as men are saying that enthusiasm is dying out. This is the tercentenary of the publication of the immortal Don Quixote, and well do Spaniards celebrate the fame of Cervantes. Heine said "it was the greatest satire against human enthusiasm ever penned." Is he right? He cannot be. "No one, not even a Cervantes, can make a satire against human enthusiasm. On that vast target every arrow must lose itself." Cervantes shattered the dream of Chivalry that he might give substance to the hopes of true zeal, of real daring, and of enduring self-devotion. He substituted the modern for the mediæval world, the world of realities for that of shams, and for the knight who took a tilt at windmills he ushered in "the valiant man and true." This divine fire will respond to all calls. It makes good against all despair. It sees in brown skins men for whom Christ gave himself to the Jerusalem mob. It pulls out the Cambridge cricket champions, the famous Studd brothers, from their round of excitements in England, and extemporizes a mission in Central China. When one man falls it offers a score. James Hannington is murdered in Africa. A memorial service is held at Oxford with two thousand men present to grit their teeth and vainly grieve. A speaker in closing asked, "Who will take Jim Hannington's place?" Two hundred men rose to their feet. It will not fail to make its appeal to the home church if pulpit and pew only get to know of the endless jubilee in missionary biography. It is the most transferable of all earth's riches. It gains by going. The "Haystack Monument" at Williams College, while it celebrates a noble passion for souls in the hearts of Mills, Richards, Rice, and Hall, will yet crumble before the enthusiasm their self-surrender generated ceases to exert its wholesome energies for the

good of men. A flaming life is a perpetual stimulus. David Brainerd led his class at Yale, gave himself to the Indians, and burned to the socket, but not till he set in motion an ideal passion for men under which Levi Parsons, first Protestant missionary to Jerusalem, and Carey, Chalmers, and Martyn leaped at the call of God. Adoniram Judson, first honor man of his class at Brown University, was keyed up to his mission work by a holy determination under whose spur he defied twenty-one months of prison life in the East, part of the time in the cage in which a lion had died. This expansive philanthropy corrals whole families for service. Dr. H. L. Gulick went to the Micronesian Islands and thirty-five years were not sufficient to wilt his dauntless spirit. His next younger brother went to Spain, and a still younger brother left for Japan. So they are to go on till the King is universally heralded.

Dr. R. S. Storrs well expressed the glory of the conquering faith of this man without whom history would possess another meaning: "He expects long toil, dreary wildernesses, battles with giants, and spasms of fear in the heart of the church. But he looks as surely as he looks for the sunrise, after nights of tempest and of lingering dawn, for the ultimate illumination of the world by Faith. And however full of din and dissonance the history of mankind has seemed hitherto, seems even to-day, he anticipates already the harmonies to be in it as, under the guidance of Him of Galilee, it draws toward its predestined close, not sentimental or idyllic, but epic and heroic." May the whole church be aroused by the contagion of this man's wisdom, his faith, his heroism, to speed the work of the world's redemption, until onlookers shall not be sceptical when we cry out, with Zinzendorf: "I have but one passion, and it is He—He only."

Art. IV.—METHODISM AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

It has been observed by many students of public affairs that a political crisis often serves to reveal, rather than to create, a new alignment of forces. The rearrangement of parties has been proceeding quietly for a generation without attracting notice, when a sudden emergency makes it necessary for sides to be taken and the "Yeas" of the last roll call are now found to have transferred themselves to the "Nays." The crisis is thus the test of the change, not its cause. Something of this kind has happened in connection with the recent English Education Acts. The last great educational struggle was in 1870. In that year the influence of the Wesleyan Methodists was cast against the Nonconformist claims, and for a long time the thorough-going Dissenters bitterly resented the fact that this influence prevented the Forster Act from being made an entirely Liberal measure. In the hotter conflict which is being waged to-day the Methodists are, in the main, at one with the Congregationalists and the Baptists. The policy for national education, as affirmed by the deliberate vote of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, demands "the placing of a Christian unsectarian school, under adequate and representative management, within reach of every child"—a platform practically identical with that of the National Free Church Council. Further, the Conference, while refusing to express an opinion on the desirability of the Passive Resistance movement, has declared "its profound sympathy with many men and women who have deemed it to be their duty as Christian citizens to resist by lawful means the payment of compulsory rates." Now the Wesleyan Methodist Conference is a body that always moves slowly. It never goes in advance of the general sentiment of its adherents, but is frequently criticised for lagging so far behind it, and there can be little doubt that a referendum would show a majority of Methodist members in favor of a much stronger pronouncement. Prominent ministers, like the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, and prominent laymen, like Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., are among the leaders of the Passive Resistance agitation, and a list of the citizens, now numbering over fifty-three thousand,

who have suffered a distraint upon their goods rather than pay what they believe to be an unjust rate would show a considerable proportion of Wesleyan names. The same remark would apply to a list of those citizens, in various parts of the country, who have been sentenced to imprisonment for this cause. Indeed, the most distinguished name that has hitherto appeared on this latter list is that of a beloved Methodist veteran, the Rev. Thomas Champness, whose name, through his devotion to rural evangelism by means of his "Joyful News" mission, has become a household word in hundreds of English villages, and whose consignment to gaol, not once only but twice, has deeply stirred a multitude of persons previously indifferent to the situation. This means a revolution in the attitude of Wesleyan Methodism toward the Church of England. It means an abandonment of the traditional attempt to hold a middle position between the Establishment and Dissent, and a frank recognition that the true place of John Wesley's followers is by the side of the advocates of complete religious equality.

First let us note what has been going on within Methodism. Every decade has weakened the traditional influences which once made for alliance with the Established Church. Fifty years ago in many Methodist homes there were family memories and associations promoting a sense of relationship with the Church of England, and to that extent repelling any thought of kinship with Dissenters. By this time these associations have almost disappeared. To the present generation there is no feeling of Anglican ancestry; Methodism, not the Church of England, is "Mother Church." An illustration of this may be seen in the steady decrease in the use of the Anglican liturgy in the Wesleyan Methodist services. It is still read at the morning service in some of the town chapels, but even there it is not likely to hold its ground for more than a few years. The congregations generally feel it to be out of harmony with the *ethos* of Methodism, and it is no longer supported by any historic sentiment. The Methodism of the twentieth century is, in fact, only beginning to work out the impulses it has received during the last generation. The late Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, the most powerful force in Methodism during that period, was himself strongly inclined to emphasize the connection of Methodism with

the Church of England, as was particularly shown by a notable utterance of his on the historic episcopate. But the effect of his influence has been quite opposite to his personal predilections. He left behind him a revived Methodism with a new evangelistic aggressiveness, a new disposition to exert its strength in public affairs, and a new sense of its ability to stand alone. The result has been a deliberate breaking-away from the old status of "a poor relation of the Church of England." This spirit has been greatly stimulated by the realization, due mainly to the Methodist Ecumenical Conferences, of the extent to which Methodism has spread throughout the world. The discovery that within a hundred years of the death of John Wesley the number of his followers in English-speaking countries already exceeded the total number of communicants of the churches that derive from Canterbury naturally made it easier for Methodists to regard their own organization as a church that had passed the stage of adolescence, and that had not only the opportunity but the duty of accomplishing its own work in the world without being hampered in any respect by the traditions of an earlier day. A formal expression of this independence was made a few years ago by the change of official designation from "Wesleyan Methodist Society" to "Wesleyan Methodist Church." The former name was a relic of the time when Wesleyan Methodism was a society within the Church of England, just as to-day the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew is a society within the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country. The new name denotes an absolute ecclesiastical separation, and indicates that Wesleyan Methodism now regards itself as no longer a mere religious association, but as possessing all the characteristics and exercising all the functions of a Christian Church. If, then, the Church of England had remained the same the natural development of Wesleyan Methodism would have sufficed to make more distinct and positive the separation between the two bodies. But the Church of England has not remained the same. One thing in particular has happened—the Oxford Movement. Before the spread of Tractarianism there was no irreconcilable difference between the teaching of the parish church and that of the village chapel. The sermons of the Low Church clergy were often tinged with Calvinism,

but otherwise there was nothing either in doctrine or ritual to provoke the strong antipathy of the Methodist. He objected to the clergyman of the Established Church for stopping too soon, not for going too far. The clergyman was evangelical; the Methodist was evangelical also. Most Methodists would have agreed with one of their number who defined Methodism as "Church of England felt"; it was the actual experience of what in the Church of England was scarcely more than theoretical. The Methodist not only believed in the forgiveness of sins but he gave himself no rest until he had received the witness of the Spirit to his own pardon; he not only believed in the communion of saints, he enjoyed its privileges week by week in the class meeting. One might, indeed, generalize by saying that the work of the Methodist preachers was supplementary to that of the Anglican clergy rather than contradictory of it. In more than one instance an Evangelical clergyman whose preaching of repentance had awakened his hearers openly rejoiced when the further ministrations of a Methodist exhorter led them on from conviction of sin to a spiritual renewal. In the same way the religious instruction given at the parish day school met the acquiescence, if not the entire approval, of Methodist parishioners. They were not content without adding to it in the teaching of the Sunday school and the home, but as far as it went they had little fault to find with it. There might be a large number of parishes in which the Church school was the only means of education, but in very few places was this limitation regarded as a grievance. How different is the situation today! In the series of resolutions passed at the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1903 one of the most significant paragraphs is that in which the Conference expresses its "regret that in many instances Methodist children are compelled to receive religious teaching repulsive to their parents and at variance with the truths of the Protestant Christian faith." It is no longer a matter of indifference that in each of 8,000 parishes the only school is under Anglican control, and that of the 46 residential training colleges 32 are connected with the Church of England. That in a group of ten villages in East Norfolk no less than 675 out of 863 children in the church schools should come from Methodist homes might

have been considered no cause for anxiety, but the case is altered when it becomes possible for these children to be taught doctrines which their parents hold in utter abhorrence. Many parish schools, supported almost entirely by public funds, are now used as propagandist centers for extreme High Church doctrine, including auricular confession and the mass, and pupils in such schools are told that Dissenters are persons who worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations. It is true that there exists a "conscience clause" which makes attendance at religious teaching voluntary, but in English villages and in many English towns there are means of making this clause a dead letter. From the disabilities involved in this condition of things the Wesleyan Methodist finds himself no more exempt than the Congregationalist or the Baptist. In fact, he feels them in a special degree, inasmuch as they are particularly acute in the rural districts, where Methodism, largely owing to its circuit system, has a stronger hold than any other Nonconformist churches. Whatever, then, may have been the services of the Oxford Movement in reviving the Church in which it originated, one of its results outside has been to turn the separation of Methodism from that Church into antagonism. Methodism is no longer able to regard the Church of England as a friendly neighbor, or even as a neutral, but has been compelled to recognize in her an aggressive foe. It used to be said that, in the event of Disestablishment, a large number of Wesleyan Methodists would transfer their ecclesiastical allegiance to the Church of England. As soon as her exceptional political privilege was removed and she became freed from state control, their religious preferences, it was said, would direct their steps back to the parish church. There was a time, not so long ago, when such a prediction would have been generally accepted. Today no one who knows anything of the spirit of Methodism would admit it, except with the proviso that from the disestablished organization the High Church element must first have been removed. The tendency now is rather in the opposite direction. Wesleyan Methodism in the large towns, and especially in the suburbs, is receiving constant accessions from Protestant members of the Church of England, who find the worship and teaching at their

own churches no longer tolerable. In this connection it is worth noting that the argument most frequently used in behalf of the retention of the liturgy at Wesleyan Methodist services is that its use makes the service less strange to the Evangelicals who come over from the Established Church. Accordingly, just as the intolerance of the bishops of his day drove John Wesley, against his will, into a career of evangelism unsanctioned by ecclesiastical authority, so the intolerance of the High Church clergy has to-day driven Wesleyan Methodism, much against the will of its senior representatives at least, into a position of definite alienation from the Church of England. But the pressure of events, which has removed Methodism from one religious association, has, by the same action, brought her into another. The establishment of the National Free Church Council came at just the time and in just the way to promote her alliance with the general body of Nonconformists. This organization, now nine years old, consists of representatives of eight hundred local Free Church Councils throughout the country. Its composition is local, not denominational. It has, accordingly, no representatives from the Congregational Union, the Baptist Union, the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, etc. A Methodist minister or layman who takes part in the deliberations of the National Council does so not in virtue of any appointment by the Methodist Conference, but as a delegate from the Free Church Council of Manchester, or Brighton, or Plymouth, as the case may be. This local basis of union makes possible a coöperation which could not have come about if the promoters of the movement had waited until national organizations of the various Nonconformist churches were willing to undertake responsibility for it. The Wesleyan Methodist Conference would undoubtedly have refused to incur such responsibilities as would have been involved in making itself officially a constituent part of a Free Church Federation; but if the Wesleyan Methodists in any particular town see fit to unite with other Nonconformists for any desirable end the Conference has no objection to offer.

So far I have taken into account no other form of Methodism than what is known as "the parent body." Many writers upon this subject—practically all Anglican writers—seem to think that

the Wesleyan Church constitutes the whole of English Methodism. This is a serious mistake at any time, and particularly when the relation of Methodism to the Church of England is in question. Statistics show that the total membership of the junior Methodist Churches—the "Minor Methodists" as they are frequently called—is equal to more than seven tenths of the membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Now these Churches, the oldest of which originated six years after the death of John Wesley, began their existence one stage further removed from the Church of England, and without any sense of that derivation from Anglicanism which long persisted in Wesleyan Methodism. Of the traditions which until lately made the latter body a conservative force in relation to questions of church and state they know nothing whatever. They have been, from the first, consciously and avowedly Nonconformist and Dissenting. In proportion to their strength they have taken as large a share as the Baptists and the Congregationalists in the Disestablishment agitation. Their Conferences have not hesitated to commit themselves to positions, with respect to such controversies, which Wesleyan Methodism as yet permits only to its members as individuals. As to Passive Resistance, one of these Conferences has gone so far as to instruct the principals of its denominational colleges to refuse payment of the education rate. The junior Methodist Churches, which had not waited until the institution of the Free Church Council system to coöperate with other Nonconformists, have gladly availed themselves of the opportunities it has afforded and have taken a prominent part in molding its policy. Upon these churches the effect of the Oxford Movement has been even more repellent than upon Wesleyan Methodism, in proportion as their own ecclesiastical position has been broader, and in proportion, too, as their members, being as a rule inferior in wealth and social position, have been less capable of self-defense. If, then, it could be conceived possible that the Wesleyan Methodist Church could be brought back to its original connection with the Church of England not more than three fifths of English Methodism would be affected by this reunion. There would still remain a firmly established independent Methodism vigorously perpetuating the Methodist spirit and work.

That Methodism, in all its branches, should to-day have severed itself more distinctly than ever from the Church of England is the more notable inasmuch as this severance has been accompanied by a wider knowledge of the affairs of that Church and a warmer appreciation of those sides of its work with which an Evangelical body can be sympathetic. With the possible exception of John Wesley's own period, there was never a time when the leading Anglican scholars exercised such an influence on Methodist thought. The average Methodist preacher is much more of a theological student than the average Anglican clergyman, and such exegetical writings as those of Westcott and Lightfoot especially appeal to him. So, too, in many places—particularly in the large towns—there is a practical coöperation between Anglican and Methodist in temperance reform, and other kinds of social effort. But what has just been said would be equally true if the word "Baptist" or "Congregationalist" were substituted for "Methodist." Nothing in this respect applies to Methodism which might not be asserted of Nonconformity as a whole. The bearing of this fact upon the prospect of the reunion of Methodism with the Church of England has yet to be recognized by the leading Anglican authorities. Nobody, of course, supposes that Methodism could return as a kind of rebellious province, owning at last in penitence the allegiance from which she had once revolted. There can be no ecclesiastical amalgamation without concessions on both sides for the common good. On the side of the Church of England the concessions necessary for a federation with Methodism would have to be practically identical with those which would suffice to bring about a federation with the Nonconformist churches in general. I will not go so far as to declare such a union absolutely impossible, but the obstacles to it will be more clearly understood if we try to imagine the political readjustments that would be necessary to bring the United States and the British Empire under a single government.

Herbert W. Horwill

Art. V.—A MINNESOTA MINSTREL: GEORGE CASTLE RANKIN

"What matters it to the lark who sings
In the heart of the morning glow
That the airy sweep of its tiny wings
Is veiled from the world below?

"If it touch one heart with its passionate strain—
Lift one thought nearer to God—
It has not risen unknown or in vain
From its nest in the humble sod."

Such is one of many beautiful passages in the varied verse of George Castle Rankin. It is taken from his little lyric entitled Fame. Known though he be to but few, yet his brief life of twenty-one years merits an hour of earnest study by all who would fully and fairly taste the nectar held to our lips in the ever-filling chalice of the American muse.

The first fruits of his genius, whose full harvest never came on earth, were gathered by his father, James S. Rankin, in a tasty duodecimo of one hundred and ninety-two pages, bearing the name of The Sheaf: A Bundle of Poems (Minneapolis, 1882). A copy came to the writer as a gift from his eldest brother, Luther Osborn, of Glyndon, Minnesota, heightening the Christmas joy that year. Young Rankin was for a year an inmate of my brother's home and a compositor on his weekly paper, The Red River Valley News; and for about the same period had been a country school teacher and helper at harvest and farm work in Clay County. Though prizing the volume, my appreciation of its rare jewels of thought and beauties of phrase was far from adequate. The discovery of its higher value came on this wise: During the three months following Thanksgiving, 1902, my brother was my companion in sleep in Bishop Hurst's room at his home on Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C., where we were supposed to be a guard against frost and other, more animated, intruders; the bishop having gone to Bethesda, for the benefit of sunshine and air to be found at "Cedarcroft." A blazing fire of pine and oak on the generous hearthstone was the nightly prelude of an hour or more to

our joint occupancy of the good bed. This genial interval served to add fervor not only to the chilled atmosphere of the room but also to our fraternal intimacy, which had suffered from long distances and absences since boyhood. For a series of twenty nights the chief occupation of that transitional hour was my brother's leisurely reading aloud of the entire collection of The Sheaf. This exercise was mixed with inquiry and comment and such free discussion as was suggested by the weirdness of the hour, the fitful rise and fall of the flames, and the glow and fading of the embers as they died away to gray ashes and our speech lapsed into sleepy silence and cerebration into unconsciousness. This new view of the young poet's visions and creations gave the writer renewed and increased admiration for the artist and was soon followed by the sense of a double duty; first, to acquaint himself with the antecedents, the environments, and other essential features of a life which blossomed and fruited in so short a period, and, secondly, to bring to the attention of others the outline story of his career and accompany it with a bouquet culled from the garden of his muse, even though bruised and marred in the plucking.

George was born at North Madison, Indiana, September 1, 1860. His father, James Sanderson Rankin, a native of Lexington, Kentucky, was in early manhood a printer. He graduated at Hanover College and became superintendent of schools at Madison, Indiana. One of his pupils here was Miss Mary Ellen Castle, born at Saint Albans, Ohio, who became his wife in 1858, when she was nineteen years of age, being eighteen years his junior. He was in turn an active abolitionist in the ante-bellum days, an agent for Gamaliel Bailey's paper, The National Era, an ardent promoter of Christian socialism, published three short-lived papers in the interests of workingmen, organizer of several coöperative enterprises —some of them successful, the inventor and manufacturer of school desks in Minneapolis, superintendent of schools in Hennepin County, Minnesota, and manager of a printing office in the above named city, in which his two sons, George and James, worked. George's mother was well educated, attractive in person, and of character marked by intense devotion in religion, great delicacy of feeling, purity and strength of conscience, and intel-

lectual qualities deeply reflective. Much of the temperament of his mother appeared in George, though the migratory and visionary habits of the father—with their attendant mortifications and hand-to-mouth modes of subsistence—fretted his natural sensitiveness into a chronic unwillingness to mingle freely with the average social life about him. He was at heart deeply religious, but intellectual antipathy to his father's rigid orthodoxy led him to assume a tone of skepticism, particularly upon questions bearing on eternal retribution. He was led into an earnest Christian life and public profession through contact with a shouting blacksmith in a revival under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of Minneapolis. His schooling, which included algebra and some Latin, and was supplemented by much instruction at home, ended when he was about fourteen, after which he followed the craft of his father. His first attempt at rhyming was an ode, written in his fifteenth year, upon his younger brother's birthday, and slipped into his brother's hand with a trinket present. Familiar with Longfellow, Dante, Bryant, Shakespeare, and other poets at fifteen, it became his delight and habit to take long and solitary walks through the woods and by streams or lakes, dreamily reciting from those whose writing chanced to be uppermost in his mind. Several of his poems were published in the Minneapolis Tribune, whose editor, General A. B. Nettleton, was greatly interested in the young poet. President Folwell, of the University of Minnesota, was also strongly drawn to him. In 1879 his father was doing the typographical work for the Spectator, in Minneapolis, whose editor was a radical in religion at this time. George sent three poems to this journal under the pseudonym of Olaf Tourgeson; they were Forever, The Cynic's Reverie, and The Dying Actor. The first was intended to show the moral incredibility of the doctrine of eternal punishment, as held by his severely orthodox father and logically approved by his brother James, now pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Conneaut, Ohio. Great was George's secret delight at the comments of James, who "vented his scorn line by line upon the first stanzas" as he put it into type and who says, "I was soon silenced by the rhetorical power of the telling phrases." It closes sadly, but in strength:

"Let not opinion enter Death's abode,
Nor follow Grief along the cypressed road
That leads beyond the utmost earthly scope
Of human knowledge, sympathy, or hope.
Time's farthest gates in awful silence swing,
And for the solemn tribute that we bring
No answering sigh, no melancholy breath,
Falls from the passing Juggernaut of Death."

The Plough gives us nine stanzas of genuine appreciation of the true dignity of the farmer and his toil. Here are three:

"Thou uncouth scepter of the clown,
The finger of a just renown
Shall write more honest glory down
Upon thy share
Than glitters on the costliest crown
That monarchs wear.

"There's blood upon the purest stone
Whose dazzling luster ever shone
Above the grandeur of the throne,
But thou hast stood
Upon the kingly right alone
Of doing good.

"God made a beauty even in toil,
A music in the year's turmoil,
A splendor in the harvest's spoil,
And, let us feel,
He stamps upon the very soil,
His awful seal."

Solitude, written in 1880, pictures an evening beneath the quiet stars in five sonnet-like stanzas. The music of the spheres breaks upon us in these lines:

"Would it seem strange if this abyss profound,
Yon orbs of glory and this slumbering sphere,
Should swell the stress of spiritual sound
Across the gulfs of silence to our ear?
No, 'twere not strange; the stillness is so deep
That it doth seem as if an angel bent
To hearken the divine command to sweep
The chords of nature's mighty instrument,
And wake the throb of those majestic bars
That beat the rhythm of the morning stars."

"Sometimes methinks the seraph's fingers sway
The powerful chords; celestial measures flow
From star to star, and, ere they die away,
An echo wanders to our star below.
Such are these yearnings—this undying sense
Of the Immortal—echoes of the song
That angels sing before Omnipotence,
And, true as Heaven, they never lead us wrong.
'Tis we ourselves that lead ourselves astray,
While conscience looks to God and points the way."

In The Bird of Passage he paints her day's flight,

"The sunrise pales across thy track,
And fades into the noon-day glare;
The sunset fires suffuse the air,
And night's long draperies of black
Fold in the distance everywhere;

invites her to rest,

"Sleep, ere the pale dawn's noiseless robe
Drags through the dew its skirts of gray
To make a pathway for the day
Across the dusky, slumbering globe,
And light thee on thy homeward way,"

and closes with a prayer:

"O may that Power whose presence fills
This glorious vault from earth to dome
Guard all who sleep and all who roam,
And o'er the everlasting hills,
Guide every wandering spirit home."

The True Poet gives him opportunity to speak deeply from his heart:

"To him the right divine belongs
To crown affliction, and to fill
The hearts that suffer and are still
With the sweet friendship of his songs.

"Where'er the people toil or pray
He stands with sympathetic mind,
And reads the poem of mankind
In reverent mood from day to day.

"He lingers not by tinkling rills
And silver fountain-spray of song,
But by that ocean, vast and strong,
Of human joys and human ills—

"His song repeats the ebb and swell
That break on time's unyielding beach,
As when the winds and waters teach
Their music to an ocean-shell."

President Folwell and Mr. C. C. Buel, of the Century Magazine, gave high praise to his sonnet on Patience:

"My prayer is but for patience—strength to bear
Whate'er of grief or weariness is mine;
Patience to watch the star whose light will shine
Above the unknown haven of my prayer,
Beyond regret, or sorrow, or despair;
Patience to feel that purposes divine,
Like threads of golden adamant, entwine
Among the chains that we are doomed to wear;
Patience to climb life's mist-enshrouded height
With doubtful steps, or, pausing by the way,
Await the dawn of the o'erwhelming light
Whose rays shall sweep the heavy gloom away,
And show Heaven's far-off country to my sight
Bathed in the glow of God's transcendent day."

Carlyle wins from him these appreciative lines:

"Impatient teacher of a headstrong age,
Too vain to brook the prophet or the sage,
Thy feet upon another Sinai trod,
And visions blazed upon thy soul from God,
While recreant nations, guiltier than of old,
Kneeled to that glittering superstition—gold!

"Such men as thou bear on from height to height
The kindling beacons of Promethean light,
Whose glory, streaming through the dusk of time,
Paints the vague future with a glow sublime,
Yet startles them who love the drowsy shade
Which Custom's hoary eminence has made."

To a Young Man who would win love his advice to work and not dream is set in couplets of simple beauty. These are samples:

"Dream not of love!—spend not thy youth
In vain imaginings of good,
Though fair and sweet and full of truth
Seem thine ideal womanhood.

"Thou needst not search for Love, for she—
When thou art toiling in thy place—
Will surely come and look on thee,
With Heaven's own glory in her face."

In Consolation to a Mother who has lost a son occur these lines of strong comfort:

"Like one who hath a well-loved friend
In some far land to which he goes,
And will not falter, since he knows
What joy awaits his journey's end,

"So in thy heart the fixed belief
That somewhere all who love shall meet
Will give thee wings whene'er thy feet
Are struggling in the slough of grief."

In Memoriam, to Garfield, has a distich of power:

"When Cæsar fell, scant rev'rence was his due;
But thy dread fall a sorrowing world doth rue."

Only one visit did he ever make, and that but for one day, to Lake Minnetonka. One hundred and sixty-three lines of blank verse depict and interpret the face of nature, as it appeared to him on that outing, in words like these:

"If Fancy, like a bird whose flight descends
And lightly meets thy waters, could but dip
Her heavenward wings into thy healing breast,
And steal from thence invigorating balm
To cool the fever of a mind distressed,
Refresh the fainting lives that drag along
Their endless progress over dusty ways,
And quench the thirst of parching misery,
How many a soul would lift to Heaven again
Its hopeless vision, by that touch inspired
To new existence, like a drooping flower
That feels the fresh baptism of the dew!

"Come, let us go; the woods are calling us
With long, low murmurs—thither will we roam,
Among the breezy labyrinths of shade—
Rare nooks of verdure, where the mottled light
Toys with the grasses as the trembling leaves,
With idle flutterings, sway their slender fingers,
And wave their shadows on the velvet ground.

"Now fade the brilliant curtains of the sky,
And down the west the transparent glory sinks
Into the bosom of the ebbing sea
From which it came, till only yonder clouds
Are fringed with red, a lurid, burning hue—

And o'er the lake a parting radiance falls,
A somber, weird magnificence, that fills
The hollow ripples with prismatic fire—
A last, reluctant prophecy of night."

Memories of Christmas was a poem of three hundred and fifty lines, written in three or four days. It contains this picture of the old family fireplace:

"The sparks flew and vanished like fiery chaff,
And the flames seemed to echo the song and the laugh
As they leaped from the cedar, whose redolent breath
Floated up from the red, throbbing roses of death
Like the spirit of Summer's invisible bloom
Wafted back on the wings of the dying perfume!"

The next four quotations are from his unpublished verses recorded in a diary. In one, which records a Death in the Snow Storm, occurs this tender reference to his boyhood home:

"Home is Religion's simplest shrine,
Where best her patient graces shine;
The temple of the heart is there
The resting place of languid care.
There sanguine youth inspired by zeal,
And manhood in his seasoned prime,
Experienced age and childhood sweet,
And womanhood, the flower of time—
Beside the sacred altar kneel,
In love and happiness complete."

March, by the Lake, suggests to his quick ear these prophecies of coming spring:

"Oh, friends, I hear the voice of spring
Breathe through the season's treacherous mood,
As though a gentle voice should sing
Amid an utter solitude.

"The spirit of the Northern Pole
Erelong will vanish from the lake,
And let the April's joyous soul
Athwart the prisoned water break.

"Perhaps some thought will flash along
O'er Nature's chords when first you hear
The prelude of the welcome song
That keys the music of the year."

Another, which might be named a Reverie on Nature and Man, contains this tribute to humility:

"Oh, what a garment is humility!
'Tis studded with the brightest gems of Heaven;
When Virtue wears it she is passing fair,
And all the virgin beauty of her soul
Is thrice enhanced by that unconscious charm
Which is the brighter since she knows it not.

"When greatness wears it, it becomes him more
Than all his honor, 'tis the crown of fame,
The grace of recompense, the light of merit,
It proves the truest greatness of a man,
And that his greatness is within himself,
And hangs not on the circumstance of time
Nor accidents of fortune. Such a man
Doth bear his greatness as he does his life
And wears his honors, as a maiden wears
Some native flower wreathed lightly in her tresses."

The fourth, which from its contents might be called the Sorrows of Toil, describes what he saw and felt on the bridge where "a hundred stolid faces," returning from their day's labor, "looked in mine":

"But then, I thought, perhaps I judge them wrong;
The face is oft a slander 'gainst the soul,
A mask to cover feeling. 'Tis not now
As once it was, in simple ages gone.
Men once could write their friendship in the eye,
And speak the love they felt; they did not deem
Emotion sin, nor its avowal folly."

Besides the sixty-seven poems in The Sheaf Rankin left nine others of merit, or seventy-six in all, a total of about five thousand lines, written for the most part during the last four years of his life. He died of typhoid fever, March 22, 1882. Too truly, yet all unconsciously, did he sing of himself in the opening lines of Fame, quoted in part at the beginning of this article:

"Close to Death's portals a minstrel lay,
His silent harp unstrung;
And he wept to think he must pass away
With his noblest songs unsung."

Art. VI.—"THE SUBMERGED TENTH" AMONG THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS

In recent years considerable attention has been given by charitably minded people to the problem of the Southern mountaineer. Inhabiting the vast Appalachian region of the Virginias, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama is a population approaching six millions of people of a type to be found nowhere else in the United States. They are of almost a pure Anglo-Saxon lineage, with a slight intermingling of the Hollander and a considerable sprinkling of the Huguenot. It has been claimed that in the progress of empire in its westward course in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth a portion of the people were stranded as it were in the mountains which separate the Atlantic coast from the great Mississippi valley. They, finding in that sterile region the task of obtaining the necessities of life a difficult one, and access to the more progressive centers well-nigh impossible, failed to keep pace with the rest of the country in its advancement. They were bottled up, so to speak, in the deep mountain gorges and narrow creek valleys, and have brought down to this day practically the civilization of a hundred years ago. This is a partial truth only, and must be accepted with some modifications.

The original settlers of this great region were not stranded fortune-seekers on their way to found greater empires in the West. They were hardy pioneers who left the communities farther east in old Virginia and the Carolinas and sought homes for themselves in the great undeveloped and unknown region to the west of them. Fertility of soil was not the only consideration of the settler in that day, but he sought a location with a good supply of good spring water and a range for his cattle, where also the wild deer might be found, for he was a lover of venison steak. The Appalachian regions just suited these hardy forerunners of empire, and they settled in the sightly valleys and upon the comely plateaus of their own deliberate choice, and formed such a patriotic affection for the mountainous land of their selection that they were ever ready to

bleed and die for it, and left that affection as a heritage unto their children and their children's children; so that to-day there is no people anywhere in all America who love their native land with so intense a devotion as the Southern mountaineers. It is said of them that they transplant poorly. It is because they love their native hills so well. To whatsoever part of the country their emigrants go, more than half of them return. It is not because of the advantages it offers, for they are scant and easily surpassed by any sort of a land; it is simply their love for the old mountains which has become almost an instinct with them. Moreover, the mountaineer understood the beauty and advantage of the "simple life" long before Charles Wagner became the special apostle of it beyond the seas. He has succeeded in reducing his necessities to the minimum, and has found the scanty soil sufficient to meet them satisfactorily. Nature has supplied him with such sweet luxuries as the purest spring water in the world, to be found upon every hand, and an atmosphere unsurpassed in its salubrity, to say nothing of a scenery wherever he goes which takes hold on one's soul. Down in his heart he congratulates himself, knowing that nowhere else in the country can such as these be found, and feels that he can well afford to forego the artificial luxuries so doted upon by his brethren in the cities and in the richer communities. In fact, having reduced the problem of the maintenance of life to the lowest terms, he withstands the rigors of whatever poverty he feels with the fortitude of the philosopher, and compensates himself for the denial of many things with a deep affection for the nature which is spread about him. Every southern mountaineer is a sort of a Thoreau, appreciating in a considerable degree his fellowship with the hills and holding in high disdain the soft luxuries of the more opulent. Not only this, but he is able to produce his livelihood without the extreme degree of difficulty that is sometimes supposed. As a matter of truth, the mountaineer views life as philosophically as any class of our people, and, although trained by the exigencies of his surroundings to diligent industry and strict economy of time and means, he is by no means stoical, nor does he suffer that nervous tension which is experienced by his more strenuous brothers elsewhere who feel impelled to "keep up with

the procession." Neither is the Southern mountaineer so very ignorant and "behind the times" as his Northern would-be benefactor is sometimes led to believe. It is true that the casual visitor to his region may be led to imagine many vain things which a closer acquaintance would dispel. His farming implements are rude and of a primitive character, but they are the best suited to the steep hillside and stony fields which they are used to cultivate. Those fields can never be cultivated with machinery adapted to the splendid prairie farms of the great central West. Their homes, often built of logs, are small and incommodious, but for a people who spend much of their waking hours in the fields or the forests they afford comfortable eating and sleeping quarters and ample shelter from the storms. The mountaineers are not, as a rule, illiterate, in the general acceptation of that term, for there is only a small percentage of them who cannot read and write. While they have not many books, what they do possess are usually thoroughly read. The Bible is to be found in every home, and so well is it read in the absence of other reading matter that the average mountaineer of the South is probably better acquainted with that Book than the average man in any other section of our country. There is that in the sacred history of the ancient inhabitants of mountainous Palestine which appeals strongly to their modern brothers of the Cumberland, and the Great Smoky, and the Blue Ridge Mountains, and it puts them in a way to appreciate that history usually.

I am aware the above assertion that the mountaineer is not illiterate is at variance with the generally accepted notion, and that census figures to any desired length can be quoted to disprove it. But there are facts which the census reports do not show. One of these is that the mountaineer rather prides himself upon his so-called illiteracy. It is one of his peculiarities distinguishing him from the rest of the race, and he likes to be distinguished from them. Learning he considers is one of the soft luxuries he can well do without. He does not fancy the type of learned man who, with spectacles on his nose and bag in his hand, comes among him now and then to make a study of him and report "up North." He would much rather be an illiterate "po' white," with a ruddy face

and an elastic muscle, than such a professor with weak eyes, pale face, stooped shoulders, a consumptive cough, and the most impracticable of ideas, who takes the braying of a donkey to be the creaking of the town pump, reporting back "up North" that the illiterate mountaineers are so lazy and unenterprising that they will not provide oil to grease the pump with, allowing it to creak with the most unearthly sounds, completely robbing him of a whole night's sleep, besides wearing the pump out at a great rate, which is most slovenly public policy. Thus it is quite probable that the census taker finds a greater number to mark in the illiteracy column than the actual facts would strictly warrant, while in the North it is considered disgraceful to be illiterate, and every person who can write and read his own name is recorded able to "read and write." That there is a distinct class of the mountaineers, entirely separate and in many respects quite different from the great body of the mountain people, having characteristics, habits of life, and many customs and tastes quite peculiar, is a fact which seems to have escaped the notice of the students of the sociological conditions of that region, which the casual visitor will not readily observe, and which the inhabitants themselves have not always exactly analyzed. But the careful observer will have no difficulty in recognizing this fact, and will be able to determine with considerable accuracy the line of demarkation which separates the lowest class of the mountain folk, the "crackers," the "mountain boomers," the "low-down white trash," as they are variously termed in different sections, from all the others. They are the "submerged tenth" of the Southern mountaineers. Their numbers in proportion to the entire population of the Southern mountain regions it would be hard to ascertain definitely, but they probably constitute one tenth of the people. They are the denizens of the most inaccessible portions of the habitable parts of the mountains, they dwell in the veriest cabins almost totally devoid of ornamentation and furniture, they live in the most precarious fashion from hand to mouth, with scarcely ever a week's supply of provisions ahead, and they are universally totally illiterate. It is from this number that the illiteracy lists are lengthened, and this is one of the main reasons why the proportion of the illiterate in this

section appears so great. It is this class which has to too large a degree furnished the benevolently disposed mind of the North with its type of the Southern mountaineer, which type, as is readily seen, is far from the correct one as applied to the whole people. But it is this class which presents the real problem of the mountain whites in the South. It is the problem of the "submerged tenth." How to elevate that class, how to beget within the people a wholesome self-respect, how to show them their own degradation and induce them to long for better things, how to get into their hearts and win their confidence and lead them to a nobler and more Christly manhood—these are some of the questions that this degenerate type presents. As for the average mountain man of the South, he feels that he is able himself to cope with his own problems if you will let him alone and give him time; and there is some truth in his assumption, whether it be admitted or no. He has been grappling with pretty hard problems for a long time, and he has grown accustomed to it, and, moreover, he has developed some skill at the task. He has wrestled with material difficulties hard enough to daunt the most courageous. He has turned the most rugged of wildernesses into the populous habitations of men. He has raised the largest average families in America upon the most sterile of "upright" and stony farms, farms the very sight of which would make an Indiana farmer sick with nervous prostration. He has sent his sons out to be leaders of men in all the industries and activities in every part of our country. What a list of glorious names we might write were we cataloguing the great men of our country who came forth from among the mountaineers of the South! The mountain man does not relish very well being made the beneficiary of the benevolent impulse of the outside world. It touches his pride in a tender place.

The "submerged tenth" must not be confounded with the "po' white trash." The latter is an epithet applied by the negroes before the civil war to all the white people of the South who were not recognized as belonging to the "aristocracy," or who did not own slaves. This, of course, included about all the mountaineers, for they were not rich, neither was it profitable for them to own negroes. For the mountain man the epithet had no terrors; he

humorously adopted it, and it rests lightly upon him until this day. But the "low-down white trash" is the lowest stratum of the "po' whites." The mountaineers have a saying that there are three classes of the poor: "the Lord's poor," that is, the good people who are unavoidably poor; "the devil's poor," that is, those who because of their own folly are poor, and therefore little to be pitied; and "poor devils," that is, the "trashy" lot of good-for-nothing people so worthless as to be unworthy of contempt and utterly unconcerned for themselves, therefore beneath pity. These last-named are the "low-down white trash." They are of a mongrel origin. They were originally probably the most shiftless of the settlers, who by degrees became differentiated from the better class of the people, and by affinity of nature and disposition became attracted to each other. To them have accreted those of the most worthless of each generation, that silting down to the dregs of the most trifling of each generation which constantly goes on in society. There is also a mixture of the aboriginal Indian blood traceable here and there. They have occupied the same regions for more than a century, and have dragged out miserable, ambitionless lives in their mean log huts, without aspiration and impoverished in blood by a chronic insufficiency of nourishment and a constant in-breeding, an enervated and hopeless lot. It is to them that the interest and attention of the benevolently disposed needs to be directed, and for them should be enlisted that missionary energy and thought which would solve the problems of the needy classes of the mountain whites in the South. This class of people is the very lowest type of intelligence. Superstition is rife among them. They believe in the existence of all sorts of "ghosts" and "ha'nts." They have an inexpressible horror for graveyards, especially after sundown. Living as they do in the midst of the mountains, more or less remote from the "settlements," as the regular communities are still termed, a solecismic relic of the early days, they have not become sufficiently familiar with the dark glens and shadowy coves to rid themselves of a profound dread of them. Their fancy peoples them with all sorts of mysterious and fearsome creatures. Nevertheless they will brave any sort of horror or "ha'nted" place in order to steal a fowl or an armful of

leaf tobacco. They are never able to read or write. The writer knew many of them and mingled with them in the days of his earlier life, and he never saw a book in one of their homes, or a newspaper, unless it were used to paper the walls of their huts, or to line their thin quilts to keep out the cold of winter. Generations of illiteracy have bequeathed to the offspring a native inaptitude for learning from books. I have known the children to go to school term after term without learning the alphabet. They are quick enough in picking up certain knowledge, but that comes to them by instinctive processes probably and not by intellectual effort. They know the mountains and the forests well. They seldom travel by highway, but across the forests and the fields, making a bee line for their objective points, apparently knowing the points of the compass by intuition. They are acquainted with the haunts and habits of the wild beasts. They can outwit the squirrel and the rabbit, the pheasant and the wild turkey. They develop a good deal of skill in certain kinds of basket work, chair making, etc. These arts are probably due to the Indian intermixture which has in various ways gotten among them. They are shiftless and lazy, utterly worthless as farm laborers. It is not from this class that the cotton mill operators of the industrial centers in the South are securing and training such skillful and dependable workers. They are from the more sturdy and self-respecting mountain people proper. The regular "mountain boomer" has little self-respect and no self-reliance. He cannot be induced to undertake any task which requires any degree of intelligent skill. He is given to small pilfering. He is never viciously criminal; he has not sufficient energy for that. The "moonshiner" is never of his class; that occupation, as it is carried on in these days of governmental alertness, requiring too much daring and carefulness. However, he quite frequently engages in the illicit traffic in whisky known as "boot-legging." This is because he has no conscientious scruples to deter him, and doubtless the skulking and dodging of officers of the law required by that class of transactions appeal to the latent instincts which come down from a remote ancestry. But, strange to say, the "cracker" is not addicted to the vice of drunkenness. Doubtless his sluggish and lazy disposition is responsible for this virtue. Be

that as it may, you will seldom find a drunkard among the "low-down white trash," whatever other vices they may be guilty of. That vice in the mountains of the South is confined to the more nervous and energetic portions of the populace. Probably the most characteristic vice of the class referred to is that of pilfering. The traditional "darkey" chicken thief cannot outdo his "brother in white" among the "crackers" in his predilections for the hen-roost of his neighbor. But his depredations are usually confined to small things. He dislikes courts of law, having almost a superstitious dread of them, and is always careful that the amount of his thievery at any one time and in any one place is so small that the loser when he discovers it would not deign to go to law about it, and have him arrested and sent to jail. But he only pilfers for the necessities of life. He is seldom guilty of that sin except when the woods are scarce of game and the trees are barren of nuts. All he asks of the world is a living, and if he does not get it in one way he sees no harm in trying another. In their personal habits the "crackers" are filthy. They are all users of tobacco—men, women, and children. They smoke and chew and "dip snuff." One of them would go a great deal farther to steal an armful of leaf tobacco than he would to get a fat turkey gobbler. Meeting one of the women in the public highway, she is sure to ask you, as she would any stranger, for a "chaw o' 'backer," while the "ambeer" from strong "long green" trickles out of each corner of her drooping mouth, and her short skirts reveal the ample expanses of her crusty-looking bare feet, the color of the ground. Bathing is unknown among them. Though living in the mountains as they do, having access to the purest of water, the most sparkling of pools, the most limpid of streams, it is doubtful if any of them ever had a bath from head to foot from the time he was born to the day of his death. When a garment is put on once it is there to stay until it falls to pieces. The washtub is practically as little known among them as the bathtub.

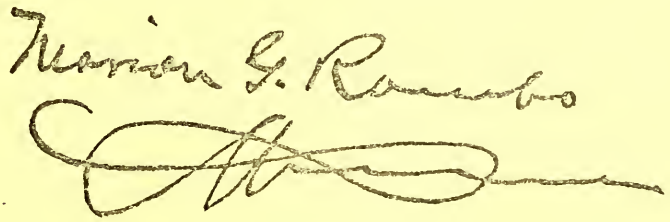
The method of obtaining a living among the "boomers" is simple, almost as simple as that of the wild animals which share the domicile of the mountains with them. They dwell in little groups, several families not far apart, remote from the better centers,

usually close up to the base of the mountains. Their houses are low-roofed huts, built of unhewn logs, with roofs made of strips of bark or other rude material, and with no floor but the earth. The chimney at the end of the hut is built of sticks and clay. The furniture is rude and of few pieces. About the cabin is generally to be found a clearing of an acre or two which is cultivated to corn. The hoe is about the only agricultural implement possessed. The ground is dug up with it in the springtime, the corn is planted, the weeds kept down, and the soil kept loosened with the same utensil, and when the crop is matured it is gathered and carried to the place where it is to be stored in baskets. They possess no animals, as a rule, not even cows; although they do not hesitate to milk a farmer's cow that may stray near their domiciles while enjoying the wide pasturage of the forest range, or to butcher a pig that may have fattened upon the plenteous mast of the big timber near their houses. The "mountain boomer" seldom owns even a dog. You will sometimes hear mention of the dogs with which this class of people are said to be plenteously supplied, but the possessor of the numerous canines is usually of the better grade of people grown shiftless, and on his way down to the grade of the "cracker." When he reaches that state he will have been deserted by his dogs. It is claimed that the dog is a friend who never forsakes his master, no matter what condition he may fall into, but the state of the mountain "corn cracker" of the South is one which even the dog refuses to share. So long as his corn pile lasts the "cracker" lives in contentment, feasting on a sort of hoe cake made of grated corn meal mixed with salt and water and baked before the hot coals, with the addition of what game the forest furnishes him when he can get up the energy to go out and shoot or trap it. When his corn pile is exhausted he will make baskets of hickory splints and sell them to the farmers in "settlements" for corn; or if the conditions are favorable he will pilfer it in peck or half-bushel lots under the propitious shades of night. Failing in these methods, ere he will go hungry long he will send his faithful wife and children forth like regular gypsies to beg "sumpin to eat" from the farmers, who are usually generous enough. In season the wild huckleberries, which grow plenteously throughout the southern Appalachians, furnish

him a rich living, and when the autumn leaves grow sere and yellow the woods are prolific in nuts for him, from the chinquapin acorn up through the whole galaxy of nuts, including the beechnut, the hickory nut, the walnut, until you come to that prime among nuts, the chestnut, sweet and nourishing. The moral standard of the "mountain boomers" is low. A person of the better class who would marry into this rank would be irrevocably disgraced. They are thinly scattered along the rim of the mountain ranges, and have few opportunities of meeting strangers of their own rank, and the marriage of cousins is quite common, as well as the marriage of even closer relations, as uncles and nieces, and aunts and nephews. What is worse, the irregularities of their moral lives cause them no sense of shame. They do not feel themselves amenable to the same rules that govern the better classes of the people near them. But, notwithstanding these low moral conceptions, they are of an intense religious excitability. They will go long distances to attend religious services, and they are easily worked up to a high state of enthusiasm. They will shout and halloo at the top of their voices in the fervor of their excitement when they "get happy," as they say, and sometimes go into trances, in which state they will remain for several hours, finally coming out of the comatose condition with loud "hallelujahs," and often with strange things to tell about the visions seen while in the trance. There are many religious sects among them. They license and ordain their own preachers, who are no more intelligent than they are themselves, but who are distinguished by special ability in getting people "shouting happy," or in "shaking the sinner over the smoking fires of hell until he gets religion." They would not tolerate a preacher of intelligence among them who would teach them their vices and endeavor to improve their morals. They would declare him to be too "uppish" for them, and would diligently absent themselves from his ministrations.

Here is one of the great problems for the home missionary societies to solve. Here are great hosts of our fellow men within our own gates, the submerged portion of a great class covering an immense territory, themselves the objects of missionary solicitude take it as they will, the dregs of civilization dropped into the out-

of-the-way places and inaccessible mountain gorges, rather than into the filthy back streets and disease-infected tenements of the cities. What shall be done with them? The mountains have their slums as well as the cities. In some respects those of the cities are more hopeful than those of the mountains. Those are near enough to the great living centers to attract attention even by their very menace, while these are remote enough to be overlooked and forgotten while the habitués welter in physical and moral filth almost unimaginable. It is to be feared that benevolent people who have hastily observed the conditions of the Southern mountaineer have been impressed by the striking features which characterize the lower class, the submerged portion, and have shaped their theories to meet those conditions. Then they may have made the mistake of assuming that the great mass of the mountain folks belong to this one class, when in fact not more than one in ten at most really does. There are cases where institutions have been established to meet the conditions of one class and applied to the class which does not possess those conditions at all, while the class they ought to reach is totally overlooked. Much good work has been and is being done for the white people of the South by the church and other agencies, but it remains a fact that the mountain slums are not yet reached by any effective agencies, and they offer a field for benevolent enterprise that ought to be alluring to those who are imbued with the missionary spirit. The task of uplifting the "low-down white trash" of the Southern mountains will be a hard one, and it will take many a long year to make any appreciable headway.



Art. VII.—JAP AND NEGRO: A SIMILARITY OF SOCIAL PROBLEM

It seems a far call to bring in the Jap to throw light upon the Negro, yet the fundamental problem of either people in relation to Anglo-American civilization is, in basal particulars, very much the same. They belong to different race stocks, it is true, and the institutions which threaten to destroy the one and Westernize the other are also the product of the activities and achievements of still another race stock. It seems like a three-cornered problem.

There is one problem, however, and that centers about the question as to what is likely to be the outcome of an inferior civilization and partially developed people coming into contact with a high type civilization and an advanced people. The first common element in this question is the awakening that has come both to Negro and Jap. It is not at all likely that the whole Japanese nation has become sensitive to the value of Western methods and institutions, nor is it true that the colored people as a whole are yet fired with the ambition to become as near being Anglo-American as their color will allow. But to the governing classes of Japan and the educated classes of blacks the glamour of a new glory has come. The actual cause of the Japanese awakening, as shown by Hearn, was the recrudescence of the ancient Shintoism, which in 1867 attained sufficient momentum to abolish the Shogunate, restoring to the mikado supreme civil and religious authority. This change, practically coincident with the opening of Japan by Commodore Perry, giving new powers to the national executive at the time when the national vision had become extended, ultimated in the taking over of sections of Western civilization *en masse*. The awakening from the ethical and political sleep of ages came to the Negro, as we all know, through a proclamation signed by a man who there wrote himself immortal forever as one of the world's great benefactors. In the case of both these peoples it will be seen that for the great bulk of them the awakening was not a national process, for in neither instance was the true cause operative within the heart of the people. It was wholly external

in the case of the Negro, and largely so—though of a different kind and operating through an awakened and powerful minority—in the case of the people of the Island Empire. The desire of both people, so far as it has become conscious and articulate, and so far as they can sense the new situation, is identical—they naturally wish for whatever advantages the institutions of a race other than their own can give them.

The Negro has one apparent advantage—the English language. This puts into his hand a key which can unlock for his good a literature robust, sane, and invigorative. To offset this the Japanese has a high degree of acquired ability, which would seem to promise for him great success in his attempt to utilize for his own good foreign institutions. Were his ability of the same brand as ours this would be beyond question. But it is not. We have no intention even of suggesting that the Oriental and Occidental minds are separated by a gulf; they are of one substance and have the same dimensions—thought, feeling, and will. They differ—and to an enormous degree—in the specific trend of their activities; in the whole body of inherited aptitudes; which are so contrary to our own inheritable aptitudes as to place the Oriental, for practical purposes, in another category. How far the Japanese will be able to assimilate our institutions can be determined accurately only by experience. Nor do we know, except in a very general way, the direction in which they will modify, cut, and alter to their own taste their borrowed Western garments. They have simply assumed Anglo-American institutions as, in a like manner, the more advanced of them as individuals have taken to wearing European clothing. The Negro is not quite at so far a remove from our distinctive institutional life. We do not yet know whether he will be able to assimilate, at a rate agreeable to our national notions, the white man's ways and manner. On the other hand, it is sure that the Negro, if left to himself, will by sheer force of natural law degrade to his own poor level the social achievements which have taken centuries to bring into existence. The Japanese on his own soil may assimilate in small part and modify in larger part the social institutions and methods of our Anglo-American collective life. This would not fur-

nish Japan with a new problem; it would be itself the new drift of their development. But if the Negro should find himself involved in a like process—and there is every reason to suppose he will so find himself, if left to himself—it will induce a condition of things on this Continent for which there will scarcely be a parallel in history. Anglo-American institutions Africanized is something we do not like to contemplate.

Nevertheless it may be quite probable that we are in danger of overestimating the power and persistence of the hereditary factor. A few years ago everything was ascribed to Heredity. We are less dogmatic to-day. It is not so much, perhaps, the nature of the metal as the matrix into which the metal flows that determines the arrangement, value, and genuine character of the stereotypic plate. The molds of a people's life are more important than we before thought. Our social inheritance on its physiological side is one factor, and the other is our social inheritance on the institutional side. Social physiological heredity, displaying its influence in color, temperament, habits, customs, and mental aptitude, makes itself evident as apparently the chief factor in the existing generation; but in the second generation, if we take opportunity to compare, it is manifest that the institutional life foreign to the first generation and native to the second has greatly and marvelously affected the racial, lingual, and personal traits characteristic of the first generation. With the Japanese and colored people, as well as in the case of the foreign peoples in our midst, there is one great fact observable, and that is the tremendous influence exerted by institutional life as indicated in the second generation. Of course we do not mean that in one generation there is any appreciable modification in the heart of a people; but the nearer and completer the range of contacts between a people and its new social habitat the more comprehensive becomes the change wrought in a following generation. The Japanese, as Hearn states it, in spite of their twenty-seven thousand primary schools teaching for the last few years the modern conception of the Universe, are still in heart what two thousand or more years of religious faith have made them; and the colored people as a whole have made but little real advance. And yet even here we

must not dogmatize as to the future rate of progress. It is only an assumption, after all, that it has taken one thousand years to make the Anglo-American. We may have been a thousand years in the making, but higher, better processes might probably have produced a similar result in a quarter the time. Not the passing of time but the character of the institutions is the point. It has taken a thousand years for our institutions to grow, that is one fact; but it in no wise follows that institutions which were one thousand years in coming to their present effective condition will require anything like the length of time to produce equal mental and ethical results in inferior peoples accepting them. It is like saying that it took years to bring into being the first row of machine-made stitches and that therefore it will take years for the second row to be made. Not when we have the machine. And an institution, in one important aspect of it, is a social machine for operating upon the stuff of life. These considerations must be taken into our judgment of the difficulties of the Negro problem in this country. We need to keep a strong, sane hand upon ourselves. Prejudice will miserably darken our problem, shutting out alike the ethical suggestions of Christianity and the hopeful promptings of the newer sociology. Our prejudices, strong though they be, amounting under some circumstances almost to an uncontrollable passion, are very shallow; they are not rooted in things. We imagine that there is special justification for an ebullition of feeling against the Negro, that the conditions justify even if they do not demand it. There is nothing new, nor is there anything distinctive, about the feeling which finds its natural home in our Southland. Is the social antipathy against the Negro anything more in essence than the prejudice that European aristocracies cherish for their masses, deepened and aggravated by race feeling? Have not governing classes in all times and places exhibited a similar attitude as regards the serfs, peasants, laborers, and even tradesmen, of their own country? They were viewed as incompetent, thriftless, indolent, ordained by Providence to be ruled and beaten, robbed and utilized, by the superior ones of the earth. Is anything urged, or can anything be urged, against the Negro that has not been or is not being urged by the gov-

erning classes of the world against their respective subject classes?

Nor can it be said, so it would seem, that the Negro is conducting himself in any way different from any people to whom a change in the political regime brought a large unutilizable measure of freedom. Freedom is a dangerous gift. The Negro did not know enough to utilize his freedom to his own advantage. He was and is exploited by the superior race. He has had the form of freedom without its power. And, while he has not been able to utilize his freedom for personal ends he has not—and it is little less than a miracle, considering his antecedents—in any marked and violent way used his freedom to the injury of his one-time oppressors. There is nothing in the life of the colored people in this country suggesting even the faintest tendency toward the riotous and uncontrolled license which marked the conduct of the people during the French Revolution. Can any new and larger measure of freedom come to any man or race without corresponding danger, to be averted and annulled completely only by a proper development of the sense of responsibility? This seems to be in the nature of things. The moral disasters of the world might have been averted if God had made man without freedom of choice. It is an old political fallacy and subterfuge to deny freedom to a people until they are fit for it. It is denying water to a boy until he can swim in it.

What then shall we do with the Negro? Shall we pursue a policy of segregation, and have spring up alongside each other the dominant civilization exclusively white and an inferior civilization exclusively colored? Could we view with equanimity the debasing of our wonderful heritage, and in our midst, and would it be possible to prevent the action of lower standards upon the higher life? On the other hand, of course, the higher civilization would tone up the lower one; nevertheless the higher our social achievement the greater the difficulty of effectually maintaining it. It may be said that by drawing the color line severely in every direction and through every social dimension the colored race will be left to its own leisurely process of development, in which third-rate doctors, teachers, dentists, preachers, lawyers, will be pro-

duced in sufficient numbers to meet the demand of a clientele exclusively colored. Under such conditions, it will be maintained, the weaker colored man can, if he cares, profit by the example of his stronger brother and yet be free from the stress of his competition. It is not fair, it is said, to pit the weak against the strong. Let the colored man work out his salvation in a congenial environment; he is not advanced enough to maintain himself against his white brothers. But this policy of segregation, which is merely the color line remorselessly applied, seems to be an attempt to improve on the process which has made the race. Has not the weaker always had the stronger for antagonist? is not this the principle operating within our civilization as well as between nations? It is not a fair, square deal to segregate the weaker race; it is not fair to them, for in so doing we close for them the door of development. They need the spur and stimulus from without. Is it possible that the weak may be made strong, the lazy industrious, the unmoral virtuous; that the colored race—apart from the strife and sorrow of social struggle in and with the dominant race—should, self-moved and self-inspired, move along the difficult road of progress? And the worst feature of it all would be if the white race should cease to press on the attention of the Negro the spiritual and ethical teachings and ideals which explain the present status of the white man as surely as the story of Japan's religion accounts in large measure for that wonderful people.

The paramount duty with us is to preserve our institutions; and while in relation to our colored citizens the doors of opportunity must be kept open, no obstacle being put in the way of these institutions exerting their natural and powerful effect upon them, yet, on the other hand, all wise and lawful steps must be taken to prevent the destruction of these institutions by being buried under a huge load of racial incompetency. We must protect the higher from the lower; we must protect the lower from the higher; and all in the spirit of Jesus, with an eye to the ultimate purpose for which he lived and died and rose again.

William H. Butler

Art. VIII.—A BOOK IN PURGATORY—THE HOLY GOSPELS OF HENRI LASSERRE

The brush of Michael Angelo gave a touch of humor as the final stroke to his "Last Judgment." In that vast fresco of the "Dies Iræ" in the Sistine Chapel, in its lowest hell, he has placed Biagio da Cesena, giving him a pair of asses' ears. This Messer da Biagio was master of ceremonies to the papal court, and had well-nigh wrecked the great masterpiece by suggesting to Pope Paul IV the indelicacy of the naked figures. The pontiff formed the resolution of whitewashing the whole picture, and refrained only on condition that the figures should be clothed! A hideous green gown was placed on Saint Catherine, a blue gown on another saint, and the rest were robed in similar drapery. This pigmental tailoring was done by Daniele da Volterra, who received in consequence the name of "Il Braghettone"—the breeches maker! Cesena went to the Holy Father and begged him to have his figure obliterated, but the pontiff refused, sarcastically saying, "I might have released you from purgatory, but over hell I have no power!" Purgatory seems to have been a specialty of Paul IV, for it was he who first established, with vigor and authority, an "Index Expurgatorius" for books. Every Thursday, at Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, under his presidency, the Inquisition held a session to determine the fate of suspected writings. More than half a century before, indeed, Alexander VI had issued his bull, "Inter Multiplices," in which he commanded heretical books to be suppressed and burnt. In 1512 Hermann Van Ryswick, a secular priest, was passed through the ordeal of fire, together with his books, but the "Speculum" of Reuchlin was the first work of any importance to receive the honor of condemnation by the Index. The leading spirit in the Council of Trent was Cardinal Caraffa, afterward Pope Paul IV, and carrying out the spirit and decrees of this council he created a purgatory for books and issued the first papal Index in 1559. And now what a goodly company is in that purgatory! There are books of the heresiarchs Savonarola, Huss, Wyclif, Zwinglius, Calvin, Luther! There are translations

of the Holy Scriptures condemned by the councils of Toulouse and Tarascon, the thirty editions of the French Bible by Lefevre, the one hundred and fifty editions of Olivetan, the fifteen hundred editions of the psalter of Clement Marot, while the books of Fenelon and Pascal are in the same ban and burning. The warrant prefixed to the official Index of 1564—and to every official Index since—will show the attitude of Rome toward the Holy Scriptures. Here are the words:

> Inasmuch as it is manifest from experience that, if the Holy Bible translated into the vulgar tongues be indiscriminately allowed to everyone, the temerity of men will cause more evil than good to arise from it, it is on this point referred to the judgment of bishops and inquisitors, who may, by the advice of the priest or confessor, permit the reading of the Bible translated into the vulgar tongue by Catholic authors, to those persons whose faith and piety they apprehend will be augmented and not injured by it, and this permission they must have in writing. But if anyone shall have the presumption to read or possess it without such written permission he shall not receive absolution until he shall have first delivered up the Bible to the Ordinary.

But it is of a recent book consigned to purgatory that we now write, Les Saints Evangiles (The Holy Gospels) a new translation by Henri Lasserre, twenty-fifth edition, published with the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Paris. The beautiful volume now lies before us, in bright red binding, gilt edges, perfect typography, clear and charming style. Henri Lasserre was a colonel in the French army in the days of Napoleon III, a soldier, a scholar, and a devout son of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church. His eyes became sore and troubled him greatly. The shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes was just then beginning to attract pilgrims to its healing waters. Colonel Lasserre took wallet and staff and made his way to the grotto. The pure air of the Hautes Pyrénées, the clear waters of the Gave, and the "genus loci" effected a cure. Henri Lasserre, like a true son of the church, gave no credit to nature, but all merit to the miraculous waters. He returned to Paris and in an enthusiastic volume told the story of the appearance, at Lourdes, of the Virgin Mary to the peasant maiden Bernadette Soubirous. The book made a sensation; its charming naïveté and brilliant description made Colonel Lasserre famous, and established throughout France and Europe the repu-

tation of Lourdes. His next literary undertaking was the translation of the Four Gospels from the original Greek into French. With a scholarship that enabled him to read fluently Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, with incessant labor, and exquisite pains, Henri Lasserre devoted fifteen toilsome years to this translation. His reason for undertaking the work was the general ignorance of Holy Scripture among the French people; this he states as follows:

> The greater part of the children of the church are only conversant with fragments of the Divine Book. We believe that we do not in the least exaggerate when we assert, that there are not, on an average, three in a parish who have ever gone beyond this vague acquaintance, and who even, once in a lifetime have ever followed and studied in its harmonious fullness, and under the quadruple form which the evangelists give it, the complete history of the God-Man. "Why," says John Chrysostom, "why should the Holy Spirit in order to write the Gospels have borrowed the pen of publicans, of fishermen, of modest artisans, of poor peasants without doctrine or letters, if not for the manifest end of putting such a book within the comprehension of the least erudite reader?" The general ignorance of the Gospels was the sole cause of the success in France of that scandalous romance which appeared under the title "La Vie de Jésus" (Renan). Among a people even a little familiar with the narratives of Saint Matthew, Saint Mark, Saint Luke and Saint John such a work would not have affected public opinion, and there would have been no need to refute it. All would have seen at once its flagrant falsifications, its gross sophisms, its absolute emptiness.

He arranged his work in the paragraph style of modern books, discarding and (in his introduction) vigorously attacking the arbitrary and artificial divisions into chapters and verses. In reference to this he says:

> The arrangement of chapters dates from the thirteenth century and was the work of Cardinal Hugo de Saint Cher. As to the division into verses, it was introduced by the celebrated Parisian printer, Robert Stephens. It was universally adopted because of its convenience for quotation, verification and examination generally of any passage of Scripture. This ingenious idea greatly facilitated the labors of theologians, exegetes, and preachers, but there its utility ended. Introducing it into the discourses of the Saviour, and the narratives of the evangelists, the intrinsic charm, so pure and peaceable, of the Word of Life was well-nigh destroyed. Have you sometimes tasted the sweetness of an invigorating walk along one of those quiet sylvan paths in the midst of a great forest, or along those noble avenues enameled with wild flowers where the bees secure their spoil hived in venerable trees on which the birds sing? Above your head the infinite sky, around you the vast silence, and the thick shadows, in you the sentiment of the presence of God! How this walk in the very bosom of nature rests you, how your whole being delights in the soothing

freshness of this tranquil solitude, and takes in deliciously and without exertion the universal life which throbs on every side! Suppose, now, that an engineer, in order to fix the situation and details of the ground, should, about every six feet, construct ditches across the road. Is it not evident that, in compelling you constantly to leap over these endless divisions, he would put an end to your walks in the forest, and without touching a branch or a leaf would take away the indefinable attraction which, in the morning, in the evening, and at high noon, directed your steps toward these shady ways! Similar is the effect which this cutting up into verses produces; it troubles, fatigues, and almost irritates the reader; it turns him from the sacred forest.

Let us now examine his translation a little. The brilliant writer of Notre Dame de Lourdes gives this rendering into idiomatic French the same clearness and charm, and at the same time is faithful to the original Greek. At the bottom of each page are footnotes briefly commenting on and illustrating the text. He cites the Fathers, and quotes aptly and frequently from Bossuet, Pere Gratry, Abbé Fouard, Dean Alford, and others. Commenting on Saint Matthew 25. 21, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," he says, "Joy enters into us when it is ordinary, but we enter into joy when it exceeds the capacity of the soul, when it inundates us, when it overflows and we are absorbed in it. Such is the perfect felicity of the saints!" On the words of Jesus to the penitent thief, "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," he quotes the beautiful comment of Bossuet, "'Aujourd'hui;' quelle promptitude! 'Avec Moi;' quelle compagnie! 'Dans le paradis;' quel séjour!"—"'To-day;' what quickness! 'With me;' what company! 'In Paradise;' what an abode!" These words of Bossuet may have suggested to Adolphe Monod the motto he never tired of repeating, "Aujourd'hui comme Lui, demain avec Lui!"—"To-day like Him, to-morrow with Him!" Lasserre's ecclesiastical bias shows itself in a few controverted passages. Take, for instance, Saint Matthew 13. 55, 56: "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren James and Joses and Simon and Judas?" This must be translated to suit the notion of Mary's immaculate purity, and so his rendering for "His brethren" is "his cousins," for "his sisters" "his near female relations." This is quite ingenious, but the "bruder und schwestern" of Luther, the "fratelli e sorelli" of the Italian version, the "frères et sœurs" of Martin and Ostervald in the French Protestant versions, have

the preponderance in their favor as the correct rendering of the ἀδελφοὶ καὶ ἀδελφαὶ of the Greek. Another rendering of still greater ingenuity is found in the textus classicus Saint Matthew 16. 18, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." It is thus given: "Tu es Pierre, pierre sur qui J'edifierai mon église." The pronoun "qui" in French, when the object of a verb, can only be used to refer to a person; hence his translation is, "Thou art Peter, the rock on *whom* I will build my church." But while Henri Lasserre was so good a Catholic as occasionally to strain the text for Holy Church his general work proved to be built entirely too much on Scripture and too little on tradition. The Bibles printed by Faust sold in Paris at four hundred francs a copy, when workmen were earning from three to four sous a day, but even at such a price the common people somehow managed to get a portion of the Word of life. Now, however, all over France, at a small cost, multitudes were buying and reading Les Saints Evangiles of Henri Lasserre. Splendid illustrated editions were published; twenty-five editions being exhausted during 1887, the first year of publication. Where was the Archbishop of Paris? where was Cardinal Jacobini? where the Congregation of the Index? and last, but by no means least, the infallible pontiff himself? In December, 1886, they had all approved the work, but in December, 1887, they discovered that, through this book, an "enemy" had been sowing Protestant tares all over France. The first Bibles of Faust were printed in red ink; this made the doctors of the Sorbonne sure of his compact with the devil, and the ecclesiastical authorities now became no less certain of Satan's league with Henri Lasserre! But the difficulty was that, from the Archbishop of Paris to the pontiff himself, they had all approved the book on first examination. Here was a dilemma; but what is a dilemma to the sons of Liguori? The Holy Gospels of Henri Lasserre were sent back to Rome for more careful study. Then first the authorities of the church realized how they had been duped by the prestige of a Catholic name. To their chagrin they learned that since the days of Wyclif and Martin Luther a more dangerous firebrand had not been thrown among the harvest fields of faith! Swift came the condemnation—one year after the imprimatur

and the approval! Here are the words sent forth from Rome on the twentieth of December, 1887: "So let no one, of whatsoever rank or condition, dare, in any place or in any tongue, either to publish in the future, or, if published, to read the forementioned and proscribed work." The book is printed no more; it is difficult to obtain a copy in France. The volume we possess was found by a friend in Switzerland. Henri Lasserre was not a Martin Luther, not even a Hyacinthe Loyson. He received the sentence which annihilated his life-work without protest or appeal! His voice has been as silent since as though hushed in the dungeons of the Bastille or the Inquisition. The statue of Coligny now looks on the Rue de Rivoli; many signs indicate that the France of Clement Marot, Pascal, and Adolphe Monod, is to conquer the Jesuit and be the France of the future. Coming days will rescue the noble work of Henri Lasserre both from oblivion and from purgatory.

Adolphe Monod did not live to see the day of his country's disenthrallment, but the spirit of prophecy was upon him when he said:

> My country! the religion of the Bible is the only one thou hast not tried. No, the doctrine of Jesus Christ in all its simplicity, as revealed in his Word, thou hast not yet known. The secret in search of which thou hast vainly consumed thyself so many years—the secret of order with liberty, the secret of solid prosperity, the secret of public virtue—thou wilt find them all in the Bible, because thou wilt there find the first secret on which they all depend—that of salvation! Happy the day when this divine rule shall become that of all France! It would then acquire a new glory among the nations; it would not be that of arms, not that of politics nor that of industry—it would be that of godliness! Priests of the Roman Church, would you keep the Bible from the people? Would you place yourselves between them and the warnings of the Holy Spirit? Do you not fear the terrible anathemas which the Lord has pronounced against those teachers who have taken away the key of knowledge and hindered men from entering in? But the Lord reigneth, and he will know how to give glory to his Word.

William P. McLaughlin

Art. IX.—THE HUBBARD LABRADOR EXPEDITION

The annals of exploration have nothing more pathetic than the lonely death of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., in the wilds of Labrador. The story of his well-planned but ill-fated expedition has not yet been fully told. The merest outline of its incidents is a moving tale of splendid hopes, tragic disappointments, heroism undaunted by cruel and increasing hardships and obstacles and the weakness and agony of slow starvation. The magnificent endeavor seemed futile, but it yielded a real and important increase of geographical knowledge and it will long be fruitful in manly inspiration.

Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., was a well-nigh ideal type of young manhood, noble-minded, pure, physically and spiritually athletic, intensely loving nature and good literature, enthusiastic, gentle, daring, seeing visions that allured to beautiful and courageous deeds. His passion for exploration dated from his boyhood. His wedding journey was a tour of five months in the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and among the forests and cotton plantations of Mississippi. While his office, as assistant editor of Outing, was in New York city, his home was located near the woods and mountains and streams, and his vacations were widely extended journeys in Canadian wilds familiar to only trappers and Indians. His Labrador expedition was inspired by his love of adventure and exploration, together with the quest of fresh literary material. He had long been fascinated by the unexplored portion of the Labrador peninsula lying between Grand Lake and Lake Michikamau, across which there has been only one recorded journey, that of John McLean in 1838, and the route he followed is not definitely known. McLean had several narrow escapes and was in imminent peril of death by starvation. It was Hubbard's purpose to reach Lake Michikamau and the head waters of the George River in time to meet the Nascaupee Indians, who assemble in that locality at the time of the annual migration of herds of caribou toward the seacoast. Besides himself his party consisted of Dillon Wallace, a New York lawyer, fascinated by Hubbard's enthusiasm but with no previous passion for ex-

ploration, destitute of Hubbard's experience in following trails and a novice in canoeing, and George Elson, a half-breed Cree Indian, a native of the Labrador peninsula, his birthplace being Rupert's House, Ungava, at the mouth of the Rupert River, which flows west from the neighborhood of Lake Mistassini and empties into James Bay, the southeastern extremity of Hudson's Bay. Elson proved, as Hubbard calls him, "a wonderful man," a thorough master of woodcraft, with marvelous capacity for toil, endurance, self-forgetfulness, and patient, cheerful courage under apparently invincible adversities; a hero of rare degree. In his wisdom is the shrewdness of his Scotch ancestry combined with the mysterious instinct of the Indian and the intellect of a philosopher. He kept a careful diary of the expedition, portions of which he has since expanded into a continuous narrative. The diaries of Hubbard and Elson together form a complete chronicle from the landing in Labrador to the bringing home of Hubbard's body. With both the writer of this paper is thoroughly familiar, and he has also had the tragic story from Elson's lips. From these original materials our condensed account of the expedition is drawn.

They sailed from New York on June 20, 1903. Mrs. Hubbard accompanied her husband as far as Battle Harbor, where they bade each other farewell on the morning of July 6. On the following day the exploring party landed at Indian Harbor, whence they made their way by water to Northwest River Post of the Hudson Bay Company, spending on the way two or three days at Rigolet. Northwest River Post is near the head of Hamilton Inlet, on the short river flowing from Grand Lake, and one hundred and forty miles west of Indian Harbor. They arrived here on July 14, and on the morning of the 15th started for the interior, paddling their canoe to and through Grand Lake, which is some thirty-seven miles long. Near the head of the lake began the tragedy of the expedition. The best map of the region was that of A. P. Low, published by authority of the government of Canada. This map showed only one river emptying into Grand Lake, to which Low gave the name of Northwest River. To this he made Nascaupee River tributary. In fact there are four rivers flowing

into Grand Lake from the west and northwest, their mouths not many miles apart; the Crooked, Nascaupee, Susan, and Beaver Rivers, the Nascaupee being the largest. At both Rigolet and Northwest River Post Hubbard gathered all the information he could, but no one mentioned any other river than the Nascaupee, and he could only infer that this was Low's Northwest River.[1] Rounding a point near the head of the lake on the morning of July 16 they found the mouth of a river. Having heard of only one river, the Nascaupee, which had been described to them as an ample stream, they supposed that this must be the Nascaupee, and they took it as their way westward. The Nascaupee itself would have led them to Seal Lake and beyond that to the vicinity of Lake Michikamau. The river which they followed was the Susan, so shoal and rapid and rocky that paddling up it was impossible. George and Wallace poled the canoe, while Hubbard took the tracking line. Rapids were almost continuous. A part of the outfit had to be portaged to lighten the canoe. The scarcity of game rapidly reduced their provisions. They followed the cruel valley of the Susan till July 31, daily worn out but still in good spirits. Then they portaged westward to a "big river" which Hubbard had heard, in a lonely night spent on a mountain two miles southwest of their camp, and George had investigated by scouting, finding it of good depth and comparatively straight. This and its lake extensions they followed till they reached quite a large lake, named by them Ptarmigan Lake. From this they portaged through an opening in a chain of mountains. Two small lakes and a short portage then brought them to a sizable lake, around which they paddled for days vainly seeking an outlet. They named it Lake Disappointment. Then a long portage in the direction of Michikamau was resolved upon. On August 29 Hubbard wrote in his diary, "It is a nasty feeling to see the days slipping by and to note the sun's lower declination, and still not know our way. Outlet hunting is hell on nerves, temper, and equanimity. You paddle miles and miles, into bay after bay, bay after bay, with maybe no result till you are hopeless.

[1] A complete account of the expedition is being prepared by Mrs. Mina B. Hubbard, the wife of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. It will contain Mr. Hubbard's diary and that of George Elson, a biographical sketch by Mrs. Hubbard, and other material of great value and interest.

Ugh! This is a great relief, to be about to start north through the woods—fairly high ground to start with—on a hunt for Michikamau. Hope we will not have swamps. Lakes will probably stop us and make us bring up the canoe." The plan of leaving the canoe did not work. Lakes prevented. The long portage covered about thirty miles, tedious swamps most of the way. Two or three little lakes and streams were some help. On September 8 they reached and embarked on the largest lake they had found. At its northwestern end was a high mountain, and on the next morning Hubbard and Elson eagerly climbed to its top. They were rewarded by the sight of Lake Michikamau not many miles away, its blue waters studded by cedar-covered islands, and with a series of estuaries running east from it. They could see no connection with the lake on which lay their camp, but were sanguine that they could find one. That evening, though they were in rags and almost barefoot, attenuated and weak from lack of sufficient nourishment, it was a happy party before a big camp fire under the light of a beautiful moon. On the mountain Hubbard and George had shot nine ptarmigan and a rabbit, and at its base Wallace had picked a pan of blueberries. In the edge of the evening Hubbard had caught a namaycush by trolling. They had a feast, and their hearts were radiant with hope. Their feast was crowned with an attempt at a pudding, made of stewed blueberries thickened with a little flour. Hubbard's diary says it "was pretty good and did suggest pudding a little; would have been the real thing if it had had sugar and a little more flour." The next two days they were engaged in hunting for an outlet. Then a violent gale made the water too rough for their canoe. Day after day they were wind-bound. On September 15 their situation had become so desperate that it was decided to turn back. Hubbard records under that date:

> I lay awake all night, thinking over the situation. George is worried and talks of Indians who starve. Tries to be cheerful but finds it hard. Here we are, wind-bound, long way from Michikamau. No hopes of wind abating. The caribou migration is due to begin. Yet we can't start and are at least two weeks from their grounds, with no grub and no prospect of good weather. Our grub is 18 pounds pea meal—to be held for emergency—and 2 pounds flour, 1 pint rice, 3 pounds bacon. To go on is certain failure to reach the caribou killing,

and probable starvation. If we turn back we must stop and get grub, then cross our long portage, and hunt more grub, and finally freeze up preparatory to a sled dash for Northwest River. That will make us late for the boat. But we can snowshoe to the Saint Lawrence. I don't see anything better to do. I asked Wallace. He opposed—then said it was best. I said to George, "Would you rather go on or turn back?" "I came to go with you, and I want to do what you do." When I said "We will turn back" he was very greatly pleased. . . . We are talking of plans for our home going, and are happy despite impending hunger.

They were wind-bound for several days more, and their efforts to increase their store of food were vain. When they started back from Wind-bound Lake their flour and rice and bacon were all gone. They had one small mess of dried fish and there were only sixteen pounds left of the pea meal. All were weak with hunger. The start back was made on September 21. "A depressing day in many ways," wrote Hubbard. They were two hundred and fifty miles from Northwest River Post. The weather was too cold for the fish to rise in the streams, and in the lakes they had sought the deep water. The nights were severe. Snowstorms were frequent. The summits of the mountains were white. Winter was beginning. Now and then they got a little game or a few trout, but the emergency reserve of pea meal gradually diminished. On October 8 they got back to the "big river." In its rapids they expected to find abundant trout, but after two days they ceased to rise. On the eleventh they warded off starvation by a broth made of the hoofs and bones of a caribou they had killed on the way in. They saved the bones to boil over and also saved the horns to be used for food. On the morning of the fourteenth George shot a duck, from which they had a square meal. But for supper they had again bone broth and a bit of wenastica from the stomach of the long-dead caribou. In the evening George found two old goose heads and some bones, and they saved them for breakfast.

On this day they came to the place where they had entered the "big river" on their way in, and there they left it and portaged across to their old camp in the Susan valley. The canoe was abandoned, as it could not be taken down the shallow and turbulant Susan River. The "big river" was the Beaver. Had they

continued to follow it, they would have found it an easy route to Grand Lake; but this they did not know and could not guess. Mr. Hubbard's diary has no reference to any difference of opinion as to the wisdom of their leaving it, thus keeping to the route with which they were acquainted. Although George Elson had a dream in which a man told him, "Go right on and don't leave the river, but follow the river on," he strongly justifies Mr. Hubbard's decision in his own narrative and emphatically approves it in conversing on the subject. They all believed that there was only one river flowing into Grand Lake, the one by which they had left it, and which they supposed to be the Nascaupee. Had they known the course of the Beaver, Hubbard's life might have been spared. On Thursday, October 15, Hubbard broke down. The strain on him had been especially severe, for he felt personally responsible for the lives of his comrades. Moreover, although athletic, he had not so much flesh as either of the others, and accordingly could not so long endure the wearing of gradual starvation. On the two days following he was too weak to write. On the sixteenth their hopes were for a few minutes revived by the sight of a caribou. At George's suggestion they fell flat on the ground, but the caribou was on the lee side and scented them. George says, "He stood behind some little trees, and had his head up looking toward where we were, and all of a sudden he was gone, and I did not have the chance to fire. I got up. A swamp I knew of. I made for that swamp, thinking I would cut across him. I was so very, very weak, yet I tried to run. O how hard I tried to run! But when I got out there he was across on the other side. I was away for some time, yet when I came to the boys they were still lying the same way, their faces to the ground, and did not move till I spoke to them." On the seventeenth they followed the river all day with nothing to eat but a tin of mustard, which they had thrown away going up, and the liquid resulting from the boiling of an old flour bag. They had some tea yet, and when completely exhausted would steep some of it and start on again. Hubbard was cold all day, but bravely struggled on. They had a very little pea meal left, which they had not dared to use, as it was their only reserve. George prepared a little of this for Hubbard. They had nothing

else but tea and bone broth. They put up the tent the best they could and gathered wood enough for their camp-fire. No one had strength to cut any. Ten miles farther down the river were a few pounds of flour they had left on the way up. As Hubbard was too weak to travel they decided that on the next day George Elson and Wallace should try to reach the flour, Wallace bring back a part of it to Hubbard, and George go on to Grand Lake for help, hoping there to find some trappers. Otherwise death for all three seemed inevitable. For their evening devotions each chose a chapter, Hubbard the thirteenth of 1 Corinthians, George the seventeenth of John, and Wallace the fourteenth of John. The story of the parting on the morning of October 18, I copy from the final entry in Hubbard's diary:

Last night I fell asleep while the boys were reading to me. This morning I was very, very sleepy. After the boys left—they left me tea, the caribou bones and another end of flour sack found here, a rawhide caribou moccasin and some yeast cakes—I drank a cup of strong tea and some bone broth. I also ate some of the really delicious raw hide (boiled with bones) and it made me stronger—strong to write this. The boys have only tea and ½ pound of pea meal (Erbswurst). Our parting was most affecting. I did not feel so bad. George said, "The Lord help us, Hubbard; with his help I'll save you if I can get out." Then he cried. So did Wallace. Wallace stooped and kissed my cheek with his poor, sunken, bearded lips—several times—and I kissed his. George did the same, and I kissed his cheek. Then they went away. God bless and help them.

I am not so greatly in doubt as to the outcome. I believe they will reach the flour, and be strengthened—that Wallace will reach me—that George will find Blake's cache and camp and send help. So I believe we will all get out.

My tent is pitched in open tent style in front of a big rock. The rock reflects the fire, but now it is going out because of the rain. I think I shall let it go and close the tent, till rain is over, thus keeping out wind and saving wood. To-night or to-morrow, perhaps, the weather will improve so I can build a fire, eat the rest of my moccasins, and have some more bone broth. Then I can boil my belt and oil-tanned moccasins and a pair of cowhide-mittens. They ought to help some. I am not suffering. The acute pangs of hunger have given way to indifference. I'm sleepy. I think death from starvation is not so bad. But let no one suppose I expect it. I am prepared—that is all. I think the boys will be able, with the Lord's help, to save me.

When George and Wallace started away a raw east wind was blowing, and soon a heavy rain-storm set in. Their clothes were soaked, and in their weak condition they made poor time. At dark they stopped for the night. They sat through its dreary hours in the

smoke of a poor fire of wet and rotten wood. At two o'clock in the night the rain gave way to snow, which in the morning was up to their knees. About noon they waded through the river, whose ice-cold waters were waist deep. Near dusk George shot a partridge, a part of which they instantly ate raw. It saved them from collapse. Late in the night they reached the place where the flour had been left. Though the snow was deep, George dug through at just the right point and came to the flour. It was in one solid lump and black with mold. They broke off some bits of it and ate them. Worried on account of Wallace's weak condition, George sat up all night and kept a brisk fire. The storm had ceased, and it was cold with a sharp wind. In the morning Wallace was stronger, and before they separated they divided the flour, George taking about a quarter of it and Wallace the rest. Then George read a Psalm and a prayer of thanksgiving, and Wallace started back toward Hubbard's tent, ten miles away, while George set out on his long and lonely journey to find help. Through wild winds, deep snow, and ice-cold floods of rain he pursued his solitary way, every morning and evening reading a chapter from the Bible and singing a hymn. His weakness, the accumulating depth of the snow, and the tedious obstacles in the contour of the region made his progress painful. He kept himself alive by shooting a little game. If he stopped for five minutes for rest during the day his anxiety for Hubbard and Wallace at once started him on again. At night he had to stop, for he could not see his way. He talked to himself of the number of miles he would make the next day. He got to Grand Lake about ten o'clock on the morning of the eighth day after leaving Hubbard. But it was nearly sunset of yet another day before he reached a human habitation. Following the shore of the lake he was trying to make his way to Northwest River Post still forty miles off, as he had met no trappers, when suddenly he heard a child scream in the bush. He ran in the direction of the sound, and came to a trapper's home. At once he started off a relief party of four men, which he was too weak to accompany. He made a map to guide them, marking it so that they could not fail to find Wallace as well as Hubbard. Traveling day and night they reached Wallace in time to save his life. He had not been able to find his way to

Hubbard's tent, though he had come near it and then had wandered back to the place where George left him. When they came to Hubbard's tent they found it closed, as he described it in the last entry in his diary. Inside they found him in the last long sleep, rolled in his blankets, his diary by his side. Its pages contained farewell letters to his wife and his parents, and a letter to Mr. S. A. King, of the Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Missanabie, Ontario, thanking him for sending to him George Elson and commending George's courage and fidelity. His last waking thoughts were of others. His day's work well done he fell asleep. The snow was pure and deep around his tent. They could not bring out his body, but wrapped it securely in furs. In the following March George Elson went for it, taking with him Tom Blake, a trapper, and Duncan McLean, a young lad. They traveled on snowshoes and drew two toboggans and a sled with long flat runners. Their enterprise was arduous and heroic, for the weather was severely cold and stormy. On Sunday, March 20, twelve days from their leaving Northwest River Post, they came to the tent. It was all buried in snow, but still standing. Tenderly they placed additional wrappings around the body and bore it away, after George had inscribed an appropriate inscription on a great tree close by the tent. They placed it on the sled, and drew it by hand to Grand Lake, the winter winds making moan as day after day the weird little procession moved down the cruel valley. At Cape Corbeau, on Grand Lake, the body was transferred to a komatik drawn by seven dogs, and after sunset on March 28, George delivered it safely at Northwest River Post. On May 27 it was landed at New York.

The grave of Hubbard is at Haverstraw, on the Hudson, near Congers, his home. His pure and heroic memory makes the wilderness of Labrador a goal of imagination, enthusiasm, and love. Its wastes have blossomed into celestial beauty.

J. E. C. Sawyer.

Art. X.—A FAMOUS LOW GERMAN HUMORIST

Dialect is the mother of poetry. Long before the Pegasus of classic writers soared to the heights of Olympus human beings gave vent to their feelings in the native idiom. Classic poetry has its origin mostly in folklore, transmitted from mouth to mouth. Thus originated the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, the Nibelungenlied, Tell, Faust, and many other masterpieces of literature. Modern dialectic writing began with Robert Burns. Of all that have used their native idiom for literary purposes, he alone has attained to international fame. In a much lesser degree this can be said of Fritz Reuter, although he occupies the first place among the many dialectic writers of German-speaking countries. Low German literature had its beginning with Klaus Groth, and not with Voss, as is erroneously supposed by some writers. Groth's Quickborn, a collection of lyric poems, was the first publication of note in modern Low German. However, it is inferior to the lays of Burns from more than one point of view. It is less spontaneous, less natural, and lacks the poetic ring that comes from the depths of the heart. Groth is rather a poet who composed his lyrics in Low German than a genuine Low German writer. Groth's poems are penetrated with the odor of the lecture room. He is too great a scholar to be a great poet of the people, which he professes to be. His writings on language, setting forth the respective merits of High and Low German, exceed in bulk his Low German productions. Burns, on the other hand, is a popular poet in the fullest sense of the word, because, being of humble origin, he is, in sympathy and thinking, one of the people. It is true, he had more to inspire him than Groth. He had a historic past and centuries of tradition and folklore to draw from. Groth wrote without any such sources. His inspiration came to him from the Highland bard. In a certain sense he is, therefore, an imitator. The same can be said of Fritz Reuter, whose enthusiasm for dialectic writing is due to Groth's Quickborn. As Lessing prepared the way for Goethe, so Groth was the forerunner of Reuter. However, the difference between Nathan and

Faust is not greater than the contrast between the Quickborn and Olle Kamellen. Reuter realized the ideals and purposes of Groth, but without the pioneering work of his predecessor he could not have done it. Hence, if Groth's enthusiasm for dialectic writing originated in Scotland, Reuter's inspiration for Low German came to him from Dithmarschen, and he owes his success in a large measure to the Schleswig-Holstein poet.

Fritz Reuter was born at Stavengagen, a town in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, November 7, 1810. His father, who for many years held the honored position of Burgomaster, was very anxious to give to his only son a good education. Instead of sending him to the public school he employed private tutors. In 1824 Fritz was sent to the gymnasium at Friedland, and later to that of Parchim. In 1831 he matriculated as law student at the University of Rostock, and the following year he went to Jena, where he identified himself with the *burschenschaften*, whose avowed purpose it was to restore the former glory of the German Empire. In consequence of his affiliation with these young champions of liberty he was arrested at Berlin in 1833, and, after a lengthy trial, in which nothing of an incriminating nature was brought to light, he was unjustly condemned and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. He was dragged from dungeon to dungeon, until upon the accession of Frederic William IV, in 1840, he was released. After this long confinement he returned home, broken in health and spirit, and spent some years as an overseer on his father's estate. In 1850 he married Louisa Kunze, the daughter of a clergyman. About this time he began to put into Low German rhyme the stories and traditions circulating among the people. He was encouraged in this by his wife. Three years later he published them under the title, "Läuschen un Rimels." The success of these Plattdeutsch rhymes was sudden and extraordinary. Encouraged by this venture, he continued to write in Low German, and his fame increased with every succeeding publication. In 1868 he removed to his villa, erected at the foot of the Wartburg, near Eisenach. There he continued to write until his death, which occurred July 12, 1874, in consequence of an affection of the heart, brought on partly by the privation and suffering endured

during his imprisonment. As stated, Reuter's first literary production, Läuschen un Rimels (Tales in Rhyme), consisted of short poems, the material of which he had gathered among the people. The classes for whom they were intended, Low German peasants and villagers, read them with much interest. Being without literary merit, they were confined mostly to the rural population of Mecklenburg. His next production, De Reis nach Belligen (Journey to Belgium) is also written in verse and has some similarity to the Canterbury Tales. A party of German yeomen start on a journey to Belgium with the object of becoming acquainted with modern culture. They do not reach their destination, but meet with many incidents on the way, which are related in a manner no less fascinating than that of Chaucer, but in a more humorous vein. In 1857 he published Kein Hüsung (Houseless), a poem depicting the miseries and tribulations of a loving couple, whose unfeeling landlord prevented their union by denying them a hut to dwell in. They are finally driven to despair, and the poem ends tragically. This is the only one of Reuter's works that has a vein of sadness running through it. Perhaps for that reason the author considered it his masterpiece—an opinion not shared by the critics. The poem is evidently written in the interest of suffering humanity by a man whose nature is deeply sympathetic. There are many points of resemblance between it and Hugo's Miserables. The burdens carried by the lowly and the wickedness of the rich landholder are vividly portrayed, and the tribulations of the couple remind one of the vicissitudes of Jean Valjean, the ill-fated hero of Hugo's masterpiece. Reuter's last production in verse is Hanne Nüte (Johnny Snout), A Story of Birds and Human Beings, which was published in 1860. The Human Story treats of the experiences of a young couple similarly as in Kein Hüsung. After many difficulties and much suffering the two are happily united in marriage. Hence the poem does not end tragically, as does Houseless.

However interesting the above-named poetical essays are, they cannot compare with the prose productions that followed. Reuter finally hit upon the form of literary expression which was to carry his name beyond the confines of the Low German-speaking

provinces and which secured him a place among the great writers of modern times. It was the story portraying rural life in northern Germany. He published these sketches, some in the form of a novel, under the characteristic name of Olle Kamellen (Old Stories). The first part of the series was issued in 1860 and consisted of two episodes, "Woans ick tau 'ne Fru Kamm" (How I Got a Wife), and "Ut de Franzosentid" (French Times), that is, the year 1813. These two stories, written in a vein of exquisite humor, brought out the powers of the author as a *raconteur* and gained for him a large admiring public in Germany. They were even translated into several European languages and carried Reuter's name beyond the limits of German-speaking countries. They confirmed what his previous works had indicated—that he was a humorist of more than ordinary capacity. People of all classes, comprising the most intelligent, read and laughed over these quaint sayings and ludicrous episodes, which are always natural, never forced, and entirely in keeping with the surroundings and the *dramatis personæ*. Anyone who has read the first short story of Olle Kamellen will not rest until he has finished the whole cycle. The following is a brief synopsis of it.

Through force of circumstances Reuter remained in the state of single blessedness until he had reached his fortieth year. Then, as stated above, he was captivated by Louisa Kunze. Natural diffidence, however, prevented him from revealing his feelings to the young woman. Finally his uncle Matthies prevailed on him to pay court to Louisa, which, after much hesitation, he did, and and the result was a betrothal. The bridegroom was now in a state of exaltation, which, however, collapsed one day when he and his uncle were talking about the approaching marriage. Among other things the latter called his attention to the fact that of a married couple one must be the head of the household, and he asked Fritz whether he intended to be the head or to leave that prerogative to his wife. Fritz replied that by all means he expected to be master. Matthies then inquired whether the matter had been arranged between himself and his *fiancée*, so that there might be no misunderstanding. When Fritz remarked that he thought the matter could be arranged after marriage his

uncle related the following episode: "In the village where I learned my trade two young men, Wulf, the smith, and Kiwitt, the miller, courted two sisters, the daughters of the burgomaster. In due time they married and immediately went to housekeeping, as was customary in those days. A year or two passed by, then it was rumored that the miller was beaten by his wife. One evening the two husbands were playing cards in the village inn, when the miller suddenly arose and said: 'Brother-in-law, I must be off, or my wife will make it hot for me when I get home, and you had better go too.' 'What do you mean, miller? My wife is the essence of good nature; she never finds fault with me, and does everything I ask of her.' 'Smith, you are a truthful man, but this statement of yours I doubt.' 'You doubt my word, do you? Very well, come along and I will convince you.' So they both walked to the smith's house. Having arrived, the latter called out: 'Fiken!' Soon an upper window was opened and a pleasant voice inquired, 'What is it, Wulf?' 'Fiken, just throw us out that sausage in the cupboard.' 'Throw out the sausage! Why?' 'Never mind why, Fiken; just throw it out.' 'All right, Wulf.' Immediately a plate full of sausage fell at the feet of the astonished miller. 'Now, Fiken, you may also throw out the head-cheese in the large platter.' 'That too, Wulf?' 'Yes, Fiken, that too.' A moment later the platter with the head-cheese followed the sausage. 'Well done, Fiken; good night. Don't feel lonesome in case I should stay out long.' 'All right, Wulf.' 'Well, Kiwitt, what do you think of my Fiken?' asked the smith. 'She certainly is an angel,' responded the miller; 'but I tell you her sister is a fury. And yet, when we courted them they both were agreeable.' 'I will tell you the reason why my wife is so gentle,' continued the smith. 'I trained her. In the days of courtship I tried in every way to provoke her temper and then to quiet it by pouring oil on the troubled waves. For instance, at one time when I took dinner at the house of her father I purposely spilt soup on her new dress. She flew up in anger, reprimanding me in an exciting manner for having spoiled her gown. But I took her hand and laughingly said: 'Never mind, Fiken; a dress is not of much importance. A spoiled gown can

be replaced, but a spoiled husband is something to worry about. You have me, and I am not spoiled.' At another time she had been presented with a beautiful vase, of which she was very proud. Of course, I admired it; but to her consternation the vase dropped from my hands and broke into pieces. As I expected, she wept and fretted, as any woman would under the circumstances. But I kissed her and said: 'Never mind, Fiken; it is of no use to cry over a broken vase. It is in pieces, but I am sound and well, and that is the main thing; for I am to support you. There are plenty of nice vases still whole, and may be you will get a better one for a wedding present. Just think, if I were broken in health—I who am to provide for you!' She dried her tears and soon was cheerful again. Then I broke her comb and expected another scene; but instead of getting angry she laughed and merely said, 'I wonder if you will buy me a new comb at the coming fair?' Of course, I presented her with a new one, which she prized all the more highly because it came from me. Well, you see how I trained her. I tell you she is the best, the most affectionate of wives, and we are very happy.' Thereupon the smith returned to the inn, and the miller, drawing a deep sigh, went home. After the lapse of an hour the landlord informed smith Wulf that his brother-in-law was standing outdoors and wished to see him. A pitiable sight met the smith's eyes. Kiwitt stood before him with a swollen face and a black eye. 'What has happened to you, brother-in-law?' exclaimed the smith, in great surprise. 'What has happened to me? How dare you ask? This is the result of your accursed storytelling.' 'What do you mean, Kiwitt? What has my storytelling to do with your swollen face?' 'I will tell you, Wulf. Listen. I thought a course of training that had converted one sister into an angel would bring about the same result when applied to the other. So I went home to apply your method. I found my wife standing before the mirror, doing up her hair for the evening social, which is to be held at the neighbor's house. I considered the occasion opportune. At any rate, said I to myself, there is nothing like trying. Her new hat lay on the table. So I took that and steeped it into the bowl containing soapy water. However, she must have noticed my doings in the mirror, for as

quickly as a flash she wheeled about and pounced upon me. 'Mariken!' I exclaimed, 'never mind the hat. You have me, and I am better than many hats; for . . .' 'Yes, I have you!' interrupted she, her eyes shooting angry flashes at me, 'and you shall pay dearly for the hat. Take this!' and, suiting the deed to the word, she sprang upon me like a wildcat, and you see the result,' pointing to his swollen face; 'and all this is due to your stupid storytelling!' 'Don't blame me, Kiwitt; did I not tell you that I applied my method *before* marriage? A course of training that does its work *before* the wedding will not accomplish the same result *after* the wedding. You ought to have known that without my telling you. But never mind, come in and let us finish our game.'" Uncle Matthies' narrative made a deep impression on the bridegroom, who came to the conclusion that he, too, must train his *fiancée* before marriage if he expected to be the master in the house.

A still greater popularity was achieved by the story bearing the title, "Ut de Franzosentid" (French Times), in which the exciting scenes of the uprising against French oppression in 1813 are depicted. The narrative is simple and the happenings are confined to the author's native Stavengagen. The principal actors are Fritz's father, his uncle Herse, justice Weber, miller Voss, the latter's noble daughter Ficken, watchmaker Proz, the French colonel and *Mamsell* Westphalen. The various characters are delineated with great force, especially that of justice Weber. The latter's housekeeper, Mamsell Westphalen, is an original of a type similar to the hero of his Stromtid, Zacharias Bräsig. There are many stirring scenes and ludicrous episodes; in fact, there is not a dull line in the story, although plenty of small talk, and the interest of the reader is kept up to the end. In the French Times there is not complete fusion, but only imaginary history with some realistic fiction added. In his next production, Ut mine Festungstid (My Prison Life), constituting the second part of Olle Kamellen, this fusion is more apparent. The work is an autobiography in the form of a series of episodes, in which the author depicts the sad experiences of his long imprisonment. It is astonishing that he has been able to do this without bitterness. But twenty-five years had passed since the time when he was dragged from one

fortress to another, although guilty of no crime. During this long interval he had in a measure forgotten the wrong done him. However, in spite of its mild tone and the humorous setting, the work is a scathing judgment on the miserable administration of justice in the Prussian courts. We have a work similar to the Festungstid in Pellico's My Prisons, in which the renowned author of Francesca da Rimini likewise relates his prison life, to which he, too, had been doomed in consequence of his participation in a struggle for national freedom. But the tone of Pellico's narrative differs from Reuter's. The Italian poet inclined to elegy, whereas Reuter is a humorist and relates the saddest experiences in a comic vein. Part Three of Olle Kamellen: Ut mine Stromtid (An Old Story of My Farming Days) is Reuter's masterpiece. Here we have complete fusion, an artistic upbuilding of a lengthy story, a symmetrical whole. In this work the author has laid down the experiences of the years following his imprisonment. In the preceding parts of Olle Kamellen the movement was comparatively quick, similar to a drama. In the Stromtid the movement is slow and the time extends through thirty years. The story begins with the year 1829 and ends in 1861. The principal events happen between 1840 and 1848. The three little girls—Louisa Havermann and Mining and Lining Nössler, to whom we are introduced in the opening chapter and around whom the narrative clusters, have become staid *matres familias* at the close of the story. *Dramatis personæ* are numerous, but the leading characters few. The experiences of the noble Carl Havermann and of his excellent daughter Louisa constitute the thread of the narrative. However, the hero of the novel is Zacharias Bräsig, the life-long friend of Havermann. Bräsig represents a type of men seldom essayed by writers and nowhere portrayed with such master-strokes as has been done by Reuter. He is thoroughly original and different from everybody else without being extravagant or eccentric. His language is a mixture of High and Low German, which, however, becomes him well. He does not make a profession of piety and is somewhat blunt and ironical when religious subjects are discussed; nevertheless, he is on the most friendly terms with good pastor Behrends. He is a very outspoken man and always says

what he thinks; yet he never offends his friends. Everywhere he is a welcome guest. Everybody appeals to him and defers to his judgment, which is clear and unbiased. No truer friendship has ever been portrayed in literature than that between Bräsig and Havermann. Deeply affecting are his words when he endeavors to cheer up his old friend during that severe trial when suspicion had been cast on the honesty of Havermann. The affection which in early life he had cherished for his friend's sister, who afterward became Madam Nüssler, he extended to her twin daughters, who looked up to him as to their truest friend. Many are the episodes in which Bräsig is the principal actor, some of them sad, others humorous, and several highly ludicrous. The latter are so intensely laughable, and yet so natural, that it would be difficult to find any to match them in the field of humorous literature outside of Don Quijote. Bräsig certainly is one of the strongest portraitures of character met with in the entire field of modern fiction. Entirely the opposite of Bräsig is his friend Havermann. The former is talkative, the latter taciturn; the former quick tempered and resentful, the latter mild and forgiving. One trait, however, they have in common: both are straightforward and thoroughly honest, and neither will stoop to conquer. Havermann's daughter Louisa has the temperament and noble character of her father, but is deficient in individuality. She is over-sensitive and differs also in various other respects from her intimate friends, the Nüssler girls. Madam Nüssler is also entirely different from her brother Havermann. She is a great talker like Bräsig and manages the household. Her husband, Jung Jochen, is taciturn and lacks energy and push in the management of his affairs.

Reuter is a great artist in truthful story-sketching, which, despite the ever present humor, never degenerates into frivolity or flippancy. Nor does he ever become trite or wearisome, differing thus from several other noted writers who have depicted similar scenes taken from everyday rural life. For example, compare Reuter's sketches with Zola's. The latter in his minute descriptions often becomes tiresome; the former never. Of the two, Zola is more fruitful in invention. Reuter is by far the greater artist. Again, compare the best of Auerbach's Village Tales with

the Stromtid. Auerbach's peasants talk like philosophers; the only philosopher in Olle Kamellen is Bräsig, but his philosophy is of the Sancho Panza type and never out of place. The peasants in Reuter's novels never tire one with their conversation, however trivial it may be, which certainly is a strong proof for the wonderful powers of the writer as a story-teller. Reuter's ability to hold the interest of the reader is equal to that displayed by Cervantes and Dickens. The succeeding parts of Olle Kamellen: Dorchläuchting (His Highness), and De Reis nah Konstantinopel (The Journey to Constantinople), show Reuter's genius on the decline. He had left his native Mecklenburg and ventured into foreign countries. The change was fatal to him. He was so thoroughly identified with his native province that the change, it seems, broke the magic spell. The persons and scenes depicted are of Mecklenburg and therefore do not fit into the frame. Much is also mere repetition of what he had formerly described, though in a changed form.

Reuter is an author easily known, and when read we cannot help loving him. None but a truly noble man could have written My Prison Life and My Farming Days. However, although a professor of religion, he did not belong to the extreme sect called Pietists. Bräsig seems to express Reuter's religious sentiments, which is sometimes done in a manner to make hypocrites tremble. Obviously Reuter had seen a great deal of Pseudo-Christianity during his eventful life, and his upright nature scorned a profession of religion that was not exemplified in everyday life. Reuter wrote in the dialect spoken in Mecklenburg and Western Pomerania. It is but slightly inflected and is in this respect similar to English and Dutch. Americans understanding High German will find his stories easy reading. There is a special vocabulary to his complete works published in this country, a booklet of sixty-five pages, which greatly facilitates the perusal of his writings. The acquaintance with this excellent Low German author, either in the original or through translation, ought to be more general among lovers of good literature.

Victor Wilker.

Art. XI.—PSYCHOLOGICAL ABNORMITIES OF GENIUS

I. *The Element of Comedy*—It is noteworthy that men and women of acknowledged renown almost as often startle or amuse their contemporaries by their whims, freaks, caprices, oddities of mood and manner as they elicit admiration by their superior talents and achievements. Where there is a want of symmetry and equilibrium in the original mental structure a development results which puts the individual occasionally, sometimes permanently, out of harmony with the great laws of intellectual and ethical perspective. And then transpires the paradox that considerations ridiculously weak and inadequate are allowed to determine conduct at important and even critical moments where reasons and motives of more than normal strength and validity exert no influence whatever. The problem suggested by the psychological abnormities is all the more curious and interesting as it is usually not in the exalted domain in which the man of genius so far transcends his fellow beings as to be almost beyond criticism that the accepted canons of conduct are most frequently set aside, but in the plane of ordinary human life, where there exists nothing to excuse or account for eccentricity of sentiment and behavior.

Examples of this intellectual lopsidedness abound, and some of them are remarkable. The German poet, Heinrich Heine, on being asked why—entertaining the political views he professed—he did not raise the banner of revolt against Prussian authority when he had the opportunity, excused himself simply on the ground that "the heating facilities in the prisons of Berlin were abominably inadequate." The heroism of Heine could contemplate no step which might involve the inconvenience of chilled feet, or the more serious discomfort, perhaps, of a cold in the head. Of much the same character was the reason assigned by Jean Jacques Rousseau, why he never executed his oft-contemplated purpose of committing suicide. Diderot relates how, as he was walking with him along the shore of the lake at Montmorency, where the works were written on which Rousseau's literary fame

mainly rests, the latter paused and exclaimed, with what seemed a sigh of regret, "There! there's a pond into which I have been at least twenty times on the point of throwing myself and ending my existence." "Why have you never done it?" asked the author of a Letter on the Blind for the Use of Those Who See, in a strain of heartless banter. "Well," replied Rousseau, after a moment's hesitation, "every time such a fit has taken me I have stuck my finger in the water first and found it too cold." It is not a little amusing to think of Luther at Leipsic discussing the vital principles of Protestantism with Dr. John Eck, the mightiest champion of Catholicism of his day—before Duke George of Saxony and his court and the professors and students of several universities—with a large bouquet of gay flowers in his hand in which, every now and then, in the very act of forging the chain of a powerful argument, he buries his nose, giving the maliciously humorous among his adversaries occasion to insinuate that the devil that inspired his pungent speech was "concealed in the flowers." In one who had been exposed to them for more than half a century, the late William Ewart Gladstone's extreme sensitiveness to criticism and dread of public caricature were peculiar. Mr. L. A. Tolemache tells how, on one occasion when he was staying at Biarritz, the distinguished statesman, who was also spending a short vacation in the neighborhood and who was a well-exercised pedestrian, walked some distance to call upon him in a high wind and drenching rain. When Mr. Tolemache expressed surprise that he had come without umbrella, the man of many responsibilities—then at the head of the British government—excused himself by saying that as the wind was blowing hard he dared not risk having his umbrella turned inside out, because someone might see him in that predicament and then half the comic papers in Europe would be tempted to read into the little incident a political prognostication and publish next morning a picture of the English premier distressed in a wind storm. Sir Isaac Newton's habit of intense thought and protracted application to study made him at times ridiculously absent-minded—an infirmity shared also by Jonathan Edwards in a marked degree. The author of one of the best treatises ever written on the freedom of the will was in the habit,

when out for a walk, of jotting down on small pieces of paper the thoughts that particularly impressed him and pinning the fragments to his coat. As he occasionally omitted in returning to collect and pocket these notes before entering the public street he quite unintentionally furnished his neighbors with an item of innocent amusement as he slowly walked, absorbed in thought, through the village with his wayside meditations prominently in evidence. It is difficult to account on ordinary grounds for Dr. Johnson's whimsical habit of touching all the street lamp-posts as he passed; or Goldsmith's indulgence—spite of his chronic and often distressing impecuniosity—in extravagantly gorgeous attire and costly feasting at the expense of his own subsequent peace of mind and that of his creditors; or that total lack of humor in Wordsworth which made his excessive and stately dignity at times exceedingly ill-timed, awkward and amusing; or Voltaire's spasms of literary jealousy and the curiously frantic behavior to which they impelled him as Macaulay has described it, or, again, the unworthy dread and dejection that daily haunted in his later years the once courageous and confident soul of Oliver Cromwell. Burton wrote his Anatomy of Melancholy, as he tells us in his preface, to relieve himself of hypochondria, and though he only succeeded in aggravating his trouble he still kept on writing till he had produced the only book which ever allured Dr. Johnson out of bed an hour earlier than usual. Cowper, whose letters are among the very finest things in the language in that department of literature, passed rapidly and unaccountably from deepest gloom to an exalted gladness, and again from an exuberant hilarity to a positively rayless and malignant despair. His humorous little rhyme, beginning,

> "John Gilpin was a citizen
> Of credit and renown,"

kept London for months in a titter of merriment while its author was fighting desperately the dismal specters of a diseased mind. Thrice was he rescued from contemplated self-destruction by the timely intervention of loving hands.

II. *Abnormities.*—The more transcendent the genius the larger and more conspicuous its blemishes appear. Moral error

or intellectual abnormity, less noticeable in ordinary mortals, is apt to impress us painfully in those whom nature has richly gifted and to whom Providence has assigned the exalted function of bequeathing to mankind the priceless maxims of religion and morality and the treasures of science and literature. The motive which produced Dante's Divina Commedia—the many-colored ray which seems never to leave his footsteps as he wanders through the contrasted realms of hell, purgatory, and paradise—is the love of Beatrice; an affection so abnormal that no rational and satisfactory account of it has ever been given or is ever likely to be. Bacon's undoubted corruption of the fountains of justice and alleged abandonment of his friend—the earl of Essex—in the hour of his direst need have trebled the labor of his biographers. Milton's doctrine of divorce only shows how badly his peculiar domestic experiences had perverted his judgment. Of this and similar paradoxes to be found in his writings John Keble wrote to a friend, "Some of his paragraphs are in the style of Cobbett while others might have been written when an angel held the pen." That story-telling genius Defoe, whose Robinson Crusoe has delighted six generations of boys, was an insoluble enigma to his own as he has been to every subsequent age. He changed his political creed and affiliations as often as he considered it pecuniarily opportune to do so, and several times shamelessly sold the service of his pen to the highest bidder. So skillfully did he maintain in his fictitious narratives an aspect of verisimilitude that he succeeded in deceiving the very elect. He was the imp of vacillation, intrigue, and caprice—a chip upon the crest of fortune's wave—and boasted that he had been thirteen times rich and thirteen times poor again. The sensitiveness of the poet Burns on points of personal dignity and independence was morbidly acute. His poverty and lowly origin begat an unreasonable suspicion that he was the victim of a proud and disdainful pity whenever any well-to-do friend offered him much-needed material aid. Meanwhile he permitted his own moral infirmities to degrade him infinitely lower than any mistaken kindness of a friend or even the malice of his worst foe could possibly do. Byron, who on various grounds had forfeited the esteem of his fellow country-

men at home, always steadily shunned them during his long residence abroad. The most distinguished of them were never allowed to approach him even in the same room. His misanthropy became almost a mania long before he apostrophized his dog as the only true friend he had ever known. It is impossible to account for the occasional intemperance of a man of Joseph Addison's serene and stately morality; or the strange blending in the personality of Turner, the artist, of the finest esthetic tastes and perceptions and keenest appreciation of the beautiful with one of the most repulsive forms of moral debasement; or Pope's boorish manner toward his once much-valued friend, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom his puerile animosity provoked to dub him, "the wicked little wasp of Twickenham;" or Peter the Great's frequent outbursts of wild and unreasonable rage; or the heartless conduct of Dean Swift toward the unhappy women, "Stella" and "Varina," who had the evil fortune to be enamored of his genius or ensnared by his special attentions; or Madame de Stael's pronounced disrelish for the society of even the most brilliant of her own sex, and preference for that of men. At times the gifted author of Corinne disclosed this preference in forms ostentatiously offensive. At a dinner party at the house of Sir James Macintosh, when Lady Macintosh and the other ladies returned to the drawing room, she peremptorily declined to enter into conversation with any of them but impatiently walked about the room. Presently she seized the bell and rang it, with the remark "Ceci est insupportable." When the servant appeared she said to him in an imperious tone, "Tell your master to come upstairs directly; they have sat long enough at their wine."

One of the greatest jurists of his age—Sir Matthew Hale—like Lord Bacon before him, believed witchcraft was due to infernal agency, and he considered it as real a crime as arson. The magnificent scientific attainments of Sir David Brewster did not release him from some of the most abject forms of local superstition. In a house reputed to be "haunted" he sat in terror after nightfall. Mrs. Somerville, the talented author of The Connection of the Physical Sciences, confessed herself similarly "eerie." Apparitions and bewitchments were as much a part of John Wesley's faith as

the clauses of the Apostles' Creed. One of Renan's friends said of him, "He thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child." The man who wrote The Seven Lamps of Architecture and the Stones of Venice built for himself in the loveliest part of England, on the wooded slope overlooking Coniston Lake, one of the most uncomfortable houses ever intended for human habitation. The evangelist whose labors so powerfully influenced the social, political and religious life of England in the eighteenth century brought to thousands of English and Irish homes a bright domestic happiness to which he himself was nearly all his life a stranger. As an organizer of beneficent and far-reaching movements, and a successful leader and manager of men, the founder of Methodism has had few, if any, equals. Yet some indefinable fault of judgment made this man of scholarly instincts, of saintly character, of consummate coolness and sagacity, the helpless victim of vacillating or designing women. The popular persecutions he encountered—always ferocious in spirit and method and often murderous in their intention—were mere trifles compared with the wounds inflicted by ladies who won his confidence, like Mrs. Pendarves, or Sophia Hopkey, the belle of Colonial Savannah; or the beautiful and fascinating Grace Murray—sitting like a queen on her snow-white palfrey—whom his brother Charles and George Whitefield tore from him to marry to another; and the widow Vazeille, who actually became Mrs. Wesley and with whom his experience in this line culminated, after a long series of trials, borne with a patience and magnanimity which were by no means the smallest of his many virtues. *Non dimissi, non reliqui, non revocabo*, he wrote in his diary when she took her departure, and it is impossible to this day to tell whether those words, in an ancient language, record a sentiment of sorrow or a feeling of unfeigned satisfaction.

As a sample of the abnormal in human intercourse a weird interest attaches to the brief correspondence which passed between Wesley and Emanuel Swedenborg—two men who have influenced deeply the religious life and thought of the past century and a half. As will be seen, questions are raised by it to which it is vain to hope for any satisfactory answers. The story is told by James

Speir, in his Wesley and Swedenborg, in the following words: "Toerd the end ov Februeri 1772, boath being then in London, Swedenborg adrest a noat tu Wesley staiting that he had been informed in the spiritual wurld that he (Wesley) had 'a strong dezeir tu konvers with him'; and added that he shud be hapi tu see him if he wud favor him with a vizit. Wesley frankli admited tu thoaz hu wer with him at the teim that he had been strongli imprest with a dezeir tu see and konverse with Swedenborg, but had not mentioned the dezeir tu eni wun. He roat in replei that he woz about tu start on a siks munths' jurni but wud wait upon Swedenborg on hiz return. The later anserd that the propoazed vizit wud be too lait, az he shud depart tu the spiritual wurld on the 29th day ov the nekst munth, never tu return. He deid on the day designaited and the interviu never tuk plais on erth."

III. *Where Logic Limps and Moral Insight Falters*—But, if the foregoing reveals a marked tendency on the part of the religious genius to overstrain the soul's capacity by wading too far into the mysteries of the spiritual universe, there are other instances which show an equally obvious disposition to hang idly and distrustfully on its familiar outskirts, and even run the risk of being stranded in its shallowest waters. It is often assumed that where the general conduct is professedly governed by a divinely sanctioned set of motives every separate item of personal behavior is also necessarily under control of the same motives, and this subtle form of self-deception occasionally appears in quarters where its presence is not a little startling. During a brief stay in London in 1883, Dr. George F. Pentecost was asked by the late Mr. Spurgeon, of world-wide fame and saintly memory, to preach to his people one Sunday evening. Dr. Pentecost consented, and selected for his text (1 Cor. 10. 31), "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Being entirely ignorant of Mr. Spurgeon's personal habits the preacher spoke strongly against the use of tobacco, and unwittingly impeached the popular pastor of the Tabernacle before his people. At the close of the sermon Mr. Spurgeon arose and vindicated his practice of cigar-smoking, declaring that he smoked a cigar as he ate his food, "to the glory of God." As thousands of men, women,

and boys in London, making no pretense to be under the spell of religious principles, were at that very moment smoking for the entirely earthly and obvious purpose of self-indulgence, this ascription of what many esteem a doubtful practice to a heavenly motive and assignment of it to a place in the very hierarchy of Christian virtues naturally created a profound sensation, and in one case at least became a snare to the feet of the unwary. A pastor well known to the present writer—and the instance probably might be multiplied by hundreds—meeting a few weeks after the above-mentioned incident a bright youth of his Sunday school about fifteen years of age, in the public street with a pipe in his mouth, earnestly exhorted him to abandon without delay a wasteful and injurious habit. But the boy, with a triumphant twinkle of the eye, said he was going to smoke as Mr. Spurgeon did, "to the glory of God."

Another celebrated genius of the pulpit—Robert Hall—familiarly known to his own times as "the prince of preachers" suffered himself late in life to become the helpless victim of the same infirmity. During his pastorate in the university town of Cambridge he was occasionally thrown into the congenial company of Dr. Samuel Parr, the celebrated Hellenist of his day, and Sir James Macintosh, at that time lecturing in one of the colleges of the university on The Laws of Nature and of Nations. Both were smokers, and Hall began to use the pipe, as he alleged, in self-defense. An esteemed member of his church, fearing that the newly-acquired habit might injure the pastor's influence with his people, sent him a pamphlet against tobacco written by one of the most scholarly men of his age—Dr. Adam Clarke. Hall read the brochure and returned it with the brief marginal note, "I cannot answer Dr. Clarke's argument, and I cannot give up smoking." The situation in the main is commonplace enough. Its one significant and noteworthy feature is that Hall had, at that very moment, in his audience thoughtful men and women—avowed admirers of his faithful and eloquent ministrations—whose hesitancy to accept the Christian yoke occasioned him considerable surprise and even solicitude. Yet it probably never occurred to him that their attitude toward his powerful arguments

and appeals was precisely the same as his own toward Dr. Clarke's polemic against tobacco. They listened attentively to his words, frankly admitted their truth and cogency, and in a way enjoyed them, but unaccountably withheld their practical recognition and compliance.

IV. *Virtues Distorted by Overstraining.*—But if the splendor of genius has been occasionally dimmed by its foibles its undoubted virtues have also been distorted by overstraining. The distinctive feature of Bunyan's noble character was his clear sighted and steadfast faith in God. Yet the man to whose imprisonment for twelve years in Bedford jail English religious liberty owes more than has ever been acknowledged—the preacher to hear whose strong, fine-flavored gospel sense, spoken in the purest English, twelve hundred people often left their homes in London at six o'clock on a cold winter's morning; the author whose Pilgrim's Progress enjoys the distinction of having influenced for good more people than any other sample of English literature—honestly confesses in his Grace Abounding that in his early manhood he was often tempted to say to the mud puddles on the road between Elstow and Bedford, "Be dry!" in order thus to obtain, by useless miracle, a convincing attestation of the genuineness and reality of his personal faith. Probably as the result of his early mathematical and astronomical studies, in which he attained unusual proficiency, Dr. Thomas Chalmers practiced a punctuality which rivaled the exactness of the planets in their orbits. But this virtue had its odd side. Chalmers's sister lived with him, and occasionally she failed to reach the breakfast table at the precise moment appointed. Sharing the resourcefulness of the family she faced the music one morning in this way: "Doctor," she said, before Chalmers had an opportunity to chide, "I dreamed ye were deid. Ye lay i' the coffin, the mourners were a' present. It was time to start, but some little hitch occasioned a moment's delay when ye rose i' yer coffin and said, 'Why are ye tardy? Its chapping (striking) twelve and ye're no lifting.'"

Sometimes a person of talent, like Aaron Burr, for example, develops a secondary though important attribute of character, such as politeness, to a marked degree of perfection, and by means

of it blinds most people to the inherent baseness of his disposition. Finding that his little accomplishment of manners serves him well in many situations he is tempted to assign to it a purely fictitious value and rely on it in circumstances where its prominence becomes ridiculous. When Dr. Dodd, a popular London clergyman of his day, was under sentence of death in Newgate prison for forgery—at that time a capital crime—John Wesley paid him a visit. The polished man of society, whose graceful ascent of his pulpit the ladies of his congregation considered a perfect work of art—darting admiring glances at each other and exclaiming, "Did you ever!"—met the great evangelist with the most effusive apologies that in his present quarters he was unable to entertain his visitor in a worthy manner. Wesley, astonished at the doomed man's appalling levity on the very threshold of the eternal world, exclaimed, in a tone of mingled pity and deprecation, "O, brother, never mind that!"

V. *Paradoxes of Noble Minds.*—What a well-known psychologist has aptly designated "the science of the soul" is for the most part an unexplored domain. A man squats on a dirty mat in the Jewish quarter of some Asiatic city making haircloth tents for a livelihood at one part of the day, and at another dictates words, instinct with divine life and power, destined to mold the noblest thoughts of men for unnumbered ages. Another scion of the same race sixteen centuries later varies his occupation of lens-making in his humble lodging in a Dutch city by writing the profound philosophy of his Ethica. The renowned chemist, Cavendish, insists on being left alone to die that he may have the better opportunity of observing and studying at close range the phenomena attendant on the approach of death. The eager scientist studies the dying man as if he were a distinct personality. In the rougher activities of life, too, this doubleness of great souls surprises us. The school-boy with his Anabasis before him can scarcely believe that the Clearchus who sheds tears, like Niobe, before his soldiers at Tarsus—unless he regards the whole scene as a piece of well-contrived melodrama with a purpose in view—is the same man who a little later at Cunaxa drives the Persian myriads before him along the banks of the Euphrates with the

fury of a wind-storm. Equally wonderful is it to think that the man who resolutely confronted the French line of battle at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, June 18, 1815, at Waterloo, with the destiny of modern Europe on his shoulders, and as the day wore away and the conflict grew in intensity stood with thousands of dead men and officers around him sighing audibly either for night or Blucher, was only the night before one of the gayest of the gay at a ball in Brussels. Perhaps even still more remarkable is the fact that General Meade, who actually perspired with nervous fear when ordered to assume command of the Army of the Potomac a few days before the battle of Gettysburg, refused during that fierce, epoch-marking conflict to remove his headquarters until a shell crashed through the roof of the building and exploded within a few feet of one of the officers of his staff. It was observed that Marie Antoinette, whom the historian, White, designates "Queen of Festivals in her youth and Queen of Sorrows in her premature old age," as she stood before the inexorable Revolutionary Tribunal—composed of men whose many deeds of blood had steeled their hearts against every sentiment of pity or justice and who had already foredoomed her to death—kept moving her fingers along the arm of the chair as if she were playing on the harpischord some favorite waltz.[1] What strange mood of the mind drew it in its deepest dejection and sorrow back into the past to greet and kiss in this way—as twin sister—the soul in its hours of tranquility and joy! If it be true that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is recalling happier days how curious is this aggravation of our miseries by the remembrance of our joys! How unfathomable we feel these mysteries of our being to be; bringing involuntarily to our lips the words, "The well is deep and thou hast nothing to draw with."

[1] Charles Duke Yonge's Life of Marie Antoinette, vol. ii, p. 348.

Hosea Hewitt

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

DR. COOKE'S AMENDMENT

The Rev. Dr. R. J. Cooke, Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has formulated an amendment to the Constitution which is intended to provide for the establishment of a Supreme Court to act as a final court of appeal on all legal and judicial questions in our church. It has long been the judgment of many experienced and thoughtful men that something of this sort is needed to complete our ecclesiastical machinery. In order that our readers may clearly understand what this proposed amendment to the Constitution is, since, undoubtedly, it will be submitted in the near future to the Annual and Lay Electoral Conferences, we herewith publish the text in full:

"Section 1. The General Conference of 1908 shall constitute and establish a Judiciary Conference on the following basis: On the nomination of the Board of Bishops the General Conference shall elect by ballot a Judiciary Conference, over which a bishop shall preside, consisting of one member from each General Conference District, who may or may not be a member of the General Conference, and one at large. For this purpose twice as many names shall be presented by the bishops as shall be required. Those elected from the odd-numbered districts shall be elected for a term of four years, and those from the even-numbered districts for a term of eight years; and thereafter the General Conference shall, on the nomination of the Board of Bishops, fill all vacancies in said Conference, and shall elect one member from each district to fill the place of the member whose term is then expiring.

"Section 2. This Judiciary Conference thus constituted shall be a final court of appeal. It shall convene at the same time and place as the General Conference. It shall review all questions of law, all rulings of each and all of the bishops during the quadrennium, and shall have jurisdiction over and shall render decisions upon all cases, original and appellate, referred to it by the General Conference; and

in the interim of a General Conference it shall try appeals from the Judicial Conferences, for which purpose it shall convene, if necessary, once every year at such time and place as may be most convenient, and its decisions shall be final.

"Section 3. It shall determine the constitutionality of all acts of the General Conference affecting the organic law of the church, and shall decide all questions of interpretation or construction of organic or statutory law when such acts or questions are submitted to it by the General Conference, which shall be done when required by a vote of one third of either order; and its decisions thereon, if it is a statutory law, shall be final; but whenever a decision is made on a question of organic law, and two thirds of the delegates in the General Conference shall declare by vote against such decision, then the original question upon which decision has been rendered shall be submitted to the Annual and Lay Electoral Conferences, as provided for amendments to the Constitution, in Article XI of the organic law of the church (Discipline, ¶ 47).

"Section 4. This Judicial Conference or Supreme Court shall have full power to formulate its own rules of procedure, which shall be approved by the General Conference, which rules shall not be changed without authority of the General Conference. It shall render all decisions and opinions in writing, with reasons for the same, which, except those challenged by the General Conference, shall be printed in the Journals of the General Conference, and they shall be binding on both the General Conference and the church."

Criticism of this proposed amendment is invited in order that, before it shall be submitted to the Conferences, it may have the benefit of all possible wise suggestions for its perfecting or improvement.

THE AUTHOR OF JOHN INGLESANT

In 1881 the Macmillans published in England a book which became for a time the theme of conversation in thoughtful circles, and which charmed readers of such opposing views as Gladstone and Huxley and Mrs. Humphry Ward. A business man, with studious tastes but with no great preliminary educational advantages, had written out of business hours a book fit to occupy the attention of the most cultivated. He was ten years writing it, and then kept it four years in his desk before he had courage to publish it. Into it he packed

almost his entire mind and heart, writing little else worth mentioning. In John Inglesant the sensitive, noble, intense, and beautiful personality of J. H. Shorthouse was completely embodied. Born and reared in the Society of Friends, Shorthouse became an Anglican with Broad Church Sacramentarian views. His book is a protest against Puritanism, Catholicism, and Quakerism. To a large extent it is a satire on the system and principles of the Jesuits. It shows in the spirit of Inglesant a contest between the ascetic and the humanitarian view of religion. Of the author of John Inglesant a friend says: "Perhaps no one in our time brought home to men's minds more forcibly than he the reality of the immanence of God in all the works of his creation, the sacramental spirituality of the ordinary facts of life." The book, which took London by storm and was equally successful in San Francisco, lifting its author into sudden fame, is a devout philosophical romance, all the characters in which are introduced with a philosophic purpose rather than as representatives of life. Its meaning and aim, much discussed at the time, are partially elucidated in Mr. Shorthouse's letters just published.[1] Nothing is more interesting than an author's explanation of his own work. To stand in Thomas Ball's studio in Florence before his statue of Eve, and learn from his lips that what he tried to express in marble was the pleased surprise in the moment of Eve's first full consciousness of life; or to look into the grave, large, wonderful eyes of Hiram Powers while he lays his hand on the white shoulder of his Greek Slave, and listen to the great sculptor's explanation of his idea and purpose; or to look upon Miss Foley's grand head of Jeremiah in her Roman studio, and hear from her that the moment which she tried to depict in her portrait of the weeping prophet is that in which he is saying, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" or to read in Genesis the divinely inspired account of the Creation: these are experiences so intimately privileged and full of revelation that intelligent comprehension of each masterpiece is made easy and complete. In the case of John Inglesant we are favored in various letters with the author's own explanation of his meaning. To Edmund Gosse he wrote: "When, many years ago, I began the book my principal object was to endeavor to realize, if possible, something of that exquisite age-spirit which combined all the finest feelings and sympathies of our

[1] *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse.* 2 vols. Crown 8vo. pp. 420, 424. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $4.50.

nature with a certain picturesqueness of tone and result which seems to me to have marked the seventeenth century." From other letters we glean that the fundamental idea of John Inglesant is the intense difficulty of revealing the Infinite in any degree to the finite; that one of the principal objects of the book is to show that to the children of God (that is, to those who have listened to the heavenly call, for existence commences with our response to the Divine Voice) there is no temptation without a way of escape, and that the supreme effort of the Divine Mercy is to shape the faltering and unconscious actions of man into a beneficent and everlasting work; that Inglesant was saved at Umbria by Divine Providence overruling the stupidity of evil, pure evil being the stupidest thing in the world; that John Inglesant's life was one gallant struggle for freedom—the struggle of a man handicapped in every way, by heredity, by circumstances, by training, and by the course of events—but a struggle triumphant to the end, and bringing at last peace and satisfaction to himself. Shorthouse undertook to produce in Inglesant a character which should be despised by the one-sided and fanatical, and then to show such people, not didactically but by the simple working out of this character, that Inglesant was right and they were wrong. To a reader who complained that the book gave no sufficient clue to the secret of John Inglesant's extreme nobleness of character, the author wrote:

> The clue to Inglesant's life is evident on every page of the book—it is his devotion to the ideal of Christ. At the sacrament at Little Gidding his first insight into the divine life is through the figure of the Saviour; in prison and in distraction of mind and of body, he consoles himself with the idea of Jesus; in Paris his mind is occupied with the same ideal, though he cannot bring himself to follow Cressy's advice as to serving Him; in every part of his life in Italy the idea of Jesus is prominent. Inglesant tells the old duke that he finds Christ in every communion; all the crises of his life turn on the same thought; and his last words recommend a following of Christ. . . . Communion with God is independent of any particular dogma, but individual experience and the history of the world have proved that the reception of the idea of Christ has been the most efficacious means of securing this intimate communion to those who sincerely seek it. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me" is more than an Oriental metaphor. It is a statement of scientific and historic fact. It has proved itself the one successful way for what has been well called "the practice of the presence of God."

It is said that Mr. Shorthouse's own nature is reflected in the words with which he describes one of the characters in his book:

> His disposition was singularly sweet and placid, and he escaped by an instinctive recoil from everything that was coarse, cruel, or unpleasant. His

religion consisted in following the good and the beautiful, and he avoided the disquieting aspects of life and thought. The existence of beauty was to him a safeguard and an asylum from all the attacks of Satan and of doubt. It led him to a Father in heaven. To him the long range of white snow-summits were as the heavenly Beulah. Every lovely chord, or sunset, or mountain rill, or rocky valley assured him of a higher life; and safe in this ideal land he could defy the temptations of evil and the insinuating whispers of doubt. His was one of those rare natures to whom God has given the faculty of purity and the winsome grace of a life in the ideal. These lent to him a noble manner and an expression of perfect sweetness, combined with steadiness and gravity.

It is also said that in his description of Inglesant's occasional spasms, due to the effects of an old wound received in battle, Shorthouse reveals some of his own sufferings in the epileptic attacks which began when he was about thirty and recurred at intervals during his life. This is what he wrote of John Inglesant:

His old disease never entirely left him. He walked often as in a dream, and when the fit came upon him he could never discern between the real and the unreal. He knew that terrible feeling when the world and all its objects are slipping away, when the brain reels and cannot be kept steady by the most violent effort of the will, when the mind is confused with thoughts which it cannot definitely grasp, and full of strange fancies, helplessly staggering and whirling.

How Shorthouse comforted himself under his incurable epileptic affliction is indicated in what he wrote of Inglesant:

The appearance, amid the uncertainties of life, of a guiding divine hand, delightful as it is to any man, must be unspeakably so to him who to all other besetting difficulties adds this overwhelming one—the imminent liability, at any moment, to lose consciousness altogether, along with all power of self-command or choice. How eagerly one to whom life is thus complicated must welcome the assurance of divine care and guidance may be imagined but not known by others. . . . As Inglesant, with darkening mind and wavering consciousness, sank upon the marble floor, an overpowering sense of helplessness filled his soul and he felt himself utterly fragile and worthless before the Eternal Presence. Ah, Lord God, he thought, shattered in mind and broken in spirit, I throw myself on Thee. Without Thee I am lost in the vortex of the universe. My intellect is lost, my soul is lost, unless I can steady myself upon Thee.

This devout and eminently spiritually minded layman felt a solicitous sympathy for honest agnostics, and had a naive and child-like conviction that the agnostic might properly and consistently attend church and partake of the Holy Sacrament—in fact, ought to consider it his duty so to do. The following are some of his reasonings with the agnostic:

I am a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, and the fundamental article in his teaching was belief in himself as God. This is the only explanation of the

difference in effect of his teaching and that of Socrates. In many respects the teaching and life of the Platonic Socrates was and is more adapted to probable human acceptance than the teaching and life of Jesus. But what has been the result? With almost every apparent advantage on its side, the teaching of the Platonic Socrates failed, while that of Jesus triumphed over the whole intellect of Hellenism, penetrated through every grade of culture and rank in life, has dominated ever since the highest intellects, and been the crowning glory of the ruling race of the world. A profound study of Greek Paganism leads to the conclusion that it absolutely failed as a controlling power over the life of the masses—failed to raise them from the merely animal life to the cultivation of the intellectual and the rational; while, on the contrary, the influence of Jesus, penetrating into ranks of life which the highest Pagans acknowledged to be beyond hope of influence, has raised the most debased and ignorant to a contemplation of the Divine Nature and Essence, and to a belief in the unseen and the future, and has changed the whole spirit, aspect, and level of the life of man. If this is true, and I imagine no one will deny it, it is incumbent upon all reasonable men to study the life and teaching of this great Master, and to test the reality of that personal communion with him which he promised to his followers for all time, and which millions of the living and the dead have united in asserting to be a fact. And all the results of modern science, all the systems of Buckle, Huxley, Colenso, and the rest, cannot in the least shake the proofs centered in Christian experience. Moreover, once convinced by personal communion and intercourse that Jesus lives and is divine, it becomes a matter almost of indifference in exactly what way the revelation of his Person was originally made to, and is at present understood among, men.

To an agnostic who utterly repudiated the existence of the spiritual Mr. Shorthouse wrote:

If I understand you, you go in absolutely for materialism. That fixes a great gulf between you and us, but you will notice that in this you break altogether with Huxley, who positively rejects materialism. If worship is meaningless, if man's faculties are equal to all emergencies, if sin is nothing but idleness or ignorance, if we are to live by sight alone—then the noblest ideals and aspirations of mankind in all ages have been but delusions; then Plato and all the great pagan teachers and the old Jewish seers and the grandest intellects of Heathendom and of Christendom, orthodox and unorthodox, Servetus as well as Calvin, and even Jesus Christ himself—all have been the poor silly victims of dreams and delusions which only you, and such as you, are keen enough to see through and to expose!

In support of his contention that the agnostic should commune in the Sacrament at the altars of the church, he wrote:

I do not ask him to accept Matthew Arnold's conclusion that there is a Power *not ourselves* which makes for righteousness, for of this an agnostic knows nothing; but this he knows, that there is a power *within ourselves* which makes for righteousness and which may and should be cultivated. He knows that in himself and in all men there are conceptions, ideals, and tendencies which if reverenced and followed lead toward happiness and blessedness. It must be admitted that in church he finds himself in a mental and moral atmosphere favorable to the strengthening of all his better tendencies and

capacities. And in the touching ceremony of the Holy Communion, where the bread and wine are set forth as emblems and memorials of what, whether actually historic or only ideal, stands as the Type of the supremely beneficent and every way perfect Life, all that is best in human nature is appealed to and stimulated. Round this sacred ceremony the holiest sentiments of his fellow men have gathered and clung for many long centuries, to the purifying of their hearts and the ennobling of their lives. Sacred and sublime in the thoughts of the uppermost millions of mankind, this ceremony with its associations cannot be wholly without a sanctifying influence upon him. Kneeling in company with his fellow mortals, it is impossible but that some softening sweetness should mollify and refresh his heart, and some feeling of humility touch his pride of intellect; so that, strengthened, chastened, and purified by this holy service, he will find his loins girded to run life's daily race, the course of wisdom made plainer before his feet, and existence itself, with all its relationships and responsibilities, hallowed up again out of the depths of degradation and dishonor into which multitudinous desecrations have dragged it down. In all the world's story there is no source of comfort and consolation to the masses of mankind, sinning and suffering, like Jesus of Nazareth; and in the Sacrament is found the nearest and most vivid approach to this unique Consoler. It is not a wild idea that the Sacrament may yet be the basis and meeting place for a reconcilement between the agnostic and ourselves. The Power which won the world must still have force in its most significant and touching ordinance. And I hold that the church should admit the reverent agnostic at her altars. Looking into the future, I sometimes think I see a glorious church, which, without faltering in the announcement of any truth she holds, shall give her blessing with a kingly munificence, asking for nothing in return in the way of formal profession or avowal, but leaving the results to appear at the Final Assize, and bestowing her sacraments and benedictions, like God's gift of sunshine, upon all mankind alike. The Roman Church has never risen to the height of this great argument. May our own Church rise to achieve it in the future! Otherwise the outlook, both for her and for the agnostic, I fear, is dark.

Concerning the character named Virginia in John Inglesant, its author says: "She is drawn from life. Every word I put into her mouth has been actually said to me by girls whom I know who thought themselves agnostics; and one whom I knew died exactly as Virginia dies in my book—I have no hesitation in saying, in the real service of God, whom she fancied she did not know."

The author of John Inglesant, who spent most of his life in the Anglican communion, was full of the gentle spirit and subtle charm so often found among the Quakers, the delicate discrimination, exquisite refinement of mind, singular moderation of speech and conduct, modesty and sincerity, abhorring all excess, eccentricity, display, and self-advertisement as opposed to good sense and good taste as well as to religion. The firm of which he was a member manufactured vitriol; hearing which, one of his admirers exclaimed: "Vitriol! Why, he ought to have made nothing but Attar of Roses."

THE SYMPHONY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

In the island which is called Patmos, John, who saw into heaven, heard voices like the sound of many waters, like great thunders, like harpers harping with their harps. And the voices sang as it were a new song before the throne, and no man could learn that song save the hundred and forty and four thousand who were redeemed from the earth. To understand John's vision we must remember that the harpers whom he heard singing the new song were in heaven before the throne, while the one hundred and forty-four thousand were upon the earth. George Matheson, the eloquent blind Scotchman, calls this "God's music lesson." No man could learn that celestial song, apprehend its meaning, and join in it except those who though still on the earth had been redeemed from its power. All men have been redeemed in the sense that Christ died for them, but men are not actually rescued from earthiness until they consent to be saved, yield themselves up to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, permit his Spirit to work in them to will and to do of his good pleasure, while they put forth their own energies to the utmost to work out their part in their own salvation. These are they who catch the heavenly melody, the song that is sung up above, and sing it themselves down here on this low earth, from the spell and degradation and grossness of which they have been freed.

To talk of the spirit-world in terms of the sense-world is our human necessity. Even the men who find fault with the Bible because it does this, have to do so themselves, and cannot otherwise possibly make their ideas intelligible to their fellow men. We have to use the language of sense and speak in figure, when we talk of any sphere beyond the senses, as when we speak of seeing the point of an argument, or hearing the voice of conscience, and so on without end. So when we talk of harmonies the word is capable of carrying many meanings, ranging through very different realms. In the realm of the senses there are harmonies for the ear, which we call music, and for the eye in graceful form and outlines and in the blending or contrast of colors in a pleasing way. In the realm of mind there are harmonies, as in sequent and orderly thought, sound reasoning, poetic imaginations, and above all in the divine and wondrous realm of numbers; harmonies which are produced by intellectual processes that conform to the laws of logic, or of mathematics, or of poetic fitness. In the realm of the soul there are ethical harmonies, which are produced by the proper blending of moral elements, by the bringing of

man's spiritual nature into consonance with the laws of righteousness, purity, goodness, truth. Those who live chiefly in the senses find more enjoyments in the delights of color and sound than in ideal or spiritual harmonies. Such are all whose supreme delight is in art or music or sense-beauty. Those who live most in the intellectual find their satisfaction in clear, strong thinking, in the philosophies and mathematics. Such have been some who seemed preëminently if not merely thinkers and lovers of cold reasoning. There is another class who live not supremely in the senses nor in the intellect, but in the moral and spiritual, and they find their highest joy in whatsoever things are pure, true, lovely, honest, holy, and of good report among the good. Such are all lovers of God and goodness. There can be no question which is the sublimest harmony and the noblest joy. Moral harmonies constitute heaven. Heaven is something more and better than a chorus of voices and concord of instruments; something more and better than a golden city with iridescent gates of pearl and walled with the blaze of precious stones; something more and better than pure mathematics or the joy of syllogisms. It is the bliss and beauty of souls in accord with the Father of spirits, having no voice or choice in dissonance with the supreme voice and the adorable will of God. This is the peace with God which passeth understanding; this is the felicity of the holy.

The song which John heard overhead is not confined to heaven; it pours its melody down to earth. Man is within hearing of what goes on around the throne. He is "hard of hearing" by reason of grossness, but there is One who puts his fingers in the deaf ears of the soul and unstops them. Man born in sin has his natural desires, impulses, cravings, and moves out along the directions in which they push or draw him. He follows his bent, pursues his natural ambitions, yields to his inclinations, gratifies his passions, indulges his selfish will, taking his cue from his own carnal desires. So doing he follows the bent of a nature which is corrupt, tending to evil, having in it seeds of depravity, capable, if unrestrained and unrenewed, of baseness and wickedness. And he is certain, if he follows the gravitation of his nature, to live a life pitched from the first on a low key and descending lower and lower. But, by the mercy of God, he is not left to do this, unadmonished, unrestrained, unhelped. Heaven proposes and pictures to us, even demands of us, a better life than we naturally lead; rebukes our low ways; tells us of a nobler way; invites and urges us to rise toward it. This is what the whole

Bible is for. The discipline of centuries was bestowed on one special nation to lift them above the universal groveling grossness, to teach them to live decently in the fear of God and make a beginning of a godly race on this defiled and besotted earth. This is the explanation of Old Testament history. Then came the office and work of Christ to gather up all that had been taught, to enlarge, complete, and emphasize it, to show men how to live on earth this better life, and to die that the human race may be redeemed from earth and earthiness. Then comes in this present dispensation, the office and operation of the Holy Spirit, to bring to remembrance all that Christ taught and showed and did, to prompt and urge men to aspire and enter on the higher life, and to replenish them with strength so to do.

It is recorded in a Book which does not lie that a lone, forsaken old man on a poor rocky precipitous little island once heard the melodies of heaven. So may we all, not in the same way as John perhaps, but in a true and real sense, if we will, for our sky includes the throne round which that harmony rolls, and in the high arches of our being floats a music that must be of heaven, since it is not of earth. Heaven plays its influence down about the human soul. One of the most graceful of memorial marbles in the world is the recumbent statue of Saint Cecilia, by Stefano Maderno, in the church which bears her name and stands in the Trastavere near the Ripa Grande in Rome; and one of the sweetest of Roman legends is the pure and lovely story of Saint Cecilia, whose one absorbing passion was for music. One day while playing on her instrument she heard another music overhead, finer and richer than her own, seeming to drop from the skies. Recognizing it to be celestial, angelic, divine, she hushed her own music that she might listen to the nobler strains that floated down upon her ears. The legend of Saint Cecilia has charmed the greatest artists, and Raphael and Carlo Dolce paint her listening. Raphael's picture of her is at Bologna, and at Dresden, Carlo Dolce's picture divides attention with the Sistine Madonna. These two famous Saint Cecilias are among the loveliest faces in all art. The legend and the two world-renowned paintings suggest some things of highest moment. They intimate that heaven is open earthward and rains messages, influences, meanings down on human souls. As the music came down to Saint Cecilia's ears, so over our employment and our play, our task and our rest, there sounds the hint of principles and laws that do not issue from the earth. Is it faith or mere fancy that "close, close to man, like undulating layers of air, right

above our heads," is a stirring unseen realm filled with pure melodious spirits, and that

> "Sometimes the airy synod bends,
> And the mighty choir descends,
> And the hearts of men thenceforth
> In crowded and in still resorts
> Teem with unwonted thoughts."

The legend and the paintings suggest that above earth's best is heaven's better still. Cecilia playing, doubtless her best, hears overhead what far surpasses her finest possible performance and transcends all her dreams. She could not conceive it till she heard it. In like manner all that man does naturally, even his highest natural possibility, is poor, low, and contemptible compared with what the Holy Spirit teaches, coaxes, prompts, commands, and empowers for. Above man's nothing-perfect is God's all-complete. Legend and pictures tell us that we must be silent that we may listen. Hearing this sound of something better breaking in upon her own not so good, Cecilia hushes her music that she may listen to heaven's. Carlo Dolce paints her with her fingers pausing idly on the keys which they so fondly swept, with downcast eyes, a soft, sweet, gentle face, none lovelier in all art; and Raphael pictures her standing in ecstasy with all instruments of earthly music broken and discarded at her feet, the pipes hanging down in her forgetful hands, and her glowing upturned face rapt with the music of the celestial choir. She keeps utterly still that she may miss no note or strain, drops her own tune to catch the tune which God is playing for her out of heaven. It is substantially setting aside her own purpose, holding her will and choice in abeyance to do homage to the wondrous voice from above. It is the disposition which ceases from its own discourse, and all sounds of earth, to hear what God the Lord will speak. And the lesson for us is that no matter what we are about, or what our hearts are set upon, or what we have begun and want to play through to the end, it is necessary to drop it if it prevents our attention to the voice of God, if it keeps us from hearing, taking in, and appreciating the divine strains which breathe a heavenly melody into our harsh, discordant souls.

Cecilia—interrupted, pausing, listening—makes us think of ourselves. Once we were playing a merely earthly tune, or improvising idly without any score a haphazard experiment of our own composing. That was our life, till God interrupted us. Then all at once

or gradually we became aware of something different and better suggested in, shot through, between the notes we struck, some sound of superior music falling on us from above. Then we dropped our self-devised, self-chosen, self-taught tune and hearkened with hushed souls reverently, if not rapturously, to God's Infinitely Better sounding over and shaming our unworthy, ignoble, and unholy Poor Enough. Then we devoted heart, soul, and faculties in strenuous endeavor to copy those finer harmonies into our inner and our outer life. Saint Cecilia heard the angelic choirs, says legend. John, says inspired history, heard in his apocalyptic hour great voices before the throne singing the new song. Who can learn that song? A great multitude, even as many as are willing to be loosed and lifted out of earthliness, out of the carnal mind. The souls of men can be changed from discord to harmony, from confused disorder into symmetrical form. Does this seem mysterious? Come out to the quarry in the side of the hill. Blasting into the solid bed of rock, we find it to be only a coarse-grained, opaque, monotonous mass. But blasting further into the middle, we split open something new and strange, we come upon a nest of clustered crystals. That sudden spectacle, gleaming there in the heart of the rough and common stone, excites feelings of awe, wonder, and ecstatic delight. For what do we see? We see where a finer and higher law of arrangement has entered into the stone, chosen its spot in the flinty depths to set up its secret laboratory, and taken charge of the crude and shapeless materials—a law intending and enacting beauty and order—and with its transforming touch, no less miraculous than changing water into wine, this marvelous law has wrought the miracle of crystallization, changing the dull common stone at that point into jewels, making some portion of the crude and gritty mass take fine polished form and clarified substance. There in the heart of the rock a superior law has seized on coarse, unpliable, and unpromising material and mysteriously refined them into pure and sparkling splendor, fit to deck the diadems of kings. Standing together in the quarry, among the fragments of blasted rocks, over the spot of bright surprise where now for the first the sunshine of the open heaven flashes on these crystals that were born in the dark but destined for the light, we look into each other's faces and say to one another with a solemn gladness that a like miracle of crystallization may take place in the hard and flinty nature of man; that there are laws of spiritual refinement, moral beauty, and a divine spirit of order which, if allowed to enter in and work, can make the

human heart like a nest of crystals, like a cluster of jewels; so that when death shall break the body asunder and the soul burst open into the light of heaven's immortal life, the King of kings shall wish and wear it for a jewel in his crown. What is crystallization? The mineralogist tells us that it comes by the action of laws of chemical affinity on the constituent molecules at the moment of transition from fluid to solid, and the atoms are arranged into perfect forms with mathematical exactness. Something resembling this happens in man when the Holy Spirit melts his stony heart; and when it is melted and flows down, laws not of chemical but of spiritual affinity act on it and arrange its substance, clarifying, conforming it by the geometry of righteousness. And when the divine Spirit has wrought in man this beauteous change from love of wrong to love of right, from love of sin to love of God, from the carnal and selfish to the spiritual and unselfish, when man's inmost desires and will have been squared with that eternal right which is the will of God, then the soul can learn that song which rises round the throne, the chant of loyal adoration from spirits who are in unison with God, loving what he loves, hating what he hates—Godlike they are, or, as we say, godly—spirits who cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders! Great and marvelous are thy works; just and true are thy ways, for thou only art holy!"

The new song is the adoration of holiness and of the all-holy Lord. Man begins to learn this song when the Spirit of God makes him hate sin and in his heart he worships, when he feels the longing and the need for deliverance from sin and is willing to have it in God's way of mercy through Jesus Christ; willing to pay the price so far as he can, and to have it paid for him so far as he cannot. Then he sounds the keynote of the new song, and from that he goes on to bring his whole life into tune, to make all his powers join in this song, to bring his thoughts into accord, and his imaginations, and his ambitions, and his hopes, and his words, and his actions, and his plans, to make all these join in the symphony of righteousness, in accord with the perfect will of God. To do this is a lifetime's work and may never be done perfectly here. It is not said that a man, on earth, in the flesh, subject to infirmities, with his clumsy powers, can master completely this heavenly music, and render righteousness in a faultless way to the full measure of perfection. But he can learn, and all his life can go on learning, knowing it better and coming nearer to it every year, and even every day that he lives. If sometimes we seem

to fail, let us not be disheartened. There are some simple verses which tell of a little child who used to go and stand by the organ, reach up and put his fingers on the keys; stand there silently awhile with upward gaze, as if listening to catch some far, faint harmony from the unseen overhead: then as if he had caught it he would rise on tiptoe and strike the keys, trying to play it, but as he tried there would come upon his face a dissatisfied, disappointed, and dismayed look because his music went wrong; and he would bend his ear to the instrument, murmuring with a frown, "Not right, not right!" Day after day he would go back to the organ and try and try again, looking and listening upward and then running his fingers along the keys, always dissatisfied yet ever patient and persevering, till a day came when the keyboard missed his tiny touch, and the floor the patter of his feet, and the house the sound of his prattling voice. They no more heard him say, "Not right, not right." He had vanished whither his eyes used to look and his ears listen. And the verse-maker, who tells us his story, believes that the little laddie, who strove with such earnest zeal to catch and copy some heavenly air he seemed to hear, has gone where he no more has to say with a vexed soul, "Not right," but has attained the music he vainly sighed for here. Often we grown men and women do no better than the little boy. We reach up to the keys and try to play perfection on this organ we call life—and listening to our performance our vexed faces show chagrin and our hearts, sad with a feeling of failure, say, "Not right, not right!" Never mind! Let us be patient and persevere! What we do poorly here, we shall do perfectly up there.

We need not hesitate to confess that in one sense we do not know much about heaven. We have never been there. All emblems, figures, and symbols given convey but dim ideas and faint conceptions to us about the forms and methods of that celestial state. But in another sense we do know a great deal about heaven. Emily Dickinson's odd verses are not entirely without warrant:

> "I never saw a moor,
> I never saw the sea;
> Yet know I how the heather looks,
> And what a wave must be.
>
> "I never spoke with God,
> Nor visited in heaven;
> Yet certain am I of the spot
> As if the chart was given."

We know what principles rule the skies and what spirit fills them.

And we can reach up and lay hold of those principles and be filled with that spirit and work them out in the affairs of this flesh-bound life and earthly state. It is possible for the children of Adam to live a divine life here and now, down in this dust and din and darkness of earth and time. We have seen actual flesh-and-blood men and women, in all the chafe and fret and misery and sweat and smother and vulgarity of this coarse, vexatious, greedy, grimy, and low-minded world, living so that those who saw them confessed that "celestial fruit on earthly ground from faith and hope may grow." We can apprehend the heavenly and manifest its everlasting beauty in this disfigured, snarling, clangorous, and crazy world. Amid our humblest toil and most inexorable tasks, if our spirit be one of reverent obedience, we may be striking the chord which will make life melodious, keep our hearts from withering, and make drudgery divine.

"Some there are in this loud stemming tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime:
Who carry music in their heart
Thro' dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily tasks with busier feet
Because their hearts some holy strain repeat."

Blessed are they whose hearts repeat some holy strain, who catch the tune of the new song, and sing it, play it, with all their powers till every thought of the mind, every motion of desire, and almost the very blood-pulse in the arteries shall run rhythmic with the will of God. Happy are they who take the teachings of the Lord, and fit pure actions unto them like noble music unto perfect words; who toil at the lofty language of righteousness, and master it to fluency, till it flows trippingly from tongue and life; who uncover the keyboard of their inmost soul to the Divine Master and let the Holy Spirit sweep the keys and strike responsive chords; who cheer their hearts by rehearsing such sublime and exultant themes as the love of God, the redemption of man, the beauty of holiness, the hope big with immortality.

God's Spirit pleads with us every day to bring us to a sweet and holy mind, to make us love and endeavor to fulfill the pure and perfect law of Christ, so deep, so high, so musical; so that our thoughts may chime with God's thoughts, and our purpose be harnessed with his purpose, and our desires be keyed and pitched by his, and our ways be made to rhyme with his ways; so that the will of God and the

sweet reasonableness of Christ may prevail in us and through us. A life thus harmonized with heaven is not unnatural but preternatural —not against our nature in violence to it, but the restoring, uplifting, and perfecting of our being. It is not to unman nor to abase man's proper dignity and noblest pride, but to cure him of insane and belittling conceits, and make him roundly and soundly a man. For humanity is sacred, of royal blood, and must wear its crown, and of it two converse things are true: it regains the completeness of manhood by imitation of the Son of God, while by every effort to perfect human nature it approaches the divine. High aims and spiritual thoughts, sweet tempers, scorn of wrong, love of the true and right—these make a man, and these bring him near to God. We are summoned to join the "hundred and forty and four thousand," the multitude of the redeemed, to take heavenly principles for earthly practice. We are called to play our whole life up to the pitch and level of that heavenly music of which God in his Bible gives us the score, and which the Man of Nazareth has played for us to show us how. We may aspire and pray and strive until all our life shall be euphony, symphony, anthem of praise, in unison with

> "All the saints above,
> In solemn troops and sweet societies,
> That sing and singing in their glory move."

Watch the sidewalks when a band of music comes marching down the street. Notice that the music gives a different step, a new bearing, a finer carriage to boys and men as it comes along. What is there in that music to take command of the passers-by? We all know, for we have felt it ourselves, that a slouching, plodding, and stoop-shouldered man, overtaken on the street by drums and fifes and bugles playing martial airs, feels his nerves played upon, shoulders thrown back as if by force, frame erected, muscles braced, tread involuntarily elastic, firm, and rhythmic, every motion keeping time to the throb and accent and bidding of the music. In some mysterious way that music commands him and hurries his slow feet along at its own brisk rate of movement. O, immortal men! The drums and trumpets of God's hosts are marching along. What ails us that heaven's march-music does not play us through? Have our souls no nerves? Why do we keep our wretched, unerect, and shambling gait? Are we such dull clowns as not to know grand music when we hear it? Hark! Listen till you feel the mighty thrill and catch the heavenly tune. And then fall in, mark time, keep step, and "Forward, march!"

THE ARENA

AGNOSTIC MIND

HUXLEY rightly says (in a letter to Charles Kingsley, May 22, 1863, given to the world in the Life and Letters): "*Cogito, ergo sum*, is to my mind a ridiculous piece of bad logic;" but the reason he gives for this is to my mind a ridiculously bad piece of logic: "all I can say at any time being '*Cogito*.'" *Cogito, ergo sum*, is not true. *Sum, ergo cogito*, may be true; but not the former. *Cogito, ergo novi me esse*, is true. The thinking is not a cause or a reason of my being; but it is a reason of my knowing my being. *Cogito, id est sum*, is true. Being is included in thinking: it is a necessary condition or a conditioning necessity to thinking. When one says, "I think," or even "I," he necessarily asserts being, and anyone else who does not challenge and veto the very word "I" lets pass and himself also assumes the reality of the "I" and of its being. Huxley tries to challenge the "I," for he proceeds: "The Latin form I hold to be preferable to the English 'I think,' because the latter asserts the existence of an Ego—about which the bundle of phenomena at present addressing you knows nothing"—failing to see that the Latin form equally with the English asserts the existence of an Ego and as outwardly expresses it, in its —o, and failing to see that in saying "*Cogito*" he says "*sum*," and failing also to see that he contradicts himself in saying that about the existence of an Ego he knows nothing and yet presumes to imply that he knows enough about the Ego to call it a "bundle of phenomena" and to affirm that it was "at present addressing" his friend and to use even the repudiated pronoun "I" seven times in the same paragraph of about twelve lines. "*Cogito, ergo sum*," says he, "is to my mind a ridiculous piece of bad logic; all I can say at any time being '*Cogito*,'" and then he goes on to use such logic as might end in the sentence, *Cogito, sed non novi me esse*. O ye little Huxleys, O ye brood of I-don't-knows, how does that seem to you for logic? It seems to me to be really ridiculous while the *Cogito, ergo sum*, from which it sprang has a sensible sense in which it can be taken, and in which it ought therefore to be taken, namely, *Cogito, ergo (novi) sum; Cogito, ergo novi me esse*. "In fact," he goes on, "if I am pushed, metaphysical speculation lands me exactly where . . . I believe in Hamilton, Mansell, and Herbert Spencer, so long as they are destructive, and I laugh in their beards as soon as they try to spin their own cobwebs." Not "metaphysical speculation," but unbalanced, lop-sided metaphysics it is that lands any man where he believes in the destructive only; for a true metaphysics is constructive and reveals to the mind the fundamentals of all human being and thinking and living. It must be a poor philosophy that laughs at theories simply because they are spun out of the mind. The question is not, Whence did they come? but, Do they serve?

"My fundamental axiom of speculative philosophy is that *materialism*

and spiritualism are opposite poles of the same absurdity—the absurdity of imagining that we know anything about either spirit or matter." But "imagining that we know anything about either spirit or matter" was *not* an absurdity to Huxley, for he claimed to know enough about them to write and lecture and teach quite a mass of matter about matter, if not about spirit, also, in his day. It is not particularly scientific to say that we know nothing about either spirit or matter and then to continue to use the terms. Let the agnostics do one of two things: either let them confess that they are inconsistent and shallow in continuing to talk about things and to use terms about which they claim to know and to be able to know nothing, or let them cease to use the terms and cease to talk. The former would confess judgment and give the case to us: the latter would equally give the case to us, for it would leave the field to us; but it would have the force of conviction and of consistency and would call forth our respect, whereas the present course justly calls for our contempt. The very use of the terms proves that those who use them are *not* agnostic, and that the reasoning by which any convince themselves they have reached and must reach agnosticism is deceptive and false.

"This universe is, I conceive, like to a great game being played out, and we poor mortals are allowed to take a hand. By great good fortune the wiser among us have made out some few of the rules of the game, as at present played. We call them 'Laws of Nature,' and honor them because we find that if we obey them we win something for our pains. The cards are our theories and hypotheses, the tricks our experimental verifications." "But what sane man," he asks, as the close of this very imaginative paragraph by which he eloquently deceived himself and I doubt not misleads some to this day—"what sane man would endeavor to solve this problem: given the rules of a game and the winnings, to find whether the cards are made of pasteboard or gold leaf? Yet the problem of the metaphysicians is to my mind no saner." But the real status of the case is this: given the rules of the game, the cards with which to play, and the winnings, and I would not give much for the player who has the cards in his hands, or, indeed, even for the mere on-looker, who cannot tell whether they are pasteboard or gold leaf, and especially whether they are real or unreal, nor for him who cannot quite soon tell what among the moves are true and what false. And this is the sad case of the agnostic: he says he has a few of the rules of the game which he calls "Laws of Nature," that he has in his hands the cards, his theories and hypotheses, and that he has the tricks won, his experimental verifications, and yet he persists in saying that he cannot tell whether his cards are pasteboard or gold leaf, whether they are false or true. He speaks of "verifications" and yet says "we cannot know." He is quite sure of his demonstrations and yet he is not sure that there is any Ego to be sure of them. How "sane" is that? Besides, the great world-game is not yet played to a finish. In the meantime the metaphysicians have won some tricks and may yet hope to win the game. A little right metaphysics would have kept Huxley from agnosticism, or perhaps from the unscientific habit of using terms he does not believe in or says he knows nothing about, or at least from the unscientific lack of observation that

failed to note the perpetual and unavoidable use of such terms and that this was a sufficient disproof of the arguments that had seemed to him to lead to agnosticism, and would have set him to studying them more carefully that he might not fail to detect their fallacies. But he was only a partial observer, and he was an incomplete thinker; he left out of his field of vision some of the fundamentals of psychology, and out of his thinking some of the fundamentals of reasoning; he did not use all the tests of truth; he dwarfed his massive faculties into the measures and methods of mere naturalistic science. Therefore it was that, far as he got, he got no farther, in his study of the universe.

Such is agnostic mind: mind that has bewildered itself; mind that tries to nullify itself. Agnostic mind argues in opposition to the axiom, Self-denial is self-proof. Agnostic mind argues one way and acts another. Agnostic mind has incapacitated itself for taking the logical steps: An argument is the work of that cause only which says, "I think"; this is an argument that there is no "I"; therefore this argument that there is no "I" is the work of an "I." Agnostic mind refuses to see that if a syllogism could be supposed to be constructed, on absolutely certain premises and in absolutely valid form, apparently conclusively proving the nonexistence of an Ego, it would really prove the existence of an Ego, for everything must have an adequate cause, and no cause is adequate to the construction of a syllogism except that cause which says "I" and of which all others (even they who deny his existence) do, and unavoidably must, say "he" or "she." I have not yet read three consecutives pages (to put it mildly) of any agnostic or atheistic or idealistic or materialistic writer (however eminent or learned) in which I could not easily find rank contradictions and mental suicide. Theories or lack of theories that cannot be consistently thought and expressed, and especially lived, cannot be true.

East Norwich, New York. B. C. Miller.

COMMENTS ON THE ARTICLE ON "THE AVERAGE SERMON"

I have read with interest, some pleasure, and maybe a measure of irritation Dr. J. Wesley Johnston's article on "The Average Sermon." Were Dr. Johnston to sit in a pew in my church a year, and he should vote for the entire Quarterly Conference on the question of my return to my appointment, I should despair. "Too long," "too short," "too high," "too low," would ring in my ears, and add to my general embarrassment. I think I should decide to move at the end of the year, and to meanwhile tell my one-man official board about God, righteousness, sin, redemption, heaven, hell, the judgment, and warn him to flee from the wrath to come. That, I take it, is what the average sermon aims at doing. As a preacher, it is hard for me to discover what the average sermon really is, I so seldom hear my brethren preach. The newspaper announcements furnish my only clue. The topics, however, are very misleading, and seldom indicate the ability of the man or the interest and profitableness of the discourse. It is very easy for a man in the pastorate to make a great mistake in his calcu-

lations of the average sermon. It is easy to criticise the generality of sermons to the point of inconsistency. This, I believe, is what Dr. Johnston has done. In one paragraph he says the average sermon lacks pity; "it is not a voice of divine compassion, but rather that of a trumpet from the fire-clad Sinai." In the next paragraph he thinks the sermon makes a low appeal, largely prudential, does not preach self-denial and cross-bearing, makes religion have no application to daily life, and suggests a bargain of indulgences. Yet elsewhere he asserts that the average sermon sets up too high a standard, makes the door too high, making men "believe so much, profess so much, promise so much, and deny so much." In discussing one phase the sermon insists too much; in the next, it is—"so much pew rent for so much gospel."

The author says the average sermon is too long. No, I insist that such is not the case. The Conference or camp meeting sermons, which he recalls with pleasure, he puts out of the "average" class. Yet these were long sermons; the people came to hear them and expected them to consume an hour or more. Dr. Johnston rather confirms me in a long-gathering suspicion that preachers are poor listeners, sighing gratefully when "lastly" is announced, and "having an ill-concealed impatience when 'furthermore' promises to outrun the clock." People come to church more regularly when they realize that the sermon is given an important place. An announcement of a fifteen-minute sermonette for summer evenings does not attract, unless other features are added to make the service a concert. Even then such a service is usually a failure. Several examples in my city might be quoted to show that fifteen-thousand-dollar pipe organs, fifteen-hundred-dollar organists, and fifteen-hundred-dollar quartets do not fill churches. The people want preaching. When they get it the clock is not so frequently consulted. The Roman Catholics, from the nature of their sacrificial service, give the only example of this article's sentence: "And, still more strange, the churches that have no sermon at all have the largest congregations." The statement that cantatas, etc., "usually attract multitudes of people, while at the regular preaching services the pews will be dismally empty," only states a half-truth. These concerts can be but at intervals, and draw in about the same way as the coming of a bishop or some far-famed preacher from across the seas. The attraction lies in the extraordinary taking place, and not so particularly in the fact that music, and not preaching, is presented. The public's estimate of the sermon may be affected by an announcement of a sacred concert and the implied ignoring of the sermon. The preacher owes it to himself to insist that the sermon be kept in its proper place, other features never being allowed to crowd it out or cramp it into insignificance.

Dr. Johnston sounds a true note when he says that the preacher who calmly says, "It is not my business to fill the church or attract people to the sanctuary," has not worked out the parable in which Jesus says, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." To attract people to the sanctuary, we must interest them. A few will come to worship, and more will come from sense of duty. But the bystander, the outsider, the nonchurchgoing man must be interested. There is a notion abroad that it

is a crime to be interesting. Some think it is not in keeping with scholarship to entertain and instruct the unlettered. As with children, we must, in the case of the large majority of adult folks, interest before we can instruct. Do we not overestimate the intelligence of the average man? To interest the masses we must study them. Are our theological seminaries appreciating this important phase of ministerial preparation? Are not our young preachers educated *away from* the average man? Is that not why Dr. Johnston's "average sermon" does not attract the "average man"? It is often difficult to get a musician or an elocutionist to unbend sufficiently to interest a popular assembly. Has this a parallel in the ministry?

Perhaps the absence of ministerial eagles, who, Dr. Johnston says, "rise into divine and supernatural skies and hold converse with ministers of fire," is accounted for by the very "barnyard-fowl" times in which we live. It is a commercial, ship-cargo, expansion, get-rich-quick period, and the church follows the procession, picking up the gleanings, and transforming them into machinery which it is pleased to think will grind out something for the Kingdom. Great pulpiteers have usually appeared in times that tried the souls of men. The church made demands "to come out from among them," and men divided on issues which the reformers believed affected time and eternity. The doctrinal wars of the early years of the nineteenth century produced mighty theological gladiators. The slavery issue developed a class of orators who took the fiery abolition spirit into other themes and stirred their hearers so that empty churches did not need to be filled by Sunday evening cantatas. Even the temperance and prohibition campaigns of the seventies and eighties developed an earnestness which kept auditors from going to sleep, even when the saloon was not in question. We have a class of pulpit heroes just now passing from the battlefield, who, though they themselves may never have debated abolition or saloon suppression, received the dominant characteristics of their pulpit deliverances from the spirit of the decade in which they began their ministry. What the church needs to-day is *something to fight.* Let us trust that discovery and fighting sin may not become unfashionable.

Buffalo, New York. BYRON H. STAUFFER.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY

AT the late session of the Baltimore Conference my attention was called to a brief critical notice in the METHODIST REVIEW of Dr. Osler's lecture on Science and Immortality delivered at Harvard University. The notice was unfavorable. I desire to direct attention to some matters in that lecture which ought to impress Christians, and particularly Methodists, very favorably. The lecture describes what the author believes to be the attitude of three classes of people toward immortality, namely, first, that of the class he designates as *Laodiccans*, constituting an "immense majority," who believe in immortality, but live practically uninfluenced by it, "except in so far as it ministers to a wholesale dissonance between

the inner and the outer life, and diffuses an atmosphere of general insincerity"; secondly, that of the *Gallionians* (larger in number, perhaps, than ever before), who "put the supernatural altogether out of man's life, and, like Gallio, live wholly uninfluenced by a thought of the hereafter"; thirdly, the *Teresians* (named from Saint Teresa), "an ever small and select number, who lay hold with the anchor of faith upon eternal life as the controlling influence in this one—who are the salt of the earth, preserving for us a firm conviction of the existence of another and better world." While there may be a difference of opinion as to the number embraced by each of these peculiarly denominated divisions, it seems to me the divisions themselves very appropriately describe the state of fact. But it is to the Teresians I desire more particularly to call attention; those "strong souls" who, according to our author, "are laden with fire"; who "feel that to them it is given to *know* the mysteries"; "children of Light; children of the Spirit, whose ways are foolishness to the children of this world; mystics, idealists, with no strong reason for the faith that is in them"; who, nevertheless, "*compel* admiration and invitation by the character of the life they lead and the beneficence of the influence they exert." "These have ever formed the moral leaven of humanity."

The lecturer does not undertake to prove a future state by the light of science. On the contrary, he shows that the sciences are, at present, against it, or, at least, they leave the matter in a state of great uncertainty. "On the question of immortality," he says, "the only enduring enlightenment is through faith." Allow me to say that I admire the distinguished author for emphasizing this point, so frequently omitted in discussion. In considering the problem, and the questions with which it is inseparably joined, the viewpoint has, in the majority of instances, been that of the historian or scientist, as in the famous Gladstone and Huxley discussion; or that of the philosopher or metaphysician, as in the recent article on eternal life by Professor Münstenberg in the April number of the Atlantic Monthly. Among scientific writers, at least, Dr. Osler is almost exceptional in declaring that knowledge comes by faith. But is not that the teaching of the New Testament? Did not our Lord declare that *he* brought life and immortality to light? And as Professor Harnack, of the Berlin University, points out, the early Christians lived in a state of constant peace and joy, because of the presence of the Holy Spirit with them. They knew in whom they believed. And was not the consciousness of the Spirit's presence a distinctive feature of early Methodist experience? Was it not that fact which enabled Wesley to say, "Our people die well"? Is not the same great truth borne witness to, to-day, by a great multitude of believers? If it is less evident in the Methodist Church to-day than formerly, as some claim, one of the reasons, in my judgment, may be found in Dr. Osler's lecture, namely, that the intellectual life, in too many instances, has been cultivated at the expense of the emotional. The lecturer says: "The man of science is in a sad quandary to-day. He cannot but feel that the emotional side, to which faith leans, makes for all that is bright and joyous in life. Fed on the dry husks of facts, the human heart has a hidden want which science cannot supply." The observation applies with equal force to thousands

who are not specially devoted to science, but who, in other fields, are under the continuous influence of intense mental activity. Neglecting those social and religious privileges which in former times stirred the heart and fired the soul; abandoning the emotional to which faith leans, and following exclusively after the matters for thought and reason, now so abundant, they grow cold, or lukewarm, calculating, self-contained, dry—strong in intellect, but weak at heart.

Dr. Osler's lecture is, therefore, commendable in this respect, that for those who seek knowledge upon the question he discusses he points to the only path for enduring enlightenment, namely, faith, as illustrated in the lives of the Teresians. He tells us that the life of a good man or woman "does more to keep alive, among the Laodiceans, a belief in immortality than all the preaching in the land"; and he quotes a beautiful extract from one of Cardinal Newman's sermons, with which I may appropriately close this letter, namely: "The attraction exerted by unconscious holiness is of an urgent and irresistible nature; it persuades the weak, the timid, the wavering, and the inquiring; it draws forth the affection and loyalty of all who are in a measure like-minded; and over the thoughtless or perverse multitude it exercises a sovereign, compulsory sway, bidding them fear, or keep silence, on the ground of its own right divine to rule them—its hereditary claim on their obedience, though they understand not the principles or counsels of that spirit, which is born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of man, but of God."

Hagerstown, Maryland. W. C. Griffith.

A FAULT IN THE MACHINE

Never was there a perfect machine made by human hands, if perfection be taken to mean invariable action and ready adaptability to all possible conditions, with limitless endurance. Nicety of adjustment and serviceability of material may, at best, approximate the ideal. Some error, however slight, is sure to be in the planning of the inventor, and in each subsequent remodeling as well. The writer, believing the Methodist Episcopal Church machine to be perfect in arrangement and adjustment to a degree seldom reached in things churchly, conceives some things important to the best modern usefulness of the church to have been left out of consideration at the beginning, or only slightly provided for.

More than a century ago Methodism laid strong hold upon the New World, and for long and fruitful years she has been at the forefront in every good work. This long sweep of power has been due, from the viewpoint of things human, to the enthusiastic preaching of a magnificent system of doctrines by men marshaled under a policy at once sensible and efficient. Those doctrines have not lost their force, nor are there lacking men who will preach them effectively. The policy of control of all these missioners has, however, needed to be adapted to new conditions from time to time. Emergencies, latent at the beginning and sure to develop into prominence with the changes in society, have arisen, and have been dealt

with or allowed to do harm without adequate protest. Such a condition exists at present, I believe, in the matter of the legal powers and responsibilities of laymen. Methodism began in a movement by an evangelistic ministry. There were no laymen at the foundation laying. For long the government of the church was, in consequence, ministerial—almost paternalistic we should call it to-day. The pastor of a congregation was *de facto* the head. Young or old, experienced or inexperienced, ordained or not, he might practically make out the list of Quarterly Conference officers and require them to be written down by way of election. Some of this prerogative still remains. In some important instances, however, the minister has been shorn of dictatorial power, in the interest of the larger privileges of laymen. Four societies among us may now be entirely represented in Quarterly Conference without his acquiescence. Even the leader of a class appointed by him is no more a member of that body without recognition by it. No more packing of Quarterly Conferences by the preacher in charge.

But, good and wholesome as all this doubtless is, a gap has been left unprovided for, and it constitutes a fault in the machine. Not always is the sense of federation between these societies strong enough to insure their loyalty and coöperation. Such a bond as the common legal responsibility of the church societies does not exist. With power in their hands, our laymen are yet largely irresponsible, in theory and in fact. The pastor of a church is still appointed by one man. If the desire of the local society enters at all into consideration in the matter of pulpit supply, it is by way of favor—sometimes in proportion to the so-called importance of the particular pulpit. That society, no matter what its condition, has no legal right to be heard. Perhaps there are not many among us to-day who imagine the coming of Annual Conference cancels all debts to pastor and benevolent societies, but a similar feeling does exist. The incoming pastor, quite within his rights, finds a clear path to the pulpit stair. He finds also he is expected to make the thing "go." No layman is legally responsible for his getting, or for his staying, or for his paying. If he is not a success the laity can do nothing but talk, which privilege is usually exercised freely. If the inefficient pastor be returned from time to time, as he may be against the protest of the laity (because such protest has no legal sanction, I would have you note), your laymen must endure the injustice, or leave the church, or do the dishonorable thing by starving the preacher.

Some among us are saying we have gone too far toward congregationalism. I imagine we have not gone far enough, since we have gone part way. We have not closed the gap. I believe a readjustment of the machine might well be resorted to, so as to give laymen a legal right to a voice in the selection of the pastor and so as to make the local church in some measure responsible for his success and paying. I believe this to be logical and desirable. How it should be brought about I confess I do not assume to know. Indeed, I am not hopeful of it ever being attempted. I suppose we shall go on losing by this gap in our polity, while we shall continue to do excellently along time-honored lines of practical work.

Wheatridge, Colorado. J. A. Loxg.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD (CONTINUED)

THE discussion of the superiority of Christ's priesthood over the Levitical priesthood is continued in this chapter (Heb. 7). The fact that our Lord "sprang out of Judah; of which tribe Moses spake nothing concerning priesthood," shows that there was a change in the priesthood. The one hundred and tenth psalm, on which his argument is based, affirms a change of priesthood, and hence Christ, who sprang out of Judah, answers to the description (Heb. 7. 17), "For he testifieth, Thou art a priest forever after the *order of Melchizedek*."

The failure of the Levitical priesthood to secure perfection for the people made it necessary that another priesthood should arise "after the order of Melchizedek, and not be called after the order of Aaron." It is clearly a part of the argument that the Melchizedek priesthood had a real basis, at least a typical basis, sufficient to make it the ground of appeal. The change of the high-priesthood from the tribe of Levi to that of Judah was a startling innovation, and one whose significance we in our time can scarcely comprehend. The idea of descent was so universal and so powerful that such change could only be justified on the ground of some great necessity. The ground was the incompleteness of the Levitical priesthood with its sacrifices. This assumes that the true priesthood must bring perfection to the people, and when any priesthood has proved a failure, in the divine order, there must be a substitution of some priesthood which can accomplish the desired result. This was a new order of priesthood which should not be by descent, but by divine appointment instead. Judah, therefore, comes forth as a new order of priestly succession, and yet the writer justifies it by the passage in the one hundred and tenth psalm to which allusion is made.

The one hundred and tenth psalm also yields another argument for the superiority of Christ's priesthood, namely, that Christ was appointed priest by the direct enactment of Jehovah, and confirmed by an oath. In verse 21 we read, "For those priests were made without an oath; but this with an oath by him that said unto him, The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou are a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." The use of the phrase appointment by "an oath" indicates that it was a special assignment by God which could not be controverted. It gives dignity to the priestly office by assuring us that his coming to be the priest of the new dispensation was not a development, but was in the mind of God, and is set forth with all the dignity and strength of an oath. This gives an added authority to the new priesthood which did not belong to the old because that was a mere matter of descent. The oath of God is a manifestation of the certainty of the fulfillment of the covenant provisions. Westcott says: "The additional solemnity of the

oath gives an additional dignity to the covenant which is introduced by it. . . . And yet further by this oath the purpose of God is declared absolutely. Man's weakness no longer enters as an element into the prospect of its fulfillment. The permanence of the covenant which rests upon an oath is assured. The introduction of the idea of a covenant is sudden and unprepared. It was probably suggested by the words recorded in Matt. 26. 28. The thought of Christ's priesthood is necessarily connected with the history of his passion."

Westcott further adds on chapter 7. 20: "The sovereign validity of the divine oath is the measure of the exceeding authority of the dispensation which rests upon it." The fact that the appointment was by oath is attested by the psalmist in the twenty-first verse: "Through him that said unto him, The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever." That is, God spoke through the psalmist. The inspiration of the psalmist is here assured. He who is the voice of God to men must receive, in some form, supernatural communication. What an assurance of the fulfillment of God's promise is here given! No human caprice enters into the administration. His purpose is firm, its fulfillment absolute. Thus Christ becomes the surety of a better covenant.

Another point which the psalmist presents is the permanence of Christ's priesthood: "Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." The Levitical priesthood was constantly changing. There were many high priests down to the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. The ordinary view of this passage has been that it referred merely to the death of the high priest. It is better to understand it that they could not, by reason of death, continue in the priestly office. Death prevented them from the exercise of priestly functions. Christ, however, ever liveth to make intercession for us. His priesthood abides forever. All the priests of the Old Testament were temporary from their very limitations as human beings. He, as God manifest in the flesh, and as risen from the dead, never passes away. He exercises his functions forever. This sense of permanence in the priesthood of Christ is calculated to give great consolation to his people. Knowing that although he is no longer here, but has passed into the heavens, the assurance that he ever presents his petitions before God in our behalf is one which is calculated to bring joy to the people of God. What an assurance it is to those who are in trouble to realize that even now there is one who pleads for them! What a blessing to the sinner to be assured that Christ ever lives above to plead his cause before the throne of heavenly grace!

The final argument in this chapter is that the Levitical priest was imperfect, whereas the New Testament priest, Christ himself, bears all the marks of perfection. Verse 28 says, "For the law appointeth men high priests, having infirmity; but the word of the oath, which was after the law, appointeth a perfected Son for evermore." The description of a perfect high priest in the twenty-sixth verse is one of the most remarkable in the whole range of New Testament literature: "For such a high priest became us, holy, guileless, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens."

The final mark of the priesthood is the priestly character. The other marks are imputed; this is essential. The Jewish high priests were much disliked in their time because of their cruelty and oppressions. They were far from being perfect men. Indeed, as the passage says, they were "compassed with infirmity." But the New Testament high priest, Jesus Christ, is here indicated as having those great characteristics which constitute perfection in its truest sense. This description is one of the finest in the literature of the New Testament. Christ is represented here as "holy." The word translated "holy" is a different word from that which means consecrated, one set apart to God. It refers rather to the inner life, to the character. The holiness is that of his daily living in the world, in society, in business, in all the walks of life. He was "harmless." He did injury to no one. Sometimes in our ordinary life to be harmless means to be one who is incapable of doing injury. Here it is that of one who is possessed of infinite resources, holding in his hands all power, yet who wields that power for the benefit, and not for the injury, of humanity. "He did no sin, neither was any guile found in his mouth." He was also "undefiled"; that is, sin never stained him. He went out into the highways and hedges. He walked up and down among men. He came in contact with the degraded of earth. A sinful woman washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Yet in all this he was undefiled. At the beginning of his ministry John the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and at the close of his life, when he was crucified on Calvary, it was true still that he was the pure and holy One whose life was without a flaw. He was undefiled to the end.

It is further said of him that he was "separate from sinners," which means that he was separate from their sins. He was separate in the view of the people. There was a consciousness of distance between him and them in the matter of sin which is always to be noted in the life of our Lord. There was a feeling that somehow in their presence there was one who was sinless, and who, in this sense, was separated from them. Then, too, in his ascended life, he is separate from sinners. It is well said of him that he is "higher than the heavens." He passed beyond the confines of earth into the city of God, and there, away from earth's storms and tempests and trials, he sits supreme in the heavenly city: worshiped, and honored, and beloved by all his redeemed people. This whole passage is instructive to us in a number of points. First, it is a unique use of the Old Testament Scriptures. The argument here is an argument founded on two passages of scriptures, as has been already intimated—the one in Genesis and the other in the one hundred and tenth psalm. The nature of the argument is peculiar, but it must have appealed to the people of that time. Even though it does not appeal so strongly to us now, it is an argument drawn from the statements of scriptures, but chiefly from their silences. The silence of the account in Genesis concerning the genealogy of Melchizedek "suggests though it does not express the thought that he had no known descent, and was not the author of a priestly line, while the absence of any record of his birth and

death is likewise significant as distinguishing him of whom Melchizedek was a type." The whole argument of the chapter is striking. Taking Melchizedek as a standard or type, the writer draws a proof of Christ's supremacy over the Aaronic priesthood which was, no doubt, in harmony with the modes of argument employed at that time, and is very interesting to students of the Scriptures to-day. A question of importance, however, is whether these ideas were in the minds of the Old Testament writers, or whether they were read into them by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an interesting question too large for discussion at this time. Westcott says: "It is not, however, implied that the record in Genesis was purposely designed to convey the meaning which was found in it, but that the history sketched by prophetic power has the meaning." Vaughan says: "The silence of Christianity as to the parentage and ancestry of Melchizedek, as to his birth and death; the way in which he suddenly steps forth in one mysterious interview with the Father of the Faithful, and then retires again into profound mystery without one hint given as to the termination of either his life or his ministry—all this serves to make him, and seems to have been designed to make him, a type of one to whom such supernatural characteristics actually belong."

The importance of the priestly function of our Lord is clearly shown in this chapter. Students of our Lord's life are often perplexed as to what are the aspects of his history which demand most attention. Surely none of them can be omitted. Some lay all the emphasis on his person as human and divine; others, upon his character, which was without fault; others still, on his ethical teachings. The priestly character of Jesus is placed in this book as the very center of its teaching. The priesthood in all religions has held an important place. It was this characteristic of the new religion which was held as defective by those who were apostatizing from the faith. The Old Testament priests were held in high esteem, and it was asked, Where is the great high priest without which the church is a mere shadow? The author of this apology approaches the subject from all sides, and shows the dignity of Christ both as priest and sacrifice—a dignity above that of Old Testament priests.

This chapter, however, indicates the standard or test by which a dispensation must be judged, namely, its ability to produce perfection in men. The nineteenth verse says, "For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did." The legal dispensation failed at its vital point. It was but an adumbration of something higher and better. It had to do merely with the rudiments. Something more was necessary which the old dispensation did not furnish. This failure of the old dispensation was supplied by that which in this passage is called the "better hope." The better hope may mean that to which the Christian pointed, namely, the heavenly Jerusalem, or that which produces the hope, namely, the priesthood of Jesus Christ. The ritualistic and ceremonial purity of the old covenant has given place to the new and living way by the blood of Christ. The whole scheme of salvation through Christ is expressed in hope. The better hope which Christ brings leads to that perfection of mankind toward which our faith is ever looking.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE LATEST FROM EGYPT

THE heading of this article though quite correct at the present writing may be misleading ere the eyes of our readers fall upon it. Nowhere is it truer than in the field of Egyptian archæology that no man knows what a day may bring forth. Bold, indeed, must be the man who thinks that he has spoken the last word in this department of learning, for, often, no sooner is a discovery made than it is eclipsed by another of far greater magnitude. What is meant in this article by "the latest from Egypt" is a most important discovery made on the twelfth day of last February by Mr. Theodore M. Davis at Biban-el-Moluk, not far from Thebes. Mr. Davis is already favorably known to students of archæology on account of his successful excavations in what is known as the "Valley of the Tombs of the Kings," where the resting places of Thothmes IV and Queen Hatshepshu were discovered. According to the London Times "this last discovery of Mr. Davis places him in the very first rank of modern excavators; for the discovery is such as has not fallen to the lot of any explorer since Egypt was opened to European research. . . . Although some of the individual objects discovered by Mr. Davis may be matched in previous finds, the discovery, as a whole, far surpasses any that has been made in Egypt, and is, in fact, the most important ever made there, whether we regard the art and richness of the coffins and other sepulchral furniture, or the wealth of precious metal that has been lavished upon them. The chariot alone, for completeness and beauty of form, is unique. The discovery will not only increase our knowledge of the history and customs of the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt; it must also materially enlarge our conception of the artistic taste and workmanship of the ancient dwellers by the Nile."

What makes this find different from all that have preceded it is the important fact that here we have a sepulchral chamber which had suffered next to nothing from the ruthless hands of the grave robber, who has assiduously plied his vocation throughout all ages of Egyptian history, and yet even here the objects found in the anteroom of the sepulcher suggest, by the disorderly way in which they were scattered about, the despoiler of graves. The inner chamber, however, with its richness of treasure and the freshness of the articles, is a conclusive proof that it had not been visited or plundered since the bodies were first deposited there, *circa* 1450 B. C. Here, then, is a tomb of the time when Egypt was mistress of the world, when gold was exacted as tribute from many nations, and when the Mesopotamian lady, Queen Thi, was the leader of fashion at the luxurious court of Amenophis III. From the hieroglyphs or inscriptions on the two sarcophagi and other objects in the tomb, there can be no doubt that the man and woman buried here were no other than the parents of Queen Thi, the favorite wife of the above-mentioned king, or the grand-

parents of Amenophis IV, the so-called "heretic-king," so well known to those familiar with the Tel-el-Amarna tablets.

It is impossible at present to furnish a detailed account of all the objects found in this ancient sepulchral chamber. Indeed, it is not yet known whether all the chambers of this magnificent tomb have been opened. So far only two rooms have been discovered—an outer and an inner one. The outer room, containing several articles of interest and value, was connected by a flight of twenty steps with an inner chamber, thirty feet long by fifteen feet wide and eight feet high. Two large wooden coffins elegantly decorated were found in this inner room. Each of these huge coffins held within it, according to Egyptian custom, a smaller one, likewise of wood. The outside of both outer and inner coffins was richly plated with gold, while silver lined the inside of the outer one, and gold leaf the other. No finer or more expensive coffins were ever dug out of any sepulchral chamber in Egypt. This fact bears eloquent testimony to the influence of Queen Thi, who was permitted to be so lavish with the money of her lord and king. All other objects in the tomb are in perfect keeping with the magnificent coffins. Indeed, every article of grave furniture bears the marks of extravagant luxury. Here we have canopic jars and alabaster vases of elaborate designs and most exquisite workmanship. There are no fewer than seven pairs of dainty sandals in various styles. There is, too, an immense number of boxes varying in size and form. Almost every one of them is occupied by an *ushebti* corresponding with the size of the box wherein it was deposited. Some of our readers may not know that *ushebti* is an Egyptian word used to designate a small figure of the god Osiris, made of stone, wood, clay, alabaster, or other material. These figures, fashioned like a mummy, are usually, but not always, placed in boxes. They were supposed to perform menial labor for the deceased in whose tomb they were placed. According to Egyptian mythology, the soul of every person, no matter of what rank, was condemned on his journey to the islands of the blest to perform a certain amount of hard work. Such labor could, however, be performed by proxy or by servants; hence the presence of these *ushebtis* in Egyptian sepulchral chambers. The number found in any given tomb shows the rank of the deceased. A large number would prove that he had a multitude of servants while living. But to return to the contents of this tomb, just discovered by Mr. Davis, which was literally filled with a multiplicity of articles—"the untouched and richest spoil of ancient Egypt." Besides the great number of little boxes, there was also one large chest made of palm wood and lined with papyrus, which was probably used as a receptacle for wearing apparel, though it contained no clothes of any kind except a veil. Two large wigs in fine state of preservation lay on the floor. Of the other objects discovered we might mention a variety of ornaments in blue faience, alabaster, and lapis lazuli. There were also several golden necklaces or collars, as well as a goodly number of gold rings. From a mural inscription we learn that the gold had been brought to Thebes "from the lands of the South." It is really amazing to find so large a number of objects, many of them of so little value in themselves, literally covered with gold plate and gold leaf. Here we have, too, several elegantly carved and

decorated chairs with figures emblematic of Egyptian mythology or religious faith. The two mummies are samples of the highest art of the embalmer, showing that neither time nor expense was spared in preparing them for their temporary places of rest.

Those who have visited the Egyptian rooms in the British and other museums have been struck with the freshness of the painting and gilding upon various objects therein deposited. There is something in the air and soil of Egypt which tends to preserve everything found in its ancient burying places. We are, therefore, not surprised, in the least, to learn that the leather work on the chariot above mentioned, though thirty-five hundred years old, is "as fresh as when it was first made." Several things in this sepulcher favor the view that the man and woman therein buried were not Egyptians. Their names, for example, are written in a variety of ways, which goes to prove that they are of foreign origin, and that the Egyptians of the eighteenth dynasty had the same difficulty in pronouncing and reproducing proper names as their descendants have to-day. This is quite in harmony with the opinion generally held, that Queen Thi, the daughter of the illustrious couple here buried, was of Mesopotamian origin.

Another matter of interest is the fact that several articles of Greek origin have been discovered in this tomb. This is an additional proof, if any more were necessary, that commercial relations existed between Egypt and the Ægean colonies in the first part of the second millennium before our era. Students of archæology will await with keen interest further details regarding the contents of this tomb.

DISCOVERIES IN LYCAONIA

THERE are few men living, we imagine, who are as well qualified to discuss archæological topics pertaining to Asia Minor, especially those of the early centuries of the Christian era, as Professor W. M. Ramsay. It is well known that he has spent several seasons in exploring these ancient lands. His last report, full of interest and instruction, is devoted to his latest finds in Lycaonia. The first place visited by the professor and his companions was Dorla, forty miles from Konia. This place, once an important city and known in ancient history as Nova Isaura, lies at the extreme eastern edge of the Isaurian Mountains, overlooking the Lycaonian plain. Professor Ramsay had visited Dorla twice before, in 1890 and in 1901, and had then discovered several inscriptions, which, however, for lack of time had been left uncopied and undeciphered. This was unfortunate, for over a score of the inscriptions which he had seen in 1901 could not be found in 1904. But, as compensation for this loss, a dozen or more new ones were brought to light. What a pity, nevertheless, that twenty ancient inscriptions have been forever lost!

The ruins of Dorla possess much to illustrate the "decorative character of the Anatolian art" of the later Roman period. The human figure is seldom met with in the decorations of Dorla, but specimens of other kinds of sculpture are found in great abundance, such as the cross, vine, leaves,

and branches, rosettes, other forms of leaf, etc., etc. The village has a most interesting collection of ancient gravestones, dating back to the third and fourth centuries of our era. Of the many inscriptions found, the most interesting to students of the early church is that of a Christian bishop, who according to Professor Ramsay lived between 250 and 300 A. D. The inscription on this tomb is in Greek letters, and has been rendered into English: "[Non]illa did honor to the Makarios Papas, the beloved one and friend of all." Within a garland on this same beautifully executed stone is another inscription: "Very dear is the Makarios, the friend of God." From other monuments there is reason for inferring that *Makarios Papas* was the title, and *Theou philos* the name, of some high dignitary of the church. *Makarios papas* may be rendered the blessed priest (or father), for *papas* without doubt may be traced to the same origin as our English word "pope," while *Theou philos* is no other than our Theophilus (friend of God). If our inferences be correct, the inscription may be rendered, "Very dear is the blessed bishop, Theophilus." Nonilla is certainly the name of some woman, perhaps the wife, daughter, sister, or near relative of the bishop. The tombstones of three other bishops and about forty of those of the lower clergy were discovered at Dorla. This is an important fact, and when we remember that no pagan or pre-Christian inscription of any kind was found in the village we are justified in inferring that Christianity had taken very deep root in Lycaonia as early as the third century, and perhaps had entirely supplanted the ancient pagan religions of that portion of Asia Minor some time before the reign of Constantine. Professor Callander, of Kingston, Canada, traveling with Professor Ramsay, made a very interesting discovery near a place called Emir-Ghazi. It was that of a circular altar three and a half feet high, "whose sides are covered with a long inscription in Hittite hieroglyphs" of very archaic character. Though careful examination was made of the region around, only two other Hittite inscriptions, one of them on a broken altar, were found. It should be mentioned, however, that many Hittite monuments have been discovered from time to time in Lycaonia. One especially should be mentioned—that of an old Hittite fort, built of massive and elegantly cut stones. Professor Ramsay says that he has never seen more finely cut and fitted stones.

But to return to Emir-Ghazi, which has been the "site of an unimportant village through Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Turkish times," and long before that an important Hittite center. "The discovery of that old city, says Professor Ramsay, opens up a new period in Anatolian history. Now for the time we can catch a glimpse of the state of Lycaonia in the second millennium B. C., and we see a very different state of things from what obtained later. We see a road system, writing, cities, peculiar to that ancient time, implying considerable civilization and a settled system of communication: in short, Lycaonia was before 1000 or 1200 B. C. part of the Hittite confederacy or empire, whose greatest center was far north, at Boghas-Keni." This is an additional testimony, if any were needed, to the greatness and advanced state of the Hittite power. Unfortunately, however, the inscriptions of this ancient world-power still continue to maintain their sphinx-like silence.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Rudolf Otto. The problem of defense of the faith will be a living one as long as there are men to assail the faith. The Christian may be sure of his ground as a result of his own experience, but the theologian cannot keep silent when both foes and friends of Christianity affirm that certain phases of science are inconsistent with Christianity. He must examine the question as a Christian, for with him it is a matter of immense practical moment; and he must examine it as a thinker, for he does not propose to stultify himself intellectually. In other words, every thinking man must inquire whether the presuppositions of Christianity are consistent with the presuppositions of philosophy, science, history, ethics, and religion in general. In the attempt to do this several methods are possible. The Ritschlians in Germany have generally contented themselves by pointing out that even if the world is regarded as a mechanism this does not forbid a teleological conception of nature; that the attempt to explain the psychical life by the methods of natural science fails in that the knowing spirit is the surest of all sure things even in scientific research, and that in practical life, especially in religion, the reality, the freedom, and the dignity of the soul is incontestably recognized. Otto goes a little farther. He substantiates the Ritschlian position in several propositions, such as that the world, even though considered as under the reign of law, must, in its development and in its beginning, be mysterious; that this is not inconsistent with the belief in God; that the causal explanation of the world in no sense decides the question of the purpose of the world. But he goes beyond the Ritschlians by undertaking to show that the naturalistic view of the world, with its mathematical-mechanical explanation, including the origin of species by natural selection, is by no means finally accepted or acceptable; and also by showing that the mental life cannot be regarded as subject to nature and its laws, but must be, on purely scientific grounds, looked upon as spontaneous, independent, and free, not alone in its ethical but also in its logical activities. All this is designed, not to justify the religious view of the world, but rather to point out the essential paradox between that and the scientific view. In the consideration of the distinction between God and the world lies the starting point for speculative attempts to form a conception of God satisfactory to religion; but he recognizes that it is impossible to state clearly the relation between the world and God, who, nevertheless, is clearly apprehended in religion. While Otto goes farther than the Ritschlians in attempting to show up the unsupported claims of many natural scientists, he still falls short of what is possible. The religious life is indeed its own justification to all who enjoy it. And no argumentation in its favor can ever lead one into it. But there are many who would be influenced to investigate the claims and promises

of Christianity if they could be led to believe that it has good reasons for its existence. In fact, once the doubt of the intellectual standing of personal religion has been injected into the mind nothing but a thoroughgoing intellectual justification of it will answer. And indeed all that Otto would need to do is to show the application of his own principles to the various phases of the religious life, for in those principles is a full justification of personal religion. His views may be seen at length in his Naturalistische und religiöse Weltanschauung (The Naturalistic and the Religious View of the World). Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1904.

Georg Graue. On the same general lines as those of Otto are the thoughts of Graue, as set forth in his recent book entitled Selbstbewusstsein und Willensfreiheit, die Grundvoraussetzungen der christlichen Lebensanschauung, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung ihrer modernen Bestreitung geprüft und dargestellt (Self-consciousness and the Freedom of the Will. An examination and presentation of the fundamental presuppositions of the Christian conception of life, with special reference to modern objections). Berlin, C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn, 1904. Graue believes that, contrary to Ritschl, philosophical and religious problems are closely related, and that every age has the task of uniting and harmonizing the current knowledge of the world with the Christian view, and to defend the Christian view, by the use of philosophical means, against unjustifiable objections drawn from scientific study. He believes that this is a task which is not to be neglected even though we may recognize the impossibility of performing it absolutely. However imperfect we may regard the execution of his purpose in some minor respects, it must be said that he is on the right road when he undertakes to establish (1) the objective reality of the mental life and (2) the freedom of the human will. It will be seen that in so doing he carries the undertaking much farther than merely to defend the domain of the mental life against the attempt to impose upon it the laws governing inorganic and organic nature. Graue points out that the independence of the mental life is denied first by a class of thinkers who reject the entire distinction between an inner and an outer world, and who claim that only by an artificial "introjection" is the unitary world given us in experience divided into a dual world, and that the inner world is a fantastic duplication of the world which surrounds us. Again it is denied by much so-called physiological psychology, which is in reality not psychology but physiology, and which would derive all mentality from physical processes, making the tension of muscles, nervous reactions, and physical feelings the explanation of acts of will, perception, and emotions. In reply to both of these forms of objection to the mental life Graue rightly says that self-consciousness is an original element in man which cannot be explained away. We experience ourselves, and hence we cannot look upon our Self as an accidental aggregate of ideas and impulses. Hence, however close the touch of psychology and physiology may be, the former must stand on its own ground. At this point Graue is not so strong as he might be. Con-

siderations drawn from the realm of theory of knowledge would have greatly strengthened his position. With regard to the freedom of the will Graue takes up the question in connection with the doctrines of universal causality and of the conservation of energy. In solving this problem it has to be borne in mind that the unqualified assertion of either of those scientific assumptions results in the denial of human freedom. Some therefore deny the unity of the world, affirming causality in the natural but denying it in the mental world. Others deny the objective validity of the laws of causality and of the conservation of energy, affirming that they are purely subjective ideas by which we strive to make the world comprehensible by us. Graue admits the objective validity of the law of causality, but on the other hand considers that the sense of freedom, and the facts of guilt, remorse, and responsibility, fully establish the freedom of human choice. How freedom and the law of casuality consist together Graue answers by the doctrine that the causality in the domain of will is of a different kind from that in the domain of inorganic nature, and by distinguishing between sufficient and compulsory grounds of choice and action. We think he has not solved the problem.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Der Prophet Jesaja, ausgelegt (The Prophet Isaiah Interpreted). By C. von Orelli. München, C. H. Beck, 1904. This is the third and newly revised edition of a brief commentary on Isaiah in a valuable series of commentaries on the Old and New Testament edited by Hermann Strack and Otto Zöckler. The author makes a sharp distinction between commentaries designed to advance theological knowledge and those which, though based on scientific investigation, are designed to serve a religious purpose. Orelli's work is of the latter class, and for that reason is excellently adapted to the uses of scholarly pastors. Orelli takes careful note of the work done by students of Isaiah in the years since his second edition was issued, and admits having learned somewhat from the labors thus expended. Nevertheless his general view of Isaiah has been strengthened rather than changed by his own studies and by an examination of the studies of others in recent years. One essential part of this general view is that the prophetic writers must be recognized as prophets, and that their religious significance must not be reduced. Another is that the present literary form of Isaiah deserves more confidence than the majority are at present ready to allow; and, finally, that along with all the labors of scholars in the field of literary and textual criticism that form of biblical interpretation is valuable and justifiable which seeks to discover and make available the given contents of the biblical books, unconcerned as to how those contents came there. Orelli, true to these principles, discusses the most recent critical opinions of Isaiah, but, because such discussion does not properly belong to his purpose, he prints what he has to say on these subjects in small type. He very vigorously argues against several recent modes of procedure on the part of critics

He does not believe in the reduction or destruction of the long-recognized Messianic passages, nor in the excessive and capricious use of the hypothesis of interpolation which results in making the book of Isaiah an anthology instead of a prophecy and which is impossible in view of the ancient reverence for prophetical books, nor in the extreme late date given to some supposed interpolations, nor in the attempt to determine the reading by the use of considerations drawn from Hebrew writers and others purely subjective, nor in the reconstruction of Isaiah by the transfer at the caprice of the critic of verses or paragraphs from where they now stand to another place in the chapters or book. He is exceedingly cautious in allowing that a passage in Isaiah is not Isaiahanic in origin. Chapters 24-27 are from the fifth or fourth century B. C.; chapter 34 is exilian; chapters 36-39 were written under Manasseh; chapter 13 may not have been written by Isaiah—if it was it was one of his latest; chapter 2. 2-4 was inserted by Isaiah from an earlier work of his own. The express promises of salvation were originally addressed by the prophet to the small company of believers, and chapter 7. 14 is to be understood as Messianic. Orelli does not believe that in Isaiah there are two or more pictures of the future. He thinks that Isaiah never had a definite and final conception of what the future had in store for Israel, but that in the whole of his prophecy there were certain fundamental ideas which were capable of being made more definite as circumstances changed. Orelli thinks that Second Isaiah (chapters 40-66) is by one author with certain exceptions which are themselves by a single author. But he does not hold that the author of Second Isaiah wrote his whole work at one period of his life. He is distinctly of the opinion that the parts now frequently thought of as directed against Samaria can be better understood of the Jewish congregation. The book is, on the whole, very sane.

La notion de l'apostolat des origines à Irénée (The Original Ideal of the Apostolate to the time of Irenæus). By Henri Mounier. Paris, Leroux, 1903. This book is the first part of a work intended to treat finally of the entire history of the Christian apostolate. Mounier believes that the apostolate was the chief factor in the spread of early Christianity, and his book is intended to serve both the history of the church and the practical work of missions. It is natural, therefore, to compare it with Harnack's Mission und Ausbreitung des Christenthums. It differs from Harnack's book, not by treating the history less comprehensively, but by connecting everything with the one idea of the apostolate. This puts as a result an undue emphasis on the idea of the apostolate as compared with the actual emphasis given it by the early church. Mounier holds that the concept "apostle" is not identical with the "twelve"; in other words, there were apostles who were not of the twelve. Harnack had held that certain Jewish propagandists who had also certain financial duties bore, in the days of early Christianity, the title of apostles, and that thus the early Christian usage of the word was influenced. This is denied by Mounier, who affirms that those whose business it was to carry to Jerusalem the

temple tax as delegates of the congregations of the dispersion were never called apostles; and that Harnack has explained an institution of the first century according to a writer (Justin Martyr) of the second century, and that this writer in turn Harnack interpreted by the help of Eusebius, of the fourth century. The second chapter deals with the apostle Paul, beginning with Paul's conception of the apostolate according to his older epistles, then taking up the attitude of the primitive apostles in their conflict with the Pauline apostolate, and finally treating of the conflict which arose out of the differing conceptions of the apostolate, and ending with the recognition of the work and the apostolate of Paul. He thinks, however, that the historical, Jewish-Christian, and less spiritual conception of the apostolate crowded out the other conception, and that those who were originally permitted to call themselves apostles were reduced to the rank of evangelists. This is a new distinction—that between the spiritual and the historical apostolate—and it is doubtful whether it would hold. In a third chapter he treats of the twelve and of the apostolate according to the evangelists. This is fully and carefully worked out. He takes up the lists of the apostles, the special position accorded to Peter, the twelve, which is an historically correct number, but which had no intentional significance; the seventy, regarding this group as unhistorical; the Galilean deputation, the essential equality of the apostles with all believers, and the origin of the apostolate out of the belief in the Risen One. It is interesting to note that he regards the fourth gospel as the work of John the Presbyter of Ephesus, who though not identical with John the son of Zebedee, was nevertheless a personal disciple of Jesus in and around Jerusalem. The fourth chapter deals with the idea of the apostolate in the Acts of the Apostles which Mounier dates toward the end of the first century. Here the concept "apostle" is much changed and must be regarded as the beginning of the catholic conception. "The twelve apostles" is here a collective idea, although the author of the Acts deals only with individual apostles. The twelve, according to Acts, had the special privilege of organizing the churches, of laying on of hands, and of imparting the Holy Spirit. This is but a brief outline of a most interesting book.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

Chancellor von Bülow and the Missionaries. During the uprising of the Hereros in southwest Africa some missionaries of the Rhenish Missionary Society criticised certain acts of Germans as cruel to the Hereros. Von Bülow referred to these criticisms in no complimentary terms in the Reichstag. This brought out a defense of the missionaries from the authorities of the society and a rejoinder from Von Bülow in which, as a comparison of the successive records show, the chancellor really, though not formally, acknowledged the incaution of his words. It is too much to expect that missionaries shall support all that settlers do to natives, even when the natives are in rebellion against the invaders of their territories.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Hibbert Journal (London), appearing quarterly, takes the place of the Hibbert Lectures formerly delivered annually, the Journal being supported by the fund which maintained the Lectures. In its prospectus its editors made the following announcement: "We stand for three positive truths: that the Goal of thought is One; that thought, striving to reach the Goal, must forever move; that, in the conflict of opinion, the movement is furthered by which the many approach the One. These three principles, which are obviously coördinate, express the spirit of the Hibbert Journal as a Review of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy." A very wide range of discussion by opposing writers of representative ability is admitted. In several numbers, last year and this, the alleged indifference of laymen to religion has been a subject of debate. One of the writers was the author of Pro Christo et Ecclesia, who said: "All religion has a secret, as well as an outward, manifestation—the two aspects of the fire in the wall seen by Pilgrim in the house of the Interpreter. If laymen have ceased to believe that Christianity has a secret worth their endeavor to obtain, or even understand, they will inevitably be indifferent to its outward observance. The most largely accredited form of the Christian secret is the belief that the risen Christ himself is always accessible, has always access to, the spirits of men who seek him. The experience of the overwhelming majority of the faithful attests that he has been, or is, for them no vague intermittent oracle, but a person who with every seeking and candid soul takes a different way of love, and bestows upon each what he receives from the Source of all—life and strength and joy. These witnesses also attest that the gifts of the Christ have this hall-mark—distinguishing them from any largess that devils may bestow—that the life he gives is only gained by a daily dying, his power is only conferred on the weakness of entire dependence, and his joy is only won through tears. Thus, to the mass of the faithful the one vindication, the one attraction, of every form of real Christian worship is that in the midst is Jesus Christ, saying still, 'Where two or three of you are gathered together in my name, there am I.' It is proved by the reasons given for his indifference to Christian observance, and by the nature of his difficulties, that the indifferent layman does not believe in the reality of the Christian secret. Let us picture the probable attitude of a large number of now indifferent men if they began to suspect that Christianity actually held a secret of power. Most of us have at some time met with a person—it may have been a learned prelate, a simple-hearted evangelist, a man of affairs, a long-suffering mother, a busy housewife, or some fellow creature stretched on a bed of pain—who has impressed us as having a heart filled with the choicest quality of the love that fulfills the law, and an indefinable elegance and steadiness of mind, be it shrewd or simple. They impress us with the idea of

symmetry and the conviction that, with or without great parts or great opportunities, there is an inward splendor of motive and achievement and an outgoing grace which we regard with a lingering curiosity and desire. We think of their circumstances and limitations, and wonder unfeignedly that they could have shown themselves so independent of them. In after years the mind reverts to such persons, and this feeling regarding them is rather increased than lessened by time. We say to ourselves that we should be the better and the greater for being like them. Many of us have been in some large or small congregation where the same sense of power and peace and independence of circumstance overcame us with cumulative force. If the ordinary religious service left such an impression on our minds, would there be the indifference of the laity which we are discussing? If, however mean or ornate the outward part, the onlooker were forced to suspect an inward glory, should we not always leave the place of worship with the same lingering curiosity and desire? Certainly, to most men this desire would not be lessened by the perception of self-sacrifice involved. The average Briton, in the field, in the market, in the study, and even in any form of strenuous vice, is eagerly giving his life day by day in the hope of getting a better for himself and his, and his most ardent desire is to know how to do this more effectively. Are we not, then, driven to believe that if the core or essence of Christianity were held vividly and constantly before men, all who are not entirely frivolous must accept or reject it with some degree of force? Wide indifference to current Christianity thus proves not only wide unbelief in the power of Christ, but also that that power is not commonly presented in our religious observances. He is talked of in doctrine and symbol, but he is not there in spirit, and the letter is dead. It may be difficult to explain the well-recognized law by which the secret of Christianity is imparted by the mere presence of those who live in its power, but certain it is that, whatever the form of service be, we find an impression made on the most indifferent visitor by clergy and congregation thus possessed, an impression different not only in degree but in kind from that he carries away from the ordinary religious service of our land. It is beside the point to discuss here what degree of the spirit of Christ a man must have to make him in some real sense a Christian; it is certain that he must be dominated by that spirit before he can be a medium through which Christ can be presented to his fellow men ere they have discovered him for themselves. Our simplest form of authority is, 'Where any of you are met together in my character or way of thinking, there am I;' from which we see that if a Christian gathering is to be instinct with Christ, it is necessary that the mind of Him whom they worship be in the worshipers, if not in undisturbed, in dominant possession. It is, of course, a very different thing to say that the mind of Christ must dominate a man's mind, and to say that his life must be, or appear, always consistent with that mind. A man may fall daily from the ideal on which his whole purpose is fixed, and yet be dominated by that ideal and infect others with his intensity of purpose. It is a fair inquiry whether or no the average clergyman and minister and their followers are adequately

dominated by those teachings of Christ which they all accept. We have no right to expect that Christianity will be a compelling force where its inner secret and only source of influence, the power of the risen Lord, finds but fitful and rare expression." In another issue of the Hibbert Journal Rev. G. W. Allen, making a plea for mysticism, says: "'Can man, by searching, find out God?' The presumed answer is 'No.' Mark now the different attitude with regard to this answer taken by the materialist, the mystic, and him who stands between the two, the intellectual theologian. The materialist says at once, 'Then let us devote our efforts to what we can find out.' The intellectual theologian says, 'If we cannot find God, we can perhaps find out something about him.' The mystic says, 'If I cannot find God, perhaps God can find me.' We may dismiss the materialist at once. With him we are not now concerned. He runs to and fro, and finds out many things, which are as the body without the life; and the world remains still unhelped in any really effective way. But of the other two spirits is not this true? There is all the difference in the world between the idea, 'I have to find God that I may possess him,' and the idea, 'God has to possess me, that I may find him.' When Wordsworth said,

> "Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
> Of things forever speaking,
> That nothing of itself will come,
> But we must still be seeking?'

he expressed the spirit of the mystic. What we have to find is something that is already in us, but hidden under the external self-nature."

ONE of the great books of the world is The Confessions of Augustine, the appearance of which in the year 400 A. D. was the entrance of a new kind of autobiography into Latin literature—the autobiography of introspection, the self-registered record of the development of a human soul. This statement is not seriously impaired by the claim of a recent writer that Cyprian's account of his conversion in his letter "To Donaties" furnished a specimen of the same kind of literature as Augustine's Confessions. In Cyprian's case the essential features that mark the steps of his conversion closely resemble those in Augustine's narrative. "For a long time a very profane manner of life, a passionate taste for pleasure, along with a sort of instinctive defiance of Christianity; subsequently, up to the very eve of the decisive event, incapacity to believe in the renewal promised in baptism, a very clear perception of the obstacles which a life so worldly opposed to so sudden a revolution; then, after many hesitations, grace, as startling as a clap of thunder, revolutionizing the whole being in its profoundest depths, to turn it toward a new destiny; and in the recollection left by this miraculous transformation, a fixed determination to refer all to God, to turn confession into acts of thankfulness: such are in Cyprian the essential traits that mark the steps of conversion." If we go yet a hundred years further back, we find a still earlier beginning of the autobiography of conversion in the

account given by Justin Martyr in his Dialogue with Trypho of how he found his way through philosophy to Christ. But as Dr. B. B. Warfield shows in the Princeton Theological Review (Philadelphia) Augustine stands as the first great master of this particular kind of literature. After Augustine was already on the intellectual side a Christian, he yet needed some determining influence to secure the decisive action of his will and make his whole life recrystallize around Christ as a new center. This determining influence came to him through accounts given him of the conversion of others. Simplicianus told him of the conversion of the rhetorician Victorinus; and Augustine longed intensely to be freed in like manner, but had not decision enough to break away from his worldly life. Then Pontianus told him of the conversion of Anthony and of the Egyptian monks and of others in the West; and a horrible shame fell upon Augustine and "gnawed and confounded" his soul, so that he cried out, "What is the matter with us? What is it we hear? The unlearned rise and take heaven by storm, and we with all our learning—see how we wallow! Are we ashamed to follow where they lead the way? Ought we not rather to be ashamed not to follow at once?" Then an agony of remorse seized him. Release came at length through a child's voice by which he was led to take up the book that lay on the table, reading which he found strength to make the great decision that changed his whole life. Dr. Warfield quotes Augustine's own words: "There was a little garden to our lodging of which we had the use. . . . Thither the tumult of my heart drove me, where no one could interrupt the fierce quarrel which I was waging with myself, until it should reach the issue known to Thee but not to me. . . . Thus was I sick and tormented, reproaching myself more bitterly than ever, twisting and writhing in my chain, until it should be entirely broken, since now it held me but slightly—though it held me yet. . . . And I kept saying in my heart, 'O, let it be now! let it be now!' and as I spoke I almost resolved—I almost did, but I did it not. . . . So when searching reflection had drawn out from the hidden depths all my misery and piled it up in the sight of my heart, a great tempest broke over me, bearing with it a great flood of tears. . . . And I went further off . . . and flung myself at random under a fig tree there and gave free vent to tears; and the flood of my eyes broke forth, an acceptable sacrifice to Thee. And not indeed in these words, but to this purport, I cried to Thee incessantly, 'But Thou, O Lord, how long? How long, O Lord? Wilt Thou be angry forever? O remember not against us our iniquities of old!' I felt myself held by them: I raised sorrowful cries: 'How long, how long? To-morrow, and to-morrow? Why not now, why not this instant end my wickedness?' I was speaking thus and weeping in the bitterest contrition of heart, when lo, I heard a voice, I know not whether of boy or girl, saying in a chant and repeating over and over: 'Take and read, take and read.' At once with changed countenance I began most intently to think whether there was any kind of game in which children chanted such a thing, but I could not recall ever hearing it. I choked back the rush of tears and rose, interpreting it no otherwise than as a divine command to me to open the Book and read whatever

passage I first lighted upon. For I had heard of Anthony, that he had received the admonition from the gospel lesson which he chanced to come in upon, as if what was read was spoken to himself: 'Go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me'; and was at once converted by this oracle to Thee. So I returned quickly to the place where Alypius was sitting, for I had laid down the volume of the apostle there when I left him. I seized it, opened it, and read in silence the passage on which my eyes first fell: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof.' No further did I wish to read: nor was there need. Instantly, as I reached the end of this sentence, it was as if the light of peace was poured into my heart and all shades of doubt faded away." Harnack declares Augustine to be the greatest man the Christian church has possessed between Paul the Apostle and Luther the Reformer.

In the American Journal of Theology (Chicago) for April, Professor J. A. Faulkner, of Drew Theological Seminary, furnishes an able and siftingly critical article on Luther and his latest critic, Father Heinrich Denifle. The words of Professor Seeberg of Berlin are quoted: "Luther proclaimed the gospel to his people with a power and an innerliness as no German has before or since; with a courage and a God-confidence such as scarcely anyone had before him since Paul he set forward the truth against a world of enemies; he served not himself, but the cause, in the depth of battle no less than on the heights of success. That is always true of a great man and of a great Christian." Dr. Faulkner at the close of his scholarly discussion, after saying that no man since Paul surpasses Luther in historical significance, sums up Luther's significance as follows: "1. He broke the back of Roman Catholic theology by restoring Christ's and Paul's doctrine of justification by faith alone. With that went a herd of false things—necessity of a priesthood between God and man, power of the priesthood, sacrifice of the mass, pilgrimages, shrines, Mariolatry, and all the thousand implements of mediæval piety. Man stands again face to face with his God. That was the central point of his theology—not his sacramental doctrine, not his predestination, but that alone; and that has been the most fruitful acquisition which any man has given to the church since Paul's brave spirit went up to God outside of the walls of Rome. 2. He restored home to the clergy, made the ministry again a thing of naturalness, power, and Christian influence, resting on a pure morality centered on the divinest institution on earth—the home. Now men could begin to live among their fellows as men, loving God and their brothers, and finding the highest joy and the highest service and the highest reward in doing God's will where he had placed them. 3. Luther will always remain as an example and inspiration, as the greatest of modern men, who counted all things but loss, and dared death itself for the cross and the truth. 'Here I stand! I can do no otherwise! God help me!'"

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, with a moral earnestness and a high Christian tone which command honor from the best, has recently written in the Sunday Magazine an impeachment as just as it is severe of certain cynical, pessimistic, heartless, and ignoble literature. Here is part of his passionate and pungent protest: "There is no denying that a spirit of cynical hardness of heart has been abroad in the world during the last two decades, a spirit manifestly, and even explicitly, unchristian; and this spirit has not only been reflected in the literature of the time, but perhaps even it has emanated from two writers who certainly have wielded a marked influence: the German philosopher Nietzsche on one side, and Omar Khayyam on another—one scornfully rending the Christian doctrine of pity, in the glorification of imperious physical force, and the other sapping a serious interest in life by an atheistic gospel of passing pleasure. Nietzsche's scourge, and Omar's roses! They may seem very different things; yet both have been doing the same work of moral and spiritual disintegration, both have hardened the heart of man. One stanza of Omar Khayyam has done more to shake man's belief in his spiritual destiny than all Ingersoll's lectures put together. . . . Man is an emotional being. At heart he is a dreamer, and a lover, and something of a poet; and no literature that fails to respond to his emotional and imaginative needs can long survive. No really vital work can be done in literature or any other art without deep feeling. Emotion is the basis of all great art, and pity is ever the sign of the masters, . . . and the writers, great or small, who have made the deepest impression, and longest kept a living place upon the bookshelves of the world, are those most deeply imbued with 'the sense of tears in mortal things,' that wistful pathos which so strangely haunts all the actions of men and women, and is no less present in their joy than in their sorrow—the pathos of being alive at all, alive in a world where every experience is mysterious or seemingly charged with some unknown immortal meaning. This poignant quality is in Æschylus and Homer and Shakespeare and Dante, in Balzac and Charles Lamb, and in all truly great literature. All great and vivid feelings lie close to tears, and therefore all great utterance; and no writing so fully illustrates this strangely moving power of words as the solemn cadences of the Bible. Open it where we will, be it some psalm of comfort, some love-song of Solomon, or some denunciation of Isaiah; and so thrilling are the words that the tears spring to our eyes at once, partly doubtless through association, but mainly, I think, from our joy in the perfectness of the expression: 'The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.' 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' . . . Here are words with no apparent sorrow in them, words of peace and faith and good counsel, and the ecstasy of happy love—yet why do our eyes fill as we read them? Is it not because they are so beautiful, and so vibrating with the very accent of living, so instinct with the grave import, the sweet savor, and the keen thrill of mortal existence?"

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Atonement and Modern Thought. By Rev. JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER, D.D., LL.D., Author of Heavenward, Doom Eternal, Six Days of Creation, Lutheran Manual, etc. With an Introduction by Professor Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary. 12mo, pp. 225. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. Price, cloth, $1.25.

To set forth, and substantiate anew against modern negations, the old doctrine of the substitutive nature of Christ's atonement is the purpose of this book. And this the author undertakes not merely because of the boldness of directly negative teachings which altogether deny any atonement, but also because he sees that in various communions the drift of preference has been toward some other than the substitutive theory of the atonement—the theory which regards our Lord's saving work as that of a substitutive sin-bearer and an atoning sacrifice by offering a penal satisfaction. Dr. Warfield, who writes twenty-two pages of introduction to this book, and who agrees in the main with Dr. Remensnyder's defense of the doctrine, regarding his book as most timely, is of opinion that the majority of those who hold the public ear to-day have definitely broken with the doctrine of a substitutive atonement. He notes "the wide prevalence, among the sounder thinkers of our time, of the Grotian or Rectoral theory of the atonement—the theory which conceives the work of Christ not as supplying the ground on which God forgives sin, but only as supplying the ground on which he may safely forgive sin on the sole ground of his compassion. This theory has come to be the orthodox Arminian view and is taught as such by the leading exponents of modern Arminian thought whether in Britain or America." Dr. Warfield further says that "whoever reads the powerful argumentation to that effect by the late Dr. John Miley, of Drew Theological Seminary, will be compelled to agree that the Rectoral theory is the highest form of atonement-doctrine conformable to the Arminian system. But not only is it thus practically universal among the Wesleyan Arminians, it has also become the mark of orthodox Nonconformity in Great Britain and of orthodox Congregationalism in America. Nor has it failed to take a strong hold also of Scottish Presbyterianism; and on the continent of Europe it is widespread among the saner teachings. It was taught by the late Dr. Frederic Godet." Neither Dr. Remensnyder nor Dr. Warfield accepts the Grotian view of the atonement, for the reason that they think it lets slip the doctrine of an "objective" atonement. They both reject the views of Horace Bushnell, and the Socinian theorizing of the school of Ritschl, and the teachings of Harnack, with whom the sufferings and death of Christ play no appreciable part, the whole atoning act seeming to consist in the removal of a false conception of God from the minds of men. We welcome this strong, coherent, and steadfast book, which sets in battle array the old defenses

which have been often assailed but never overthrown. We are not chiefly concerned with precise shadings in definitions and theories concerning the atonement. To our mind theories which are sometimes put forward in opposition to each other are not necessarily antagonistic, but may be complementary sides of a sublime Fact, and may both be included in the circle of truth. What we rejoice in, while reading Dr. Remensnyder's volume, is his stout insistence on the great evangelical Foundation Fact, the atoning death of our now risen and exalted Saviour and Lord. He says truly: "In our time many pulpits are getting away from the simplicity of the gospel. The literary, or historical, or ethical, or critical element predominates over the doctrines of sin and grace. We need to put the old emphasis on the old truths which have been mighty in raising men out of trespasses and sins, and in rousing the church to a sense of responsibility for a world lying in wickedness. The doctrines of sin, retribution, atonement, and justification by faith must be preached if men are to be converted, converted, and saved. Of Charles G. Finney it was said that his power to reach men—leading men, professional men, physicians, lawyers, judges, and strong business men—has seldom been equaled; and he reached and moved them by preaching condemnation and wrath on the one side, and a free, full justification through repentance and faith on the other. With this kind of preaching Luther shook the world, and it has been the element of power in all great preaching since. It was the absence of the atonement from Henry Ward Beecher's convictions that made him, with all his genius, simply the greatest of platform lecturers; while Spurgeon's mighty insistence on this living heart of the gospel made him the greatest preacher of modern times." Dr. Remensnyder quotes from the North American Review the following remark about Emerson: "It must be admitted that Emerson deliberately shunned the darker aspects of life. He did not face the problem of sin. Christians may still claim that theirs is the only religion that has effectually measured its strength with sin, sorrow, and death." It does this, says Dr. Remensnyder, by means of the atonement, and, we will add, by means also of the resurrection. The apostolic zeal of this book is like that of Paul against those who are "enemies of the Cross of Christ." We heartily commend this timely and able volume.

Saint Paul's Conceptions of the Last Things. By the Rev. H. A. A. KENNEDY, M.A., D.Sc. 8vo, pp. xx, 370. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1904. Price, cloth, $1.75.

The author's title is couched in far better form than that of Mr. Muirhead. We might have allowed him to speak of an Eschatology of Paul or of Paul's Doctrine of Last Things, for Paul if any biblical writer formulated doctrines and ologies, but Jesus neither never. And even in Paul's case it is to be hoped that the term conception as respects such things will come into common vogue. Confidence in Mr. Kennedy's judgment is further encouraged by the prominence which he gives to two formative features as deeply penetrating into the texture of Paul's thought. The one is "the great religious conceptions of the Old Testament in their original setting," and the other is "the decisiveness with which

Saint Paul has laid the foundation of the Christian hope of eternal life, not in any vague speculations concerning human personality in the abstract, but in the relation of the individual soul to the risen Lord Jesus Christ. He attains to his end without any of those theoretical surmises as to *existence* which have brought confusion into so many modern discussions. Life in Christ is for him something larger than existence. It is existence raised to its highest power—the supreme unsurpassable reality." It is in this second field that our author dispenses his stewardship of things both new and old with a hand that must specially please his Master, for he shows that upon Paul's conceptions of life and death hang all his eschatological teachings. Of death in the sense of annihilation neither Paul nor any biblical writer in either the Old or New Testament ever conceived, and Matthew Arnold, Kabisch, Beet, Ménégoz, Edward White, and Petaval are clearly shown to be ignorant of the Greek Scriptures. "Life," or eternal life, as it is generally qualified, "is synthetic. . . . It is in no sense an acquirement added on at death or judgment. . . . But Saint Paul always regards life as a *present* possession of the believer. As such it is the direct result of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and may even be termed the actual presence of the Spirit in human personality. . . . Life means the triumphant continuance of personality in the power of the Spirit beyond the barriers of earth and time in conformity with the nature of the glorified Christ who is the Image of the invisible God." The conceptions of Paul concerning the four great topics of the Parousia, the Judgment, the Resurrection, and the Consummation of the Kingdom of God are set forth in a fashion which adds much to their intelligent discussion and will greatly clarify all future treatment of them.

The Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia, and Their Place in the Plan of the Apocalypse. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. xix, 446. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1905. Price, cloth, $3.

Professor Ramsay has for years spent his summer vacations in travel and observation in Asia Minor. In the historical geography of that classical region and in the true restoration of its first-century civilization he has pursued an avocation that has brought him lasting fame. His latest book is a contribution to the understanding of Saint John's Revelation of well-nigh priceless value. The ever-recurring interest in the Apocalypse cannot henceforth center itself solely upon the consideration of what is speculative and mystical. The first three chapters, at least, are at length so intimately related to time, place, and circumstance that a new light rests upon and shines from them. It is to be hoped that the same clear-eyed master will pursue his course on through the labyrinth, the propylæa of which he has so happily opened, and will thread his way with equal success to the inmost palace of the great King. That Dr. Ramsay is equal to this great task, and that the Revelation is a unit consistently built and evenly balanced, both designed to be and capable of being measurably understood, already appears. "The Judaic element in the Apocalypse has been hitherto studied to the entire neglect of the Greek element in it. Hence it has been the most misunderstood book in

the New Testament." Again: "It has been too much the custom to regard the earliest Christian books as written in a specially Christian form of speech, standing apart and distinguishable from the common language of the eastern Roman provinces. Had this been the case, it is not too bold to say that the new religion could not have conquered the empire." Thus, "the seven letters are the growth of their time and must be studied along with it. They belong to the last quarter of the first century, and it is about that time that we may look for the best evidence as to the meaning that they could bear to their original readers." . . . "Probably the most striking feature of the letters is the tone of unhesitating and unlimited authority which inspires them from beginning to end. John carries this tone to an extreme far beyond even the other apostles Peter and Paul in writing to the Asian churches. He expresses the divine voice with absolute authority of spiritual life and death, in the present and the future. Such a tone cannot be, and probably hardly ever has been, certainly is not now, by any scholar regarded as the result of mere assumption and pretense. Who can imagine as a possibility of human nature that one who can think the thoughts expressed in these letters could pretend to such authority either as a fanciful dreamer or as an actual impostor? Such suggestions would be unreal and inconceivable." The above quotations will give some idea of the freshness and sanity of the discussion.

The Encyclopedia of Missions: Descriptive, Historical, Biographical, Statistical. Second Edition. Edited under the Auspices of the Bureau of Missions, by Rev. HENRY OTIS DWIGHT, LL.D., Rev. H. ALLEN TUPPER, Jr., D.D., and Rev. EDWIN MUNSELL BLISS, D.D. 8vo, pp. 851. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company, 1904. Price, cloth, $6.

In our modern life the cyclopedia is a necessity. There was an age when such men as Milton and Hobbes could say without vain boasting that they had traversed fully every department of human knowledge; but their world was a small one in comparison with the present. He who would know "the language of the time," that is, the matters referred to in the newspapers and current literature, must constantly supplement his own knowledge through works of reference prepared by experts. Some may question whether the world of missions is great enough to demand an encyclopedia of its own; but if any thinking person, interested in the evangelization of the world, will open this book at random he will strike everywhere upon articles of permanent value, and often of romantic interest. There are times when every minister—and it might also be added, every active worker in the church—needs some item of information contained in this work; and when he needs it, he needs it greatly. More than one minister has ransacked libraries, taken journeys, and waited for answers to letters to obtain the information to which he might turn in two minutes if this volume were at hand. It contains a brief history of mission work in every land and in almost every mission station. It has sketches of the lives of a few eminent missionaries, especially founders of missions; omitting, of course, living men and women. Some great

names are omitted from its biographical articles which should appear there, notably that of William Taylor; but the list is measurably full. The articles are well written, doing justice to all churches and societies, and the statistics in the body of the work under the various lands and societies are as late as 1903; and we should judge them correct as far as a limited comparison with the reports of our own Missionary Society shows. Every effort has been made to obtain accuracy in the tables of statistics. In the early edition of this work a serious mistake was made in the statistics of Methodism in foreign lands. But it was soon discovered, the plates were promptly corrected, and the figures are now in line with the reports of 1903. This is mentioned to show how ready are the editors of this work to make it a standard authority. A minister who has occasion to write or talk on missionary topics will find this one of the needful books in his library.

Prophetic Ideas and Ideals. A Series of Short Studies in the Prophetic Literature of the Hebrew People. By W. G. JORDAN, B.A., D.D., Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. 12mo, pp. 363. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.25 net.

This book, by an eminent professor of Old Testament literature, was written, its author tells us, for theological students, youthful ministers, and intelligent laymen who take an interest in the history of their own religion. It is not a book of doctrine, but aims to ascertain what were the ruling ideas in the minds of the great circle of prophets who lived in the three centuries between 750 and 450 B. C.; also to picture the ideals for national and personal life that rose before the minds, or rather dwelt in the hearts, of the prophets; and then to translate these ideas and ideals into the thought and language of our own century, and so to bring them to bear effectively upon present life. The author has wrought his work well, and his book accomplishes in a satisfactory manner what it sets out to do. Not the least among the recommendations of this volume is its absolute freedom from technical and professional terms. It is expressed in the language of intelligent people, and not in the esoteric language of the schools; so that any thoughtful reader can comprehend it without a glossary. Many theological instructors, when they write books, forget that there is a world of intelligent people outside the class room, but this author keeps before him the larger constituency, and writes to be "understanded of the common people."

Visions of the Christ. By LEVI GILBERT. 16mo, pp. 283. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, $1.

This age has laid upon its shoulders a burden greater than that of any past generation—the "reconciliation" of religion and science. There have been centuries when religious truth was stationary, and when the leaders of the church would have held knowledge and philosophy in check, in order that religion and knowledge might be kept at one. This age accepts an evolution of the faith and an evolution of knowledge, both as divine in their source; and proposes to believe in science and also in

Christianity, without laying chains upon either. In this spirit these papers have been written by an editor of clear, strong vision into the times and into the gospel. They are not controversial nor argumentative; their value lies in their twentieth-century point of view, in the deep insight and strong sympathy which they disclose, and in their admirably clear expression of fine thought. This book would be a good one to keep upon the library table for Sunday reading and for the quiet hour of thought.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Adventures Among Books. By ANDREW LANG. Crown 8vo, pp. 312. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50.

The Lounger, in the May number of the Critic, calls this one of the six best books published in the month of April. That may be correct, and yet while we were reading this volume a captious little imp from the nether regions of criticism crawled up over the edge of the world and meanly whispered that Mr. Lang writes too much and that these essays show the effects of excessive volubility. We answered that carping imp by reminding him that these essays are not of recent or hurried production, but are gathered together from many periodicals in which they first appeared at intervals covering a long stretch of years. Whereupon the imp went off, silenced, but unconvinced. Somebody said that George Augustus Sala "attempted to give longevity to that which its own nature forbade to be immortal by putting his casual productions into bound volumes." Somebody else is so disrespectful as to call Andrew Lang "an improvisatore" who is master of the art of throwing off light things brightly, in a neat and facile style, with touches of airy grace and genial wit, making easy, agreeable, and diverting reading. The London papers seem particularly well pleased with this volume. They speak of its charm, its richness in allusions, its elusive humor, its delicate perceptions, its sympathetic recollections of Louis Stevenson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Dr. John Brown, its literary criticisms, its talk about the books on which its author browsed in early life, and its last almost rollicking essay on "The Boy." Mr. Lang's account of his early experiences with books is surely more than interesting. To him Greek was a plague and torment until he reached Homer. Then the language no longer seemed tedious. The very sound of Homer's hexameter, that long, inimitable roll of the most various music, was enough to win the heart, even if the words were not understood. But the words proved unexpectedly easy to understand, full as they are of all nobility, all tenderness, all courage, courtesy, and romance. Few passages in any literature could make young Andrew Lang cry. The first book that did it was Uncle Tom's Cabin with its description of the death of Eva, Topsy's friend. Then his eyes were wet when Colonel Newcome said Adsum, and when he read the death of Socrates in the Phædo, and also in reading Thucydides's account of the Sicilian expedition ending with the ruin of the Athenians in the Syracusan Bay, "when all was done that men may do, and all was done in vain,"—

the bravery of Lamachus, the goodness of Nicias, the brilliance of Alcibiades, all wasted to no result but defeat, torture, and death, with no course left open except, having done what men may, to endure what men must. Mr. Lang tells us that the pleasure and enchantment of style first appealed to him when, at the age of fifteen, he first read in the Idylls of the King:

> "So all day long the noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea;
> Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
> Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their Lord."

After being charmed with Sir Walter Scott, and Longfellow, and failing to get on at all with Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, he tried Tennyson, and instantly a new light of poetry dawned, a new music was audible, a new god came into his medley of a Pantheon. He says: "I am convinced that we do not yet know how great a poet Tennyson is. His hand has 'raised the Table Round again,' has written In Memoriam—that sacred Book of Friendship—and lulled us with the magic of the Lotus Eaters, and the melody of Tithonus. He has enriched our world with conquests of romance; recut and reset a thousand ancient gems of Greece and Rome; roused our patriotism; stirred our pity: indeed there is hardly a human passion but he has purged and ennobled it. He remains the most various, the sweetest, the most exquisite, the most Virgilian of all English poets." Referring to the religious books encountered in his youth, Mr. Lang says: "I got no harm from the Shorter Catechism, of which I remember little, and neither then nor now was or am able to understand a single sentence of it. From most children, I trust, Calvinism ran like water off a duck's back. Unlucky were they who first absorbed, and later were compelled to get rid of, the Shorter Catechism." With reference to Browning, our author represents himself as dwelling not in the Inner Court of worshipful discipleship, but only in the Court of the Gentiles. He says that Arthur Hugh Clough's poetry "has many undergraduate qualities," but that Swinburne was the poet oftenest imitated by undergraduate versifiers. Young Mr. Lang was out playing cricket on Cowley Marsh when he ought to have been taking notes of Matthew Arnold's Oxford lectures on Poetry; and he seems to remember the boat race with more interest than anything else, being in full sympathy with what somebody else wrote in the Spectator: "When I look back to my Oxford experience I find one scene most deeply engraved upon 'the mindful tablets of my soul'; and yet not merely a scene but a fairy compound of sound and sight and smell and thought—the wonderful scent of the meadow air just above Iffley on a hot May evening, and the gay colors of twenty boats along the shore, the poles all stretched out from the bank to set the boats clear, and the sonorous cry of 'Ten seconds more' sounding down from the green barge to the lasher." When Louis Stevenson in ill health was ordered south, Lang met him at Mentone and thus describes him: "He looked more like a lass than a lad, with a rather long, smooth, oval face, brown hair longer than is common, and large, lucid eyes. His color was hectic, the expression of his face

changed rapidly in conversation; his big blue cloak and Tyrolese hat were evidently dear to him." Lang says the friendship between Stevenson and himself was like the friendship between a wild singing bird and a punctual domesticated barn-door fowl, laying its daily "article" for the breakfast table of citizens. Mr. Lang quotes from Dr. John Brown, author of Rab and His Friends, this about children: "They are slow to see what is above them; they like the ground, and its flowers and stones, its 'red sodgers' and lady-birds, and all its queer things; *their world is about three feet high*, and they are more often stooping than gazing up. I was past ten before I saw, or cared to see, the ceilings of the rooms in the manse at Biggar." Dr. Brown tells how he and his fellow schoolboys used to take off their hats to Walter Scott on the streets of Edinburgh, and describes him thus: "Though lame, Sir Walter was nimble, and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else you would say he was a Liddesdale farmer, come of gentle blood, with the swing and the stride and the eye of a man of the hills—a large sunny out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and stooping shoulders was set that head which, with Shakespeare's and Bonaparte's, is the best known of mortal men in all the world." Mr. Lang says: "Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was fond of all old things. He found America scarcely aired, new and raw, devoid of history and of associations. He said: 'The Tiber has a voice for me, as it whispers to the piers of the Pons Ælius, even more full of meaning than my well-beloved Charles eddying round the piles of West Boston Bridge.' No doubt this is a common sentiment among Americans. Occasionally, like Hawthorne, they sigh for a historical atmosphere, and then, when they come to Europe and get it, they do not like it, and think Schenectady, New York, 'a better place.'" Of William Morris, Mr. Lang says that his place in English life and literature is as honorable as it is unique, because he restored beauty to modern life and made vast additions to simple and stainless pleasures. As a sample of William Morris's verse the following is quoted:

> "Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant:
> Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,
> Though still the less we knew of its intent.
> The Earth and Heaven, through countless year on year
> Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair
> Hung round about a little room, where play
> Weeping and laughter of man's little day."

Of one stirring period of literature our author says: "There was a wind of poetry abroad in 1830, blowing over the barricades of Paris, breathing by the sedges of the Cam, stirring the heather on the hills of Yarrow. Victor Hugo, Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson caught the breeze in their sails, and were borne adown the Tigris of romance and fame." Reading the Confessions of Saint Augustine, the author regrets the space given in them to theological metaphysics, and the brief, tantalizing glimpses given of the common life of common men in that age "when the church was becoming mistress of the world, when the old religions were dying of allegory and occult dreams." He notes how Augustine studied babies to see

the early dark beginnings of evil in human nature; and how he holds that even infancy is subject to sin, saying: "Myselfe have seene some little child, who could not speake; and yet he was all in envious wrath, looking with a bitter countenance upon his brother. An infant cannot endure a companion to feed with him in an overflowing and abundant fountain of milk, although that companion have no other food." In this he sees Original Sin, inherited, innate, unacquired. When Andrew Lang comes to where Augustine tells of his stealing pears from an orchard in Carthage one night, in company with other wicked boys, he breaks out thus: "O, moonlit night of Africa, and orchard by those wild sea-banks where once Dido stood; O, laughter of boys among the shaken leaves, and sound of falling fruit; how do you live alone out of so many nights that no man remembers? Carthage is destroyed, yet that one hour of a summer's night is to be unforgotten while man has memory of the story of the past." Mr. Lang opens his essay on Smollett thus: "The great English novelists of the eighteenth century turned the course of English Literature out of its older channel. Her streams had descended from the double peaks of Parnassus to irrigate the enameled fields and elegant parterres of poetry and the drama. But Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne diverted the waters from poetry and plays into the region of the novel, whither they have brought down a copious alluvial deposit. Modern authors do little more than till this fertile delta; as for the drama, it is now in the desert; as for poetry, it is a drug: while fiction now is literature." He condemns Smollett's extraordinary love of dilating on noisome smells and noisome sights, that intense fondness for the physically nauseous. For Hawthorne Lang's admiration is very great. He says: "Beautiful passages are as common in Hawthorne's writings as gold in the richest quartz. How excellent are his words on the first faint but certain breath of Autumn in the air, felt, perhaps, in middle July. 'And then came Autumn, with his immense burthen of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders as he trudged along.' There are geniuses more sunny, large, and glad than Hawthorne's, but none more original, more sure-footed, in his own realm of moonlight and twilight." In Adventures Among Books we have seventeen essays full of Mr. Lang's vivacious, entertaining talk.

Leaves for Quiet Hours. By GEORGE MATHESON, F.R.S.E., D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 288. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.25.

These are short devotional pieces which originally appeared in the Christian World. Any one of them can be read in a few minutes. Each contains, first, the suggestion of a thought; and, second, the expression of a feeling in the form of a prayer or an invocation. The insight of the thinker and the fervor of the worshiper blend in each piece. The rare genius for spiritual things which distinguishes the former minister of Saint Bernard's Parish, Edinburgh, illumines and perfumes every meditation in this volume, which is like an alabaster box of precious ointment. Take, for example, this meditation on "The Ambulance Corps," suggested by Rev. 14. 4: "There are three classes in the Christian Life—the men of the wing, the men of the couch, and the men of the road. The first

are they who fly before; they are the pioneers of progress, they are in advance of their fellows. The second are those who stand still, or rather lie still; they are the invalids of the human race; they come not to minister but to be ministered unto. The third are those who follow; they are the ambulance corps of humanity; they are the sacrificial souls that come on behind. I think with Saint John that these last are the most beautiful souls of all. They are lovely in their unobtrusiveness. They do not wish to lead, they would rather be in the rear; they come forward only when others are driven backward. They want no glory from the battle, no wreath for the victory, no honorable mention as heroes. They seek the wounded, the dying, the dead. They anoint for life's burial, they bring spices for the crucified, they give the cup of cold water, they wash the soiled feet. They break the fall of Adam; they break the fall of the Magdalene. They take in Saul of Tarsus after he becomes blind. They are attracted by defects, they are lured by every form of helplessness. They come out to meet the shadows; they go in the track, not of the lark, but of the nightingale; they *follow* the Lamb. Captain of Salvation, put me in the rear of Thine army—with the ambulance corps! It is not for the sake of safety that I ask it; it is not to be relieved of the burden and heat of the day that I wish to be in the rear. It is because I think the trouble is greater there; it is because I see more room for sacrifice, more chance of doing good. There are some whom Thou sendest before Thee—angels of the everlasting gospel who fly in advance over the face of heaven. Speed them, bless them! But I am not fitted to be one of these; I am not swift enough, I am not brilliant enough. Put me in a sphere where swiftness is not wanted, where brilliancy is not required! Give me the trouble without the glitter, O Lord! Let others lead! I am content to follow. Help me to serve Thee in the background. I cannot fight Thy battles, but I can nurse Thy wounded. I cannot repel Thy foes, but I can keep Thy fortress in repair. I cannot conduct Thy marches, but I can succor those who have fainted by the way. Write my name among the ambulance corps who *follow!*" Or take this meditation suggested by Psa. 23. 5: "Christ's is the only religion that spreads a table in the presence of its enemies. This is very remarkable because there is no other religion that hates sin as does that of Jesus. But the only faith that will admit to its table a guest with soiled robes is the faith which above all others desires purity. The Brahman must have the flesh crucified before the river of life joins the great sea. The Greek must have its flesh beautified ere earth can be an object of interest to Heaven. The Roman must have the flesh fortified ere so weak a thing as man can be enrolled in the coming kingdom. But Christ accepts us for an aspiration, for a sigh, for a tear. He lets us sit down as we are, without one plea of present excellence. He lets us come to *His* Communion when we are too low for man's communion. All other teachers cry, 'Be ye cleansed and come'; *He* says, 'Come and be cleansed.' *They* tell me to put on the white robes that I may enter heaven; *He* bids me enter Heaven that I may put on the white robes. *They* bid the prodigal reform that he may be taken back; *He* enjoins him to come back that he may have

help to reform. I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast accepted me, not for what I am but for what I should like to be. Thou hast estimated me not by the attainments of my life but by the glance of my eye. I have no power to paint a stroke, but my gaze rests adoringly on a perfect model; and Thou hast judged me from that gaze. Thou hast seen me in Heaven's portrait-gallery, ignorant of the first elements of spiritual art, but with my eyes 'looking unto Jesus.' For that wondering and wistful look Thou hast accepted me. The admiring look Thou hast taken for a promise of better things in me. Thou hast imputed to me my to-morrow and ignored my yesterday. Thou hast given me a summer for the twitter of a first swallow. Thou hast given me a place at the feast above my station. Thou hast furnished my house beyond my means. My table is in the wilderness; my bow is in the cloud; my ark is in the flood; my song is in the night; my road is on the sea; my peace is in the storm; my Christ is in the manger; my crown is on the Cross."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his wife, SARAH SHORTHOUSE. Two volumes, crown 8vo, pp. 420, 424. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $4.50.

The first volume contains the life and letters, and the second the literary remains. Mr. Shorthouse's *magnum opus* was "John Inglesant," a philosophical romance. His lesser works were "The Little Schoolmaster, Mark," "Sir Percival," "A Teacher of the Violin and Other Tales," "Blanche, Lady Falaise," and "The Countess, Eve." The volume of "Literary Remains" contains twenty-three "early essays," five "later essays," four "stories," and three "early poems." All are the work of a serious-minded, studious, and self-cultivated merchant, who was largely shut from society and disabled from conversation by a very embarrassing and obstinate stammer, a stutter which almost amounted to convulsion. This turned his evenings and leisure hours to books and to writing. Before middle life epilepsy occasionally interrupted his business activities and weakened his physical force, so that there were periods when an active life was impossible and he retired into quietness favorable to reading, meditation, and mental production. At the age of forty-eight he published a book, which he had been ten years in writing and then had kept for four years in his desk, which made him famous as the author of "John Inglesant." It was far from being a "popular" novel, and was read by few outside of the thoughtful and the cultivated; yet it had a wide sale twenty years ago, and is still not without a continuing market. It revealed to the world in its author an intellectual and spiritual character of rare elevation, purity, and attractiveness. He was a business man and a most devout churchman to whom Sunday was a day of rest and gladness, and who was never known to miss a church service unless prevented by illness. The letters of Mr. Shorthouse contain interesting views, simply expressed, of various matters and people. He thinks the liability to egotism and self-

conceit must be greater for a popular preacher than for a successful writer. He says he does not take to sonnets, because in reading them he is "bowled over by the rush, and rhythm, and rhyme." He thinks that in Swinburne's poetry the form dominates the sense in a painful way. The helpless state of panic and prostration, into which some evangelicals are thrown by any criticism or variation from their views, seems to him pathetic. He tells of a Wesleyan minister who read Southey's "Life of Wesley," and put it down with the single remark, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep,"—a very pungent comment. He thinks Louis Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a most horrible story, but very powerful, a most striking and perfect allegory, told with immense force and realistic skill. Of some of Edmund Gosse's poems he writes, "Every page is ringing with melody like the most perfect bells across the greenest meadows and the freshest streams." Of one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's books he said: "I do not think I shall read Robert Elsmere. I have no sympathy with what I understand to be its tendency." The following are some other expressions: "Russell Lowell's prose reminds me of old Sir Thomas Browne more than any other writer, living or dead, does;" "Matthew Arnold's volume, Friendship's Garland, is the most Aristophantic book since Aristophanes;" "I venture to think that just so far as the priest or minister loses himself in the sense of prayer, or of sacrament, or of service, that is, thinks of the *sense* and not of himself, he will find acceptance and result from his congregation;" "I never could read Balzac, and I am firmly convinced that he hated his own books;" "I never read without weeping Kipling's Georgie Porgie or Head of the District, and there is a sentence in his Without Benefit of Clergy which I think a superb bit of English, 'They died by the roadside and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass.' Kipling's genius seems to me unique and stupendous, but I doubt if he will ever accomplish one really *great* book; for he would have done it before now, if he had been going to." Shorthouse gives a specimen of pulpit rhetoric, which exhibits one of the dangers of hurried extempore utterance: "My brethren, such a man is like the captain of a *crewless* ship upon a *shoreless* sea! Happy will such an one be if he bring his men safe to land!" Writing of the Papal Church he says: "I never reason with Roman Catholics; they live in a fairyland of their own where reason and free thought are not admitted. I feel acute regret at the tendency manifested among advocates of freedom of thought to compliment and pander to the Church of Rome. The very freedom which these men enjoy makes them forget the hard struggle by which it was won and the slough of stupid ignorance to which the Romish church would have condemned the whole human race. But for the Protestant princes of Germany the grotesque pantomime which the Papal Church calls history and that sterile waste which she calls Catholic literature, would have been for the past three hundred years the sole heritage and possession of these favored men who now pay compliments to what Bishop Latimer called 'the tyrannical see of Rome.' The charge against the Romish Church is not that her doctrines do not contain germs of truth, but that, having based her system upon profound Christian

truths, she has succeeded in making truth itself a lie." In a letter to a familiar friend, written when recovering from an attack of quinsy, Shorthouse gives the following vivid description of his illness: "I never endured such a week of pain and discomfort. It was at first thought to be a bronchial attack, but finally developed into quinsy with inflamed tonsils. For a week I could scarcely swallow even a sip of water and had no sleep to speak of; for the peculiarity of this disease seems to be that all the ducts and issues of the face are closed, and the moment you lie down you are surrounded and overpowered by the most extraordinary variety of voices and noises that can be imagined; nothing but experience *can* conceive it; a kind of Vanity Fair of shrieks, expostulations, groanings, wild laughter, shrill notes, despairing cries, and all this close to you yet altogether independent of your control. This goes on all night combined with a feeling of suffocation; and of course you cannot sleep. The result is something approaching delirium. You do not know where you are, and, if you dimly recognize the room, it seems full of people, while devils, Alsatians, infinite straight lines, and 6th powers of A gyrate about the room. By some strange mental freak I connected the torment in my nostrils with the furnaces in which sulphate of soda is made, and what was left of my intellect was engaged, during what were *not* the *silent* watches of the night, in proving the folly of manufacturing sulphate of soda. This pandemonium went on with its phantasmagoria for about a week. Then came a wonderful night. I had planned not to go to bed all night, but to sit or lie around on arm-chairs, sofas, beds, etc. A little after twelve I lay down on a sofa and actually fell asleep. I suffered many things in a dream; but when I woke, there were no voices, no noises, no demons, no infinite straight lines, no 6th power of A—nothing but peace, blessed silence, and repose. The quinsy was gone. During that week of suffering I had some consolations—I was fairly comfortable in the day time if I did not try to swallow anything, or lie down, or go to sleep, and I managed to read Jane Austen's Persuasion and also Adam Bede, with which I am immensely impressed." The curious relation between a fiction-writer and his mental puppets is confessed in Shorthouse's telling a friend that, at one point while he was writing John Inglesant, he was greatly delayed by his characters having "got into a castle and absolutely refusing to come out." The author of John Inglesant was one of the most amiable and patient of sufferers. And in the prolonged suffering of his last illness he used to say: "It is quite right that I should have all this pain and suffering. I have had a very happy and sheltered life. I am sometimes quite appalled at all the kindness and goodness of God to me. I am firmly convinced that whatever befalls us comes under the direction of a heavenly Father who has a divine purpose in everything he does." His wife says that his own words written in one of his poems are fitly applicable to him:

> "Thou shalt be aged with gentle age, and tired of life shalt be;
> And such an one shall Death appear as thou shalt gladly see.
> And Death shall come upon thee very gently, as a friend
> Who comes into the house at eve, when the day is at an end."

A sense of the presence of the living Christ was always with him. Writing of Sundays spent by the sea he tells how he stood one day on a promontory of the coast: "All round me, far as eye could reach, was the encircling sea. Gazing on the glorious prospect I tried to gain something of that deep instruction which we ought to receive from a vision of such beauty seen amid the sweet and holy peace of a summer Sabbath morn. And as I looked and thought of Him who made the wondrous world and whose loving care keeps it, I thought I could reverently say that, like the women at the sepulcher of Jesus, I also had seen 'a vision of angels which said that HE WAS ALIVE!'"

John Knox, the Hero of the Scottish Reformation. By HENRY COWAN, D.D., Professor of Church History, University of Aberdeen. 8vo, pp. xxxiii, 404. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50. [Heroes of the Reformation, edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, Professor of Church History, New York University.]

Our fathers got their knowledge of the Reformation from Merle's great history, which has had a larger circulation in English than it had in its original French, or in German in which it was translated by Runkel (Stuttgart, 1848-54, 5 vols.). It is the fashion now to cry down the history of Merle (generally miscalled D'Aubigné, which is really no part of his name, but an addition indicating the place of his ancestors), and it is worth while, therefore, to quote the judgment of Duchemin in the Hauck-Herzog Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche, 3 Aufl. 1903, xii, 641: "The author's chief merit consists in the patient searching out and thorough study of the original documents, which were taken out of the dust of the archives for the first time. As the work was created out of true sources, and written with lively understanding of the past, as it united glowing zeal with learning, earnestness with elegance, and met the need which the church which sprang from the Reformation felt to get nearer to its origin, it was crowned with great and well-deserved success." After quoting De Remusat's praise of its style and its powers of historical narration, he continues: "In the use of original documents some displacements of dates are shown which sometimes distort the history. Happily, the errors are seldom, and do not injure the intelligent art with which he lets the documents bubble forth what they contain. In a word, it is, 'outside of small errors, a beautiful book, and is written with talent and fire.'" Merle's book, however, is written with too intense partisanship to be entirely impartial, and in the account of the errors and failings of the reformers it needs supplementing by more recent books, and those written in the modern scientific spirit. The first volume of Merle's was published in 1835, and he worked on with a learned enthusiasm worthy of all praise till his death, in 1872, the last three of the thirteen volumes appearing after his death (Paris, 1835-78, 13 vols.). In buying Merle remember that the best editions are those published by Longmans in London and by Carter in New York. Some years ago Professor Jackson, the friend and pupil of the late Professor Schaff, and his coworker in various literary projects, planned a series of works on the reformation leaders written with the critical exactness which Merle lacked, but without the uncritical deprecia-

tions and defamation of Janssen, the great Roman Catholic historian of the German Reformation. The series was to represent the Protestant standpoint, with hearty appreciation of the work and character of the Reformers, but with impartial treatment of their faults and failings. Putnams generously undertook the publishing. In this invaluable series the following have appeared: Luther, by Professor Jacobs (1898); Melanchthon, by Professor Richard (1898); Erasmus, by Professor Emerton (1889); Zwingli, by Professor Jackson (1901); Cranmer, by Mr. A. F. Pollard (1905); and Knox, by Professor Cowan (May, 1905). The Beza was the first life, and Melanchthon and the Zwingli were the first *adequate* lives, ever written in English. If our ministers wish to freshen their work and fill empty pews they could do nothing better than buy this series, saturate themselves in the life, testimony, and spirit of these men, and then announce a series of sermons on the founders of Protestantism. Only let them make it clear that Protestantism was not a creation of the sixteenth century, but a rebirth of Pauline Christianity. As to Knox there are three great lives: McCrie (1812, last edition by his son, 1855), P. Hume Brown (2 vols. 1895), and this volume of Cowan before us. There is a very excellent book by Professor Stalker, John Knox: His Ideas and Ideals (London, Hodder; New York, Armstrong, 1904), written on original plan which admirably supplements any of the three. In June, 1905, Andrew Lang, the Scotch Man of Letters, published John Knox and the Scottish Reformation (Longmans), the aim of which is to take Knox down a peg. To a literary connoisseur like Lang, in sympathy with Anglicanism, there is no point of contact with a man of the tremendous religious and theological earnestness (some would say, narrowness) of Knox. Lang makes three charges against Knox: (1) His intense bitterness against Catholicism and lack of statesmanlike courtesy and trust toward Mary Queen of Scots. She might perhaps by conciliation have been led over to a moderate Protestantism. If anyone will read Cowan's careful, impartial, and luminous putting of Knox's whole attitude here he will feel that there is a good deal to be said for Knox both as a statesman and as judge of his queen. (2) Knox's fierce Protestantism makes him valueless as an historical witness in regard to his Catholic opponents, especially Mary, unless he is confirmed by other testimony. Knox wrote his famous History of the Reformation in Scotland as, in a sense, his Apologia pro Sua Vita, and, of course, it bears the stamp of his prejudices and limitations. He was no Von Ranke. But it is an honest and straightforward account and its general trustworthiness is admitted. See the estimate of Cowan, p. 255, who sometimes replies to Lang's criticism in the Scottish Historical Review of January, 1905. (3) Knox was in sympathy with murder. Cowan has shown that Knox was not privy to any of the notable takings off of that troubled and tragic time. But this was the principle of Knox and of other Reformers: When a notable enemy of God, and of truth, and of the public weal, who could not be reached by public process, was put out of the way, they looked upon it as a divine stroke of justice. That they sometimes showed unseemly satisfaction goes without saying, and Knox's grim Scotch humor at times betrayed him into expressions which arouses the anger of Lang

and other Anglican and Catholic writers. But were they to blame because the blood of the fifteenth century (instead of the nineteenth) was in their veins? In regard to these and other objections against Knox we commend this scholarly, interesting, workmanlike, and authoritative biography of the man of whom Morton said at his grave, "He never feared nor flattered any flesh." As we have thought of Knox one of the greatest and noblest short poems in our language comes to our mind—Wordsworth's Character of the Happy Warrior. We would gladly quote some lines were it not for the exigencies of space. But open your Wordsworth and read it for yourself, and then thank God for the heroic if rough fighters like Knox, who made it possible for you under your own vine and fig tree to sit down with your Wordsworth and your Bible and your Neander, no one daring to molest you or make you afraid.

Life and Letters of Edward Byles Cowell, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D. By GEORGE COWELL, F.R.C.S. 8vo. pp. 470. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3.

Dr. Cowell, one of the greatest scholars in all Europe, was Professor of Sanskrit in Cambridge University from 1867 to 1903. An editorial study of his life appeared in our last issue. Additional notice here is not inappropriate. Cowell loved the literature of many languages and peoples, because he knew literature to be the expression and treasure-house of human feeling, thought, knowledge, aspiration, and imagination. Edward Fitzgerald said Cowell in his youth "imbibed Spanish without thinking about it, and later mastered Welsh as a holiday pastime"; and that he was while professor "the most learned, amiable, and delightful man in Cambridge University." From boyhood Cowell was an omnivorous gourmand in his reading, and in all that he devoured, whether in prose or in verse, whether dramatic, historical, or philosophical, and in whatever languages, he analyzed subtleties, appreciated humor, was intoxicated with beauty and grandeur, and illuminated all with what he remembered from a multitude of other writers in a way quite phenomenal. The splendid writings of Plato especially fascinated him, and he wrote: "Plato was certainly the grand master mind of antiquity; he towers above all the rest and on his lofty Alpine head rest some herald-streaks of the light of the Sun of Revelation that was so soon to rise upon the world in Bethlehem. He really does seem to anticipate the Bible, and particularly the New Testament. He says in the Symposium that Love is ὁπορθμεύς, the ferryman between God and man, ferrying back and forth the prayers and sacrifices of the one and the answers and blessings of the Other; and by this Divine Love the Universe is bound together. Isn't this like Saint John? Is it not a foretaste of the apostle's 'God is love'? I never read any author that came home more to my deepest heart than Plato. [Cowell means outside of Holy Scripture.] O, Socrates was a dear old fellow, so brave, so strong in head and heart, so kind, so good, so everything that a Christian ought to be. Well might Ficinus say, 'The life of Socrates was the image or rather the shadow of the life of Christians.' . . . What a glorious world of thought old Socrates leads one into! I am perfectly astonished to find how his mind embraces everything. People tell us that

the present school of German mysticism (Goethe, Kant, and Carlyle) is a new thing; but I was reading the Philebus and the sixth of the Republic, and I find that the germs and roots of Kant's idealogy are *there!* I read also a marvelous bit that enfolds the doctrine of the Trinity. Then Socrates says that throughout all nature and in God too unity becomes plurality and plurality unity." Cowell was enamored of the riches found in many ancient literatures. Referring to one of the most beautiful legends which the Mahābhārata contains, he says: "The Sāvitri speaks to all human hearts and not merely to those which once beat under India's burning skies in the old centuries before Alexander's invasion. Its interest springs from a root deep-planted in the soul of man, far removed from the surface-varieties of race and clime, down in the sacred depths of our nature, where, if anywhere, linger yet the last faint traces of the Divine since the Fall." Concerning the ever-living words of power and high discourse which great minds have left in the literatures of the past, Cowell, searching backward through the dim ages, uses these lines:

> "The way is dark, where'er we gaze,
> And dimly do our torches blaze,
> Throwing a faint and fitful glare
> On many a niche and moldering stair:
> And in each columned avenue
> Heavy and low Time's wind blows through!
> Beneath us rest the bones of sages,
> Above us tower the thoughts of ages:
> Sages and ages both are *past*,
> Yet still their works, like shadows, last,
> And though their deeds have died away
> Their words of power shall live for aye!"

One of the stories which Cowell translated from the thirteenth-century Persian poet, Sadi, shows the mode of administering justice in the East, and also conveys a moral as to the advantages of self-control and abstemiousness: "Two dervishes of Khurasan traveled together. One was weak and used to break his fast after every two nights; the other was strong and ate three good meals a day. It happened at the gate of a city that they were seized on suspicion of being spies, and both were imprisoned and the door closed up with mud. After two weeks it was discovered that they were innocent. When the door was opened the strong man was found to be dead, but the weak man was alive and safe. The gazers were wondering thereat when a wise man said, 'The opposite of this would have been strange; for this man was a great eater and could not bear want of food, and so he perished: but the other was in the habit of abstemiousness, therefore he endured as was his wont, and was saved.'" At the Congress of Orientalists held in London in September, 1892, Professor Cowell greatly pleased Dr. Denssen of the chair of Sanskrit in the University of Kiel, whom he had only known through his fame and his books, by applying to him a verse from a Sanskrit poem which describes a hero as seeing first a flash of light in the far distance, then detecting that it moved, then that it was borne by a living man, and at last recogniz-

ing his friend Nárada. So, Cowell said, Professor Denssen had been to him at first a distant light, but now, when they met, was his dear friend. The translation of the Sanskrit verse is as follows:

"'A mass of rays,'—seen in the distant skies;
As the form looms more clear, 'It lives,' he cries;
'Lo 'tis a man,'—as limb by limb comes out;
'Tis my friend Nárada' ends every doubt."

In India Cowell exerted himself as secretary of the Vernacular Literature Society to improve the tone of the native mind by providing some wholesome moral literature, because the native literature in circulation was so abominably and unspeakably vile. The spirit in which this great scholar pursued all his studies is expressed in his own prayerful words: "May God teach us more and more that *all* knowledge and learning and talent without his blessing to be *on* them, and the love of him to be *in* them, are worse, O! far worse than idle lost gifts—they are curses!" At the time of his golden wedding, in 1897, Cowell wrote concerning their fifty years of married life, spent at Ipswich, and Oxford, and Calcutta, and Hampstead, and Cambridge: "The years have run on in a quiet sunshine, realizing in a certain way that beautiful line in Childe Harold about Gibbon's 'living knowledge with each studious year.' My vocation has been stirring up others to study. My happiness has always been bound up with my work. It has been a keen delight to me to hand on the torch of knowledge to younger men, to enter into their hopes and ambitions, and thus forget my own limitations and failures in the wider horizon which opens before them." The life of this most eminent scholar, so full of real goodness and of unwavering faith, illustrates Bonar's lines:

"Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

MISCELLANEOUS

The Eschatology of Jesus: or, The Kingdom Come and Coming. A Brief Study of Our Lord's Apocalyptic Language in the Synoptic Gospels. By LEWIS A. MUIRHEAD, B.D. 8vo, pp. xxvii, 224. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1904. Price, cloth, $1.50.

This book comprises four lectures delivered last year under the Bruce Lectureship in the United Free Church College, Glasgow. They open up the important and hitherto almost untraversed subject of the Eschatology of Jesus with exceeding breadth of treatment, and one's only regret is that they lead the learner along so short a stage of the journey. It cannot be too strongly asserted that the Saviour's Eschatological Sayings are "paradoxical, parabolical, and pictorial," but when the terms fallacious, erroneous, incoherent, misunderstood, misrepresented, and mistaken, ignorance, inconsistency, and elusiveness, play so large a part

in so brief a discussion the effect upon a body of divinity students is bound to be unwholesome. The lecture on "The Title 'Son of Man'" is a valuable contribution to the understanding of the Lord's favorite phrase descriptive of himself. It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Muirhead's book may be followed by more extended studies in this subject both by himself and by other serious students.

The Teaching of the Gospel of John. By J. RITCHIE SMITH, Minister of Market Square Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Pa. 12mo, pp. 406. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.50 net.

A carefully prepared analysis of the fourth gospel, with preliminary chapters on its origin, plan, and relation to Old Testament teaching. The author in the main body of his work undertakes to arrange the doctrinal contents of the gospel, and to interpret each doctrine. They are set in order according to the old scholastic order of God, the Word, the Holy Spirit, Sin, Salvation, the New Life, the Church, and the End of All Things; and the texts are collated under each head and carefully explained. The point of view is that of old-fashioned Calvinism, but moderate, allowing for the freedom of the human will as an element in the divine plan. The author shows wide searching of authorities, and his quotations from authors more famous than generally read, as Augustine, Calvin, and others, form a valuable feature of the work.

The Teachings of the Books: or, The Literary Structure and Spiritual Interpretation of the Books of the New Testament. A Work of Collaboration by HERBERT L. WILLETT and JAMES L. CAMPBELL. 12mo, pp. 337. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.25.

Introductions to the books of the Bible are abundant, and some are recognized as standard; but all need to be revised from time to time; for while truth is always truth, the aspect of the truth, our vision of it, is constantly changing. Here is one of the newest, and, in our view, one of the best books of introduction to the New Testament. Of the two scholars who have wrought together to produce these papers, Dr. Willett has supplied the material on literary structure, and Dr. Campbell that on spiritual interpretation. In both respects the work is modern, representing the methods of Bible study in the present rather than those of the past. For an advanced class in the study of the Bible, for the pastor who seeks to be abreast of the time, and for the general Bible student, this work contains a helpful series of articles.

The Spirit of God. By the Rev. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN. 12mo, pp. 246. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.25.

This is a book of doctrine, written by an eminent evangelist, upon the theme which breathes in all his preaching. He has undertaken to set forth the biblical truth with regard to the Spirit of God, stating his conclusions—which are the conclusions of old-fashioned, orthodox Christianity—but not undertaking to meet objections to them. Some difficult and abstruse matters are boldly undertaken, as in the chapters on "The

Personality of the Spirit" and "The Relation of the Spirit to the Trinity," but the treatment is for the encouraging of believers, not the convincing of unbelievers; and to its devout, believing readers it is satisfactory. Although the author believes heartily in the old gospel, he accepts the Revised Version, quotes it with approval, and everywhere uses the expression "Holy Spirit" in place of the old words "Holy Ghost." As a practical discussion of one of the greatest doctrines of the gospel the book will do good to many readers.

A Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study. An Analytical Synopsis of the Four Gospels. By WILLIAM ARNOLD STEVENS and ERNEST DEWITT BURTON. Third Edition, Revised. Small quarto, pp. ix, 284. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904. Price, cloth, $1.

Ten thousand books in English have already appeared in whole or in part on the Life of Christ, and despite this abundant investigation and discussion of all the things that concern the outward life of the Son of man it is clear that the life itself is better known and more deeply revered than ever before. Moreover, the present tendency is strongly toward a knowledge of the exact words and teachings of the Christ. This third revised and extended edition of A Harmony of the Gospels is one of the more excellent handbooks analyzing and combining the fourfold record of the one gospel. Candidly recognizing certain minor difficulties in exactly harmonizing the various accounts of the Lord's life, the authors have admirably displayed both wisdom and ingenuity in presenting the discourses and sayings of Jesus "both in respect to the individual unity of the reports and in respect to the parallelism of these reports one with another." The appendixes are especially helpful, and we direct particular attention to III, "On the Old Testament Quotations and Allusions in the Gospels," and VI, "On Leading Events of Jewish History between the Exile and the Fall of Jerusalem."

Christ and Progress. A Discussion of Problems of Our Time. By DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 267. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.20 net.

A series of sermons by the popular preacher in the Marble Church on Fifth Avenue, who speaks to more men, of a Sunday evening, than almost any other minister in the metropolis. He takes up such topics as "The Religion of the Fathers," "Two Unchangeable Books" (Nature and Revelation), "The Trojan Horse" (a showing up of modern attacks on the Bible, etc. We do not wonder that people like to hear this preacher's sermons and to read his writings. They are easy to follow, brightly illustrated, orthodox to the backbone, and vigorously positive in their spirit. Dr. Burrell believes in the old Bible and the old theology, and speaks out his mind.

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1905

Art. I.—THE NEW METHODIST HYMNAL—THE HYMNS

The publication of a new Hymnal for use by the two Methodist Episcopal Churches of America is, for various reasons, an event of deep interest. Perhaps hardly anything could tend more powerfully to draw these two great bodies into closer sympathy and hasten the time of that reunion which, to some Methodists at all events, seems a consummation devoutly to be wished. Nor is it merely because of this ecclesiastical influence that such a book is of importance. The contents of a Hymnal prepared as this one, by a large and representative Commission drawn from the two churches, afford no very inaccurate index of both the intellectual and the spiritual condition of Methodism in America. And its influence upon the religious life of the churches can hardly be measured. A Hymnal like this is not merely an interesting anthology, appealing to the lover of sacred verse or to the student of poetic development; it is the collection of poetry which must, in great measure, serve at once to stimulate and to direct the devotional feeling of millions of Christian men and women for the next generation. It is in song that all phases of the religious life find their most adequate utterance. Our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and our fears, our penitence and our faith, our trials and our resolves—nowhere else, save in the Scriptures only, do all these find such satisfying voice as in the Hymnal which becomes the familiar companion of our devotion. Surely no Commission could accept the duty and privilege of preparing such a book without feeling deeply—as we know this Commission have felt—the solemn responsibility imposed upon them.

But a collection of some seven hundred of the choicest specimens from the whole range of English hymnody ought to have distinctively literary interest in a high degree. It may be admitted that poetic quality does not always seem to be requisite to carry a hymn into popular favor. Many a hymn widely sung for a time hardly does more than give articulate expression to the vague sentiment or emotion of which music is the proper utterance, and if it were read aloud, without thought of the air to which it is fitted, would be seen at once to be vapid or almost meaningless. No such hymn should have place in a standard Hymnal. We believe that few, if any, hymns of this description have been admitted to the present collection; certainly none should have been. For, as the religious emotions which it is the office of hymns to express are allied with our most august intellectual conceptions, it is obvious that hymns ought to have high value as poetry, and many certainly have. Very little poetry has been written in the last two centuries more noble than Watts's version of the ninetieth psalm, the most august of all English hymns,

"O God, our help in ages past,"

and there is no English lyric more moving than Newman's

"Lead, kindly Light."

It may, at least, be laid down as a rule that no hymn is deserving of admission to a church Hymnal unless it can stand on its own merits as poetry and bear the test of reading aloud without music. It is only such a hymn that we can be said to "sing with the understanding."

And just here we may criticise the habit of announcing hymns from the pulpit without reading them. It is true that many ministers read so badly as to make their silence a blessing; but no man ought to be admitted to holy orders unless he can read properly the songs as well as the Scriptures of the church. Two minutes' attention to the thought of the hymn, under the leading of the minister's impressive reading, would greatly increase the devout intelligence with which the congregation then proceed to sing it. And those two minutes could be spared, if need be, from the sermon—at least from most sermons. This habit would infallibly

exclude from use any unworthy hymns that might find their way into a Hymnal; for nothing so surely detects limp, inane, or sentimental verse as to read it carefully aloud.

But, while we must insist that a hymn should have poetical quality, it may at once be admitted that the range of literary excellence possible to hymnody is comparatively narrow. This for various reasons. First, and most obviously, because a hymn is to be sung. A good hymn, though it ought to read well, *must* sing well; that is its first condition of existence. And this requirement imposes at once some limitations upon its literary quality. The thought of any poetry that is to be sung must be either already familiar or so simple as to be immediately apprehended. It may be sublime; it cannot be abstruse or involved. Poetry *not* intended to be sung, if it be of a meditative or introspective sort, may draw out a train of thought at length, or dwell and brood upon intimate phases of personal experience. Religious verse often does that with very great beauty, as, for example, in some seventeenth century poetry. Nothing could be more tender or more devout than some of pious George Herbert's quaint and subtle communings with his own gentle spirit:

"How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

"And now in age I bud again;
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell at night.

"These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride."

To remember such verses in the sessions of silent thought makes a Sabbath in the heart; but you cannot sing them. So all the most profound questions, the most anxious longings that stirred the heart of the thoughtful Christian of the mid-nineteenth century, Tennyson put into the exquisite lyrics of the "In Memoriam," but they will not consent to any other music than their own. The emotional surrender that song demands is incompatible with any discursive, subtle, or unfamiliar intellectual processes. A song may, as the proverb has it, turn out a sermon; but a sermon, though never so short, cannot turn out a song.

This requirement of simplicity and familiarity of thought rests not merely upon hymns, but upon all poetry that is to be sung, whether sacred or secular. Lyrical verse, if only it be not meant for actual singing, may be elaborate in form, luxuriant in imagery, filled with all the nicest felicities of the poet's art. The poetry of Tennyson, again, would furnish us with abundant illustration. But even his songs, like those in "The Princess," are not strictly songs for singing. Their subtle harmonies of sound and sense, their wind-like pulsings of rhythm, their delicate graces of alliteration and assonance, all combine to make their reading music; but sung, all these beauties go for nothing. A sympathetic composer may, indeed, set such a song to music—as Barnby has set the "Crossing the Bar"; but, even so, the music must be continuous throughout the poem and may best be sung by a single voice. This lyric is included in the new Hymnal; but it is very doubtful whether it has any right there. The songs that are sung by generation after generation through the centuries are of quite a different sort. What is the most permanently popular song in the English language? Nobody, I suppose, can say; but certainly we should not be far wrong in guessing "Auld Lang Syne." And it is as simple as the primer. You think you could write as good a song yourself—till you try.

There are, however, reasons why this requirement of simplicity, binding upon all song, is especially necessary in the case of the hymn. A hymn, at all events if it is to find a place in a standard church Hymnal, should not be too individual, too specialized in feeling. It is not to be read in the study or

closet; it is the utterance of united devotion, and must, therefore, have a certain large plainness of manner that fits it to be sung by the great congregation. But the most imperative reason for simplicity both of thought and form is found in the fact that a hymn is the expression of man's relation, not to his fellow man, but to his Maker. Four fifths of all good hymns are directly addressed to the Deity, in adoration or supplication, and when not of this form they are always felt to be sung with a special consciousness of his presence; they are the voice of worship. The very first requisite of a hymn, therefore, is that absolute and reverent sincerity which forbids all embellishment, all studied ordering of phrase. In the secular lyric the poet is uttering his passion, his love, or joy, or grief, *to us*. He may very properly, therefore, dwell upon his emotion, set it in all alluring or inspiring charms of phrase; he may summon before our imagination those objects and scenes that have a subtle kinship with our emotions, till his very imagery seems to melt into feeling. But to the writer of hymns all this is forbidden. He is not striving to arouse emotion, but to express it. He is not speaking to men, but to God; which makes all the choicest beauties of speech wherewith an earthly passion may clothe itself seem irrelevant and impertinent. The imagery of a hymn, therefore, while it may be sublime, must be simple, drawn from those familiar, if august, conceptions into which we spontaneously fashion our thought of the highest things. A figure, if it seem to be the plainest expression of the sheer sublimity of a thought, may often be very impressive in a hymn, as when Watts—the loftiest thoughted of hymnists—says:

> "The voice that rolls the stars along
> Speaks all the promises,"

lines which naturally suggest the last stanza of Wordsworth's great Ode to Duty. On the other hand, the very worst possible fault in a hymn is a strained or rhapsodical manner. Here, for example, are two stanzas from a hymn in our former Hymnal that have been very highly praised. I suppose they are addressed to the angels:

> "Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
> Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
> Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
> Symphonious in his presence play.

"Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star."

The first two stanzas of this hymn purport to sing the joy of pardoned sin; but the flamboyant rhetoric of the lines quoted gives an air of affectation and insincerity to the whole. The revisers have wisely omitted it. Almost as bad is any imagery that is trivial, careless, or grotesque; and yet a great deal of such imagery may get into popular hymns. Thousands of devout people have sung and still will sing this quatrain; but can they have interpreted in imagination its grotesque conception?

"This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

To repeat such lines as these surely is not to sing with the understanding. It is to be regretted that the revisers have not dropped this stanza.

It goes without saying that the metrical form of most hymns must be simple. If the hymn be written in some very peculiar form of stanza then it must have its tune written specially for it. This, it is true, may bring the hymn at once into popular and lasting favor, if the tune be a good one, like either of the two —by Dykes and Sullivan—for Newman's "Lead, kindly Light;" but, on the other hand, the failure to find a fit tune may condemn a very good hymn to undeserved obscurity.

When we consider how narrow is the range of literary effects possible to a hymn, and how exacting are the conditions imposed upon both its thought and its form, it is not surprising that the number of hymns having high literary value is comparatively small. To write a really good hymn, that shall be chaste yet not prosaic, dignified yet not bald, sublime or pathetic and yet spontaneous and inevitable in phrase—this is one of the most difficult things in the world. Or say, rather, it is one of the rarest. For a good hymn cannot be made to order simply by taking pains enough. No other form of composition so imperatively demands the inspiration of special emotional impulse. Yet, in the long run, it is only some distine-

tively literary quality that can insure to any hymn permanent life and usefulness. No soundness of doctrine, no sincerity of purpose will suffice without that fusion of feeling and phrase, that indefinable power of appeal which lifts the verse into poetry.

It is the lack of this genuinely poetic quality that explains and justifies the omission from this new Hymnal of considerably more than half the hymns contained in the old ones on which it is based. Of the 1,127 hymns in the former Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church only 463 are retained; 53 more are taken from the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; making in all only 516 out of the whole number—about 1,350—contained in the two former collections. But the most of the large number omitted were made up of pious pedestrian verse that had never made any strong appeal to the church or become endeared by frequent usage. We believe that few if any of them will be generally missed. The exclusion of many of Charles Wesley's hymns may be justified for such reasons. For, while Wesley wrote some of the very best hymns in the language, he certainly also wrote a good many very poor ones. Producing, it is said, over 6,500 hymns, or on an average about three a week for over forty years, it was inevitable that the most of them should be worthless as literature. He never penned doggerel, or fustian, or nonsense; but he did write a vast deal of good, honest, practical religious prose, with capital letters and rhyming syllables properly interspersed. As the bishops say in their Preface, the hymns of the Wesleys still have the prominent place in this Hymnal, as they certainly should in any Methodist collection; yet the number of Charles Wesley's hymns has been reduced from 308 in the former book to 110 in this one. It is probable that a selection based strictly upon merit, and not influenced by denominational preference, would further reduce this number to about 75. Even this is a large body of permanently valuable hymns to be written by one man; the work of Watts will furnish hardly so many that can be said to be sure of survival. But in a standard Hymnal a little of the best is better than a great deal of the mediocre; and we think the Commission have acted wisely in excluding everything which did not seem to have some claim to lasting literary merit. Doubtless, individuals will regret the

absence of old favorites endeared by some special personal association; doubtless, also, by the two-thirds vote of the Commission, some new ones were admitted that will not prove worthy, after the test of usage, of the place accorded them. It is true, too, that, in response to what was thought to be the demand of the prayer and social meeting, a few—a very few—hymns have been included that are commended rather by their temporary familiarity than by any content of abiding thought or inspiration. Yet, on the whole, it is believed that the candid critic will, in most instances, approve the judgment of the Commission, both for what they have abandoned and for what they have kept.

But, while lack of literary quality is the most frequent cause of exclusion, it occasionally happens that a hymn otherwise excellent, and perhaps long familiar, is unfit for general use because it is the expression of some doubtful phase of religious experience; it may be of a temporary morbid mood or of some depressed and mournful view of life. When the affections good Dr. Watts tendered to Miss Elizabeth Singer were declined by that lady, the doctor went home and wrote the thoroughly morbid stanzas beginning,

"How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare,"

and ending,

"My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

We may suppose the doctor's prayer was answered; for he remained a bachelor all his days. But surely it would be both ludicrous and a little wicked for a full-voiced, healthy congregation to stand up and sing these lines. The closing injunction of the second stanza is distinctly unchristian:

"We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight."

So, I think, pious John Newton's hymn,

"Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free,"

teaches a false and narrow conception of religious experience. It sanctions that unwholesome ascetic temper which, by confusing two entirely different meanings of the phrase "the world," condemns half the innocent and rational joys of life. We need rather to remember that all things are ours if we be Christ's. A few hymns, like these two, have been dropped principally on account of something false or unwholesome in their teaching; but only a few. For praise is catholic. It is in their songs that all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity are most truly at one. The best hymns are of no narrow creed or sect. When, some thirty years ago, the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church was revised, the editors inserted many hymns new to Methodist usage. It is significant that of these new hymns then adopted the two that have proved most popular—at least within the observation of the present writer—were written, the one by a devout Roman Catholic, Father Faber's

"Faith of our fathers, living still,"

and the other by a devout Quaker, the stanzas from Whittier's "Our Master," beginning,

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps."

The most rigid orthodoxy is not likely to be disturbed by remembering that

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

and

"In the cross of Christ I glory,"

were both written by Unitarians. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and the songs of the heart are often truer than the creed of the head.

The selection of new hymns was made after a careful examination not only of the stores of hymnody, ancient and modern, but of a large body of other lyric poetry. The greater number of these new hymns are already more or less familiar from their use in other collections and have proved their value. Of those less familiar it is impossible to tell before trial how many will commend themselves to general acceptance in the church; but it may be said with confidence that nothing merely commonplace or trivial has been admitted; nothing, it is believed, unworthy the usage of

an evangelical church. It might, perhaps, have been desired that the Commission had drawn a little more largely upon the hymnody of the last half century. No hymns, it is true, will ever embody the central truths of our Christianity more effectively than many of the old familiar ones have done; but it is characteristic of the best modern sacred lyrics that they often seem to represent more faithfully than the older ones the spiritual conditions and ideals of our life to-day. For though the essential motives and experiences of the Christian life remain unchanged through the centuries, its particular duties and trials vary with the age; the emphasis of its belief and feeling alters. The modern hymns, if less theological in content and less scriptural in phrase, are more human, warm with a personal love for the Master, filled with an eager desire to do his work in all the common ways of life. Ignoring the factitious distinction between sacred and secular things, they realize more fully the comprehensiveness of the true Christian life, and so touch a wider range of feelings and inspire a more varied activity. Hymns like those of Whittier, Gill, Stanley, Ellerton, Monsell, Hosmer, Miss Waring—to mention names almost at random—while not too individual for congregational use, strike an intimate personal note and come close to our daily work and need. In particular they often give moving utterance to the conception of Christian duty in its larger human relations; the desire, not so much to gain, or even to be, as to serve, and help, and love. Such a hymn, for example as No. 411, Washington Gladden's

> "O Master, let me walk with thee
> In lowly paths of service free;
> Tell me thy secret; help me bear
> The strain of toil, the fret of care,"

is really expressive of a different type of religious character and experience from that most frequently embodied in eighteenth century hymns. A number of most excellent hymns of this type, new to Methodist Hymnals, may be found in the sections entitled "Activity and Zeal" and "Trust and Confidence."

The field of sacred verse has been gleaned so closely of late that it is extremely difficult to find any lyrics suitable for use in worship that have not already been included in some recent collec-

tion. The Commission have, however, ventured to introduce a few not, so far as we know, hitherto used in the song of the church. Of these some of the most noteworthy are four stanzas from Tennyson's Prologue to the "In Memoriam," forming No. 139,

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

Mrs. Browning's beautiful lines, No. 504,

"Since without Thee we do no good,"

J. G. Holland's Christmas song, No. 112,

"There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!"

No. 407, Maltbie D. Babcock's

"Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,"

No. 451, Dean Alford's

"My bark is wafted to the strand,"

and No. 745, Sidney Lanier's

"Into the woods my Master went."

Most of these new hymns have been fitted with new music by the musical editors of the Hymnal. A few hymns also have been written expressly for the book, one of the best of these being No. 14, Richard Watson Gilder's

"To thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!"

Probably the verdict of the impartial critic will be that, both in what they have excluded and in what they have admitted, the Commission have been over cautious rather than over radical. Such a large body, drawn from all sections of the country and representing various forms of religious work and experience, was sure to be conservative. The individual editor is always in danger of taking his own appreciation, perhaps his own prejudice, as a measure of general value. Probably not a single member of the Commission is entirely content with the finished book. Every man misses things he earnestly wished to see included, and regrets the presence of some hymns he deems undesirable or unfit. Yet no one man could have made a collection so likely to satisfy the varied wishes and needs of the Methodist millions who are to use it as the volume now before us.

The selection of hymns is only the first step, though doubtless the most important one, in the preparation of a Hymnal. Questions as to text next arise, and they are often very puzzling. For no kind of poetry has been altered, mended, tinkered, so much as hymns have. Yet in many cases it would be unwise and pedantic to attempt to restore the original text. When an amended version has received the approval of long usage it is commonly an improvement. Some surprisingly unwise attempts at restoration may be found in recent Hymnals. For example, in the new edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," issued a few months ago, the first lines of Charles Wesley's hymn,

> "Hark, the herald angels sing,
> 'Glory to the newborn King,'"

are printed

> "Hark, how all the welkin rings
> Glory to the King of kings."

This, to be sure, is what Charles Wesley originally wrote; but the lines were changed to their present familiar form by Martin Madan, one of Wesley's most musical preachers, during the lifetime of Charles Wesley himself, and probably with his approval, being printed in their improved form in Wesley's later editions. At any rate, to change them now, after a century and a half of use, is worse than folly. We acquire a certain right in any form sung for generations, and no editor should attempt to dispossess us. The simple rule adopted by the Commission is the only safe one to follow in revising a Hymnal. They have taken the text of the former Hymnals of the two churches as a *textus receptus*, to be changed only where there is some unquestionable necessity. When, however, changes from an author's reading have been made too recently to have established themselves, when they are purely arbitrary, or capricious, or manifestly accidental, the proper version should, of course, be restored. And the number of such instances in any collection is likely to be considerable. For some of them the copyist and the proof reader are responsible. For example, in the former edition of our Hymnal—which was, in general, very carefully edited—a line in the hymn No. 197, from Whittier's "Our Master," was printed

"And faith has yet its Olivet,"

making a jingling interior rhyme which Whittier would not have allowed. He wrote

"And faith has still its Olivet."

It is possible that the editors of thirty years ago thought by their change to correct the unpleasant sibilation "has still"; but, if so, they exchanged one fault for another and a worse one. One may wish that Whittier had written "hath still"; but surely no editor should presume to impose that reading upon him. Occasionally such editorial changes seem entirely capricious. Thus in Pierpont's hymn, No. 36 of the old collection, a line in the last stanza,

"The lyre of prophet bards was strung,"

was changed, for no discoverable reason, to

"The holy prophet's harp was strung."

Sometimes a variation at first apparently accidental is generally followed, but has no claim for retention. Thus in nearly all the Hymnals the third line of one stanza in Addison's noble hymn,

"When all thy mercies, O my God,"

begins with the conjunction "But":

"Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise."

Addison, however, wrote "For":

"For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise."

The slight change in meaning produced by the substitution of "But" is a change for the worse; yet it has generally been followed. A much more serious change from Addison's text is found in a previous stanza as it is given in most Hymnals. Addison wrote:

"Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew."

But the adjective "glorious" has very generally been changed to "pleasing":

"And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew;"

which is certainly flat enough—reminding one of five o'clock tea. All errors of this sort that the careful scrutiny of the editors could detect have, of course, been corrected. It may be noticed in passing, for the satisfaction of all lovers of Addison, that one stanza of his hymn, omitted in most collections, is here restored to its proper place—a stanza full of Christian gratitude and admirably characteristic of the temper of Addison:

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy."

It is quite possible that here again the Commission may have been over cautious in correcting changes due to caprice or misjudgment when those changes have been sanctioned by the usage of a generation. Thus that noble hymn of Henry Kirke White's, No. 151 of the former Hymnal, suffered greatly from the finical timidity of the editors of the 1849 Hymn Book. The strong and simple phrase of its opening line,

"The Lord our God is full of might,"

was changed, for no good reason, to

"The Lord our God is clothed with might."

A following stanza ran, in White's original,

"Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest."

But that initial verb "Howl" seemed too noisy to the quiet-minded editors, and the line was softened and weakened into

"Ye winds of night, your force combine,"

thus letting most of the vigor out of the stanza. Yet the present editors decided to retain both these readings, while correcting some less arbitrary variations in the last stanza. So, too, the

triumphant note that opens Charles Wesley's glorious funeral hymn,

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain,"

fifty years ago was flattened into mere condolence by changing it to

"Weep not for a brother deceased,"

and the present editors did not dare to restore it. The recent Hymnal of our British Wesleyan brethren prints the line as it should be. As for making new variations from an author's text, it is only in a very few instances that the Commission have ventured to take that doubtful risk; and then only when some decided advantage could be secured by a very slight change. For example, one line in the last stanza of John Wesley's translation from Gerhardt,

"Jesus, thy boundless love to me,"

was ruined by a single prosaic and commercial word:

"And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that *important* hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died."

The editors change the line to

"O Jesus, in that solemn hour,"

and thus preserve the tone of the stanza.

The editors of a Hymnal are sure to be confronted by the practical question, Shall a good hymn be so abridged as to reduce it to four or five stanzas? It is urged that congregations do not usually wish to sing more than that; while, if the selection of stanzas from a long hymn be left to the careless or hasty or ill-judged decision of the minister, the hymn is likely to suffer far worse than it would if printed in a form shortened by judicious and well-considered omissions. Of course there can be no definite rule in the matter; but lovers of hymnody will agree that the Commission have gone quite far enough in their endeavors to reduce all hymns to a moderate length. One is inclined to protest against the ruthless chopping down of hymns to suit the laziness of choir, congregation, or minister. If the hymn be a good one it will do the congregation no harm to sing, on occasion, six or even eight stanzas.

It takes about thirty-five seconds to sing a long meter stanza in ordinary time; the preacher ought not to begrudge us that. In general a larger place should certainly be given to the hymns and other distinctively worshipful parts of the Sabbath service than they now receive in the nonritualistic churches. The average New England child, if asked why he goes to church on Sunday, would probably answer, not, "To worship God," but, "To hear the minister"—which is quite another thing.

The success and usefulness of the Hymnal will probably depend quite as much upon its music as upon its verse. How well the important and delicate task of marrying every hymn to its fitting tune has been performed we leave for a more competent critic to decide; but we predict with some confidence that the poetry of these hymns will be pronounced of high average excellence. If the selection is smaller than that of previous Hymnals it is more choice. Let the reader test the book for himself. Opening its pages at random, the lines his eye first falls upon will almost certainly be either some hymn consecrated by long usage and endeared by old association, or, if less familiar, some genuinely poetic utterance of the reverence, aspiration, or desire of a thoughtful Christian experience. Turning the pages, he will find nothing mean, vapid, or merely pretty; but a body of religious verse fitted to live in the memory and to comfort the hours of quiet devotion as well as to inspire the ardor of united worship.

C. J. Winchester

Art. II.—THE NEW METHODIST HYMNAL—THE MUSIC

It is a significant fact that the chief editions of the new Hymnal are those with tunes. When, nearly a generation ago, the last previous revision of the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church was undertaken, not a stroke of work on the edition with music was done until the word edition was completed. Then, handicapped by a numbered arrangement that prevented the best musical results in many cases, an edition with tunes was prepared for those that wanted such a book. We may note it as a distinct advance in the esteem in which congregational singing is held that this method would be considered preposterous in the year of grace 1905. In all Protestant churches in America to-day certainly the Hymnals are primarily books for the people to sing out of. Whatever grounds for pessimism may be discovered in the present status of church music, here at least is a definite cause for thanksgiving.

It is not necessary at this time to analyze the reasons that have produced this gratifying result. Better and more universal music teaching in the public schools; a general advance in musical culture and taste throughout the country; the example and influence of certain churches in which music plays an especially important part in the service; the habit of having a book in hand, which was so greatly fostered by the evangelistic movements under Moody and Sankey and their successors—these may be mentioned as some of the contributing causes. Recognizing the fact, it was, therefore, with one consent that the Hymnal Commission labored from the start to prepare a book the practical use of which in singing should be the first, the controlling idea throughout the entire progress of the work. There are, of course, to be had of the publishing agents various styles or editions with words only, for the benefit of those who can't sing, or won't sing, or prefer a smaller handful to hold, or who enjoy the devotional exercise of reading hymns, a laudable habit which it may be feared is to-day rather more honored in the breach than in the observance. But the book is in purpose, and it is earnestly hoped it will prove in result, a book from which to sing. Yet the preparation of a singing book is not

without its peculiar difficulties. In music, preëminently, individual taste is extremely capricious; and matters of taste are proverbially beyond argument. Therefore the editors have felt that they must retain not only many old and familiar tunes that are good, but also some that are not so good, especially when long use with certain hymns has led to a sentiment akin to the solemn warning in the marriage ceremony that what God hath joined together no man shall put asunder. Martyn, though monotonous, and inclined to drag heavily, must still stand above "Jesus, Lover of my soul"; Cleansing Fountain, tedious as are its high-pitched repetitions, must be set to "There is a fountain filled with blood"; and Lucas must still do for "Come, let us anew our journey pursue." There is also a large body of noble tunes, relatively new, at any rate, but scantily represented in our standard Methodist Hymnals of the past generation, which must find due recognition, having indeed already come to the knowledge of our churches through many comparatively recent books, through the Sunday school, the union service, and in various other ways; tunes which the church at large has learned and which we too, therefore, must sing. Familiar examples are Canonbury, Crusader's Hymn, Doane, Evening Prayer, Flemming, Hesperus, Holy Trinity, Lancashire, Saint Edmund, We March to Victory, and a host of others as well known as these. Again, the different branches of Methodism frequently have different favorite tunes for the same hymn, both of which must be used if everybody is to be content. For example, Avon and Communion are equally necessary to the hymn "Forever here my rest shall be."

Nor have the musical editors escaped the special difficulties due to conceit, prejudice, or misunderstanding which ever assail an editorial sanctum. Ancient and modern tunes, original or threadbare, have been offered and suggested by parties who apparently misjudged their merits. Opposition to the revision based on a misapprehension of its character has been spread here and there. Anxiety for fear the book would be too large with the arrangement of tunes which had been adopted arose in certain quarters. How little basis there was for this may easily be seen from a few representative comparisons. The new Hymnal is designed to meet the wants of the largest existing Protestant constituency.

It has, counting all the Chants and Occasional Pieces at the end, 748 numbers, making 532 pages. The new Presbyterian Hymnal has 632 pages; Sursum Corda, 654; In Excelsis, 741; the Church Hymnal, 852; and the new English Wesleyan Hymnal, 933. The treatment of the matter of the so-called "spiritual songs," known in common parlance as "pennyroyals," has kept up its share of excitement. At first it was decided to place them all in a supplement, to be omitted from some editions, so that those wishing to take their regular Hymnal straight could have their preference gratified. The proposed supplement, however, would infallibly have contained some matter which would not only have added scant credit to the book, but also would have been of little practical satisfaction to the champions of such songs. For it was never proposed to include any new material to speak of; and that sort of song fades early in life, losing, as a rule, its peculiar vitality. Those wishing to use these melodies want them fresh and vigorous, ever new; and in the nature of the case a Hymnal that is expected to be a standard book for the next generation cannot have a new batch every fall for the opening of the season. But after the typographers had begun their work it was finally agreed to annihilate the supplement as such, pick out the best of the "spiritual songs," and insert them here and there in the body of the book. Under these conditions we are therefore to have some twenty-five or thirty of them, a few of which, though they have perhaps served useful purposes in their day, may in some quarters be challenged as to their right to occupy a permanent position in this dignified company. With such problems the Commission and the editors have wrestled bravely, having evolved certain principles and followed them as consistently as possible, with the results to be stated:

1. Every hymn should have a separate tune printed with it, adapted to it as well as possible. No pages made up of several hymns, all set to a single tune at the top, or even on the opposite page (as occurs in our old book), will be found. Under the former arrangement it was likely that some of the hymns would be poorly suited to the tune. Furthermore, the present plan gives opportunity not only for more tunes, but also for more repetitions of

good tunes, thus adding to their chances of being sung, through increased familiarity. The best tunes, like all good friends, improve on acquaintance.

2. In many cases two or more tunes should be set to one hymn, a verse of the hymn being printed between the musical staves of every such alternate tune. This idea of offering a choice of tunes is extensively used in several of the best and most recent Hymnals, and the practice is advisable for several reasons. Sometimes different sections of the church are especially fond of different settings. Sometimes particularly fine settings of certain hymns have been made by master composers, which ought to be open to the choice of the individual congregation or of those who direct their preferences in tunes. So, for example, two of the greatest and most popular composers of suitable tunes for church worship, Joseph Barnby and John Bacchus Dykes, both tried their skill on the beautiful hymn "Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling"; and both products should be available. Again, some hymns and some classes of hymns are much sung at certain times in the Christian year by large congregations which, in many instances, are composed mostly of children. The annual recurrence of the Christmas and Easter festivals has come to mean a special search for beauty and variety, and even novelty, for the more public and elaborate services of the time; and weeks or months of drill are given to learning new music. By having several tunes for some of the hymns most apt to be used on these occasions the freshness and attractiveness of the book are much enhanced and its acceptability to the younger portion of the church increased, a most important matter if we are to train up our younger generation to love good hymns and tunes rather than religious and musical balderdash. An example of the setting of a Christmas hymn to three new tunes especially prepared for it may be seen in J. G. Holland's well-known "There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky!" Still more frequent is the case where a good hymn has long been sung to a certain intrinsically rather inferior tune, of which many churches, and a still larger number of individuals, have begun to weary, but which it would not do to eliminate, because of its precious associations in the thoughts of vast numbers of Christians. It will be many years

before anybody asked in a prayer meeting to start "Nearer, my God, to thee" will fail to think first of old Bethany; and, indeed, this will be sung by the majority of people to that hymn for a long time to come. But Bethany is not the only good tune for it; and it will be a relief to many to have the opportunity to use some other setting on occasion. A parallel case is the association of "Jesus, Lover of my soul" with Martyn. But many a singer's throat has ached over Martyn, and wished its monotonous and repetitious cadences might be displaced by something really beautiful and worthy of being wedded to the matchless hymn. There is nothing divinely inspired about Martyn, and those who were brought up to sing these words to Hollingside feel the same devotion to that. For their benefit this tune is also inserted; and for those who are willing to use the best means at their command there has been added the beautiful and touching tune made for it by Barnby, one of the musical gems of the entire collection. "In Excelsis" has four tunes for this hymn. In cases of this kind a gradual familiarity with the better tunes may in time lead the masses to love them to the exclusion of the worse, a most desirable consummation.

3. No tune in either of the present Hymnals which would be greatly missed should be omitted unless it is radically bad, and even then a concession should usually be made to the general desire. As a result of this principle, about 250 of the tunes in the new book are old tunes which have been used for a generation or more by the two churches. This fact ought at once to drive dull care from any heart that has cherished sadness for fear its old favorites would be missing. They are all there, practically: some 45 old long meter tunes, 58 common meters, 21 short meters, and so on down the list. Of course some have been adjudged wanting which somebody may like; but the proportion of tunes retained is far greater than that of the hymns. Our old book had about 420 tunes for 1,100 hymns. Only about one third of the old hymns remain; but much more than half of the tunes are still with us. Some of these old stand-bys are not any longer universal favorites, for example, Cleansing Fountain, Lovingkindness, Sessions, Emmons, Ortonville, Nashville, Fillmore, Lischer, Harwell, Amsterdam, and

the like. But to many hearts they are very dear; and they will long be called for occasionally, in some cases constantly. Many of these older tunes are repeated over and over again in the book, such as Azmon, Arlington, Uxbridge, Dennis, Greenwood, Manoah, Mornington, Naomi, Simpson, and others. There will be no lack of familiar music from the start.

4. The best of the tunes that have come into vogue in other churches, as well as our own, during the last quarter of a century, and are now found in all the leading standard Hymnals, should be incorporated. To secure these tunes many excellent books have been much handled by the Commission and the editors, including the Presbyterian Hymnal, the Church Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church, In Excelsis, the Sursum Corda of the Baptist Church, the new Laudes Domini, the Church Hymnary, the Evangelical Hymnal, Plymouth Hymnal, the collections of Barnby and Stainer, Calvary Hymnal, the new Wesleyan Methodist Hymnal, and numerous others, with the result that about two hundred tunes have been culled from this vast amount of excellent material, representing, it is believed, the very best that the modern church has in its possession. Prominent among these valuable accessions must naturally be the product of that remarkable school of English tune writers, the last of whom has but recently passed away, best represented by Barnby, Dykes, Stainer, Sullivan, Smart, Wesley, Monk, and Hopkins. A few of their best tunes had already crept into the book we have been so long using; but a much larger bulk of them was either unborn or at least little known when that book was made. Barnby's sweet and sympathetic harmonies have been more liberally chosen than any other man's. Dykes's even more virile and undying compositions have been largely used. Now and then a gem of that noble musician, John Stainer, has been picked from his often grave and sometimes more difficult settings. Sullivan has furnished several of the most effective specimens of his irresistible rhythm. The other composers are all duly represented. Of course there is a host of the more recent names among English and American composers whose work has been employed in greater or less degree, while arrangements from some of the great masters occasionally appear.

A catalogue of names of some of the best of these new tunes could easily be made; but it would be hard to know when to stop. Abends, Ancient of Days, Angel Voices, Beatitudo, Beloit, Crucifer, Cutler, Dunstan, Green Hill, Keble, Laudes Domini, Nativity, Saint Bees, Saint Chrysostom, Saint Kevin, Saint Theodulph, Sawley, Soho, Westcott, and many others, are sure to become very popular, so popular that if rightly used they can easily crowd out the inferior ditties with which our people, young and old, have been so insidiously attacked. It is interesting, in passing, to note a novel feature in the more modern tunes. After the day of the old-fashioned fugues and rather unmelodious minors of our fathers, such as are nowadays sometimes heard in old folks' concerts, there came a period of reaction under which we have been for at least fifty years, when we have lived on a more simple, not to say thin, musical pabulum, dominated quite largely by the major third among the masses of the people, and almost never indulging in a minor tune of any kind, or even a minor phrase. Two or three minors, to be sure, still stood on the pages of our Hymnal, but their use was scanty. Shawmut has been steadily kept in commission by some ministers; and Ewing (set to "Jerusalem the Golden"), with its rapid alterations between the major and the minor mode, has been in places very familiar and popular. But about here the story ends. The new school of tune writers, however, is less shy of a minor chord or progression; sometimes a hymn lends itself most naturally by its tone and sentiment to this style. We have a few noteworthy examples of the minor tune in the new book, such as the plaintive Aber and the beautiful Saint Cross. Indeed, a study of the evolution of the form, and the prevailing style of harmony, of the modern hymn tune would be interesting on occasion.

5. A certain number of original tunes, either composed especially for this book or never regularly hitherto published, should appear in a new standard Hymnal, thus increasing the general store of music available for the church universal as our contribution to the rest of the world, which has freely given us of its musical riches. The task of obtaining and sifting such new material is far less simple than might be imagined. It is true that a con-

siderable mass of tunes was voluntarily submitted, only a very small proportion of which proved available, for a variety of reasons. A more promising source was found in the practical musicians of some of our churches, whose long choir experience had taught them what a hymn tune must be to satisfy the demands of the choir, the people, and the critic. A few of these experienced leaders, with other persons known to the editors or other members of the Commission, furnished a small number of tunes. Then recourse was had to a financial inducement, a printed list of some twenty hymns being sent out requesting settings to be submitted and offering a fair price for those accepted. But the response was surprisingly meager. Most musicians seem to feel that it is a good deal easier to know a good and singable tune than to make it. Some valuable material, indeed, was received in response to this request, from such well-known composers as Henry M. Dunham, John Spencer Camp, and Alfred Wathall (a former pupil, by the way, of Dean Lutkin), the latter of whom furnished several excellent settings in which the true temper of the hymns concerned has been well caught. There were also other successful tunes submitted by several individuals, but, as is so apt to be the case, there remained a number of hymns for which tunes must be supplied by the musical editors, and the musical editors have done their best to supply such lack, with what success the church and the rest of the world must decide. Altogether, there will be some threescore original tunes in the book, a very creditable proportion in view of the scarcity of material of real value from which to choose.

6. Worthy tunes, either favorites or those that ought to become favorites, should be repeated as often as possible without crowding out more valuable material. In some cases tunes have been used three or four times. The total number of tunes repeated once or more is about one hundred and forty, or about twice the number so repeated in our old book.

7. As already indicated, the attitude to take toward the sort of tune (frequently wedded to words of doubtful eligibility to the society of really good hymns) variously denominated, "gospel song," "spiritual song," "pennyroyal," has cost the Commission a good deal of vexation of spirit; and the compromise already

described, whereby some thirty of these have been scattered through the book, is liable not entirely to suit anybody. To those that want freshness and novelty the old "stagers" that have been used will not appeal. To those who think their place is somewhere else than in the standard church Hymnal their presence there may prove a thorn in the flesh for many years. Some of them, to be sure, have rather won their recognition as permanent additions to our material for church worship, and will provoke no adverse comment by being inserted. Such, for example, are "He Leadeth Me" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Others have apparently achieved lasting popularity, like Vail's "Close to Thee," Stebbins's "True-hearted, Whole-hearted," and Doane's "Every Day and Hour." But there are still a few which some will look upon as a blemish to the book. A taking melody will sometimes "cover a multitude of sins," and lead the thoughtless to sing lustily that which has perhaps little theology and little sense. A refrain may lift a vast congregation to vaguely ecstatic heights by virtue of its mere swing, and let them drop to correspondingly low depths when it is all over and they come to inquire why they were there, and where they really were. Methodists, all of us, believe in enthusiasm. We believe religion is a great and good thing, which we may know we possess, and praise God for, with rejoicing. But Methodists should never, we shall all agree, encourage any poor sinner or feeble saint to base enthusiasm on a bubble, a rattle, or a jingle. Sound sense and true religion go hand in hand. We can afford to leave meaningless externals to Rome, and meaningless words to "Christian Science" —"falsely so called." There is doubtless a pious thought behind every one of the lighter ditties that have had such a vogue. But in cases where that thought is so imperfectly stated, or so covered up by a mere succession of absorbing and repetitious rhythms that the sound obscures or does not carry the sense, we run past a danger signal when we rush madly into a lusty refrain that may land us we know not where!

One or two matters with reference to form and arrangement should be clearly understood and deservedly appreciated. The church is to be most heartily congratulated on the fact that instead

of a small words and music edition, calculated to ruin the eye and the disposition, a fifty-cent edition of standard size, printed from the same plates as the dollar edition, is to be furnished from the start to those churches and individuals that feel the need of economy. Surely there can now be no excuse for a country church to pay thirty or thirty-five cents for a cheap collection of the latest made-to-order tinsel novelties, when for fifty cents can be obtained the regular Hymnal of the church, containing the choicest hymns in the language wedded to the noblest music of those that have been for a generation the leaders in church music.

The uniform practice is followed of having the first verse of the hymn set between the musical staves. In no case is this verse repeated below; thus the annoying confusion arising from lack of regularity in this respect will be avoided. The wish of some to have all the verses printed in the music was given careful consideration; but the practical objections are numerous, and the advantages mostly imaginary. Only one book of standard size and character has tried the experiment, and it does not seem to have proved a conspicuous success. It necessitates bad crowding of the words, and frequent confusion between verses in passing from line to line. It would often restrict the number of verses so as to spoil a fine hymn. It would render the hymn less available for reading, and would militate toward the elimination of hymn-reading in the service. Choirs do not need more than one verse so placed; and the mass of the people do not need it or care for it; as they soon learn the tunes by ear, and pay comparatively little attention to the notes. The paging figures have been made as small as possible to discourage the pernicious habit of announcing both page and hymn number, which results in needless confusion.

It remains to inquire what principles should govern the reception of the book by the church. The answer is: First, catholicity of spirit. In such a book there must be some things for every man (editors included) to dislike, since it is supposed to suit, at least in part, all localities and all tastes. A Hymnal calculated to serve not less than twenty millions of people, from Eastport to Los Angeles, from Blaine to Key West, and over nobody knows what remote islands of the vast deep, is not the easiest thing to prepare,

but the labors of the Commission will surely be accepted with a generous and broad-minded willingness to magnify the progress thus achieved toward the unification of Methodism, and to minify the faults due to sectional, educational, or other divergence of tastes. Secondly, pastor and people should resolve to use the book as it stands, thoroughly and well, for a time long enough to permit an intimate acquaintance with it, before any final judgment is made upon its merits and demerits. How long a time that may be will depend upon many circumstances, of course; in general, I should say few churches could hope to have any real familiarity with the new material in less than a couple of years. After a quarter of a century, and over, of our recent standard Hymnal, there are many tunes, some of them among the choicest and grandest in the book, still totally unfamiliar to hundreds of our congregations because opportunity to know them has never been afforded the people. In some cases they were set to hymns rarely called for. In others timidity on the part of the pastor, or inertia or incapacity in pulpit or choir gallery, buried these talents in a napkin. Let us vow that this history shall not be repeated with the new book, and let us hope for a faithful, enthusiastic trial of all the tunes as fast as opportunity permits. There is a great variety of musical riches here, the grave and the gay, the hard and the easy, the strong and the gentle, the festival and the funeral types. With only fifty-two Sundays in the year, the pastor must be up and doing to avail himself of this variety within a reasonable time. Neither can one usually tell by merely looking at the page how the tune will go when sung, any more than he can tell by the looks of a new dish how it will taste. Of course some of the musically educated can read the music intelligently without hearing it; but even they can tell better what is to be the success of a tune when it is tested. Again, the tunes should be used as set to the hymns. Probably the pernicious habit of turning over to some other part of the book for a tune preferred for a given hymn has largely disappeared from our churches. But wherever and whenever the temptation to do this is met it should be steadfastly resisted. The setting of these hymns to certain tunes has been made a matter of much study and careful discrimination; and the earnest effort that

has been put forth to fit words to music should be given a respectful consideration. On this principle an unbiased trial should be given to the more unfamiliar tunes set to hymns hitherto commonly sung to other music, or to hymns where more familiar tunes are still retained as alternates. The best is none too good for us, and we must ever look for the chance to secure this, unblinded by mere prejudice. Of course a rational conservatism is always worthy of respect; but we should beware of that sort of conservatism exemplified in the tale of a man asked whether he was in favor of a proposed bill abolishing capital punishment. "No!" he replied emphatically; "hanging was good enough for my ancestors, and it is good enough for me!"

It is a common experience to see a pastor so fond of a certain few familiar tunes that he deals them out in turn, round and round again, to his people, without inquiring whether their taste is as limited as his own. He is like a father of a family who should be so fond of bread and butter himself that, without consulting the tastes of the other members of the family, calling respectively for beefsteak, lobster salad, doughnuts, or pie, he autocratically orders, three times a day, a meal of bread and butter only for the whole family. And if the pastor does this, what can his great family do? The wise pastor will try to please his choir and all the different classes of his people, as well as himself, and to lead all these different elements to work together to enjoy using all that is good, each at its proper time. For it is the most ruinous musical heterodoxy to imagine that the masses of the people cannot or will not learn good music, music of character, music even not always the simplest. Experience, where the trial has been faithfully made, has abundantly proved the contrary. Of course the very simplest melodies are most quickly caught up and remembered. So is milk most easily digested by babes. But babes are encouraged after a time of milk diet to try something of a little more solid nature, and by degrees they come to prefer in the main the heartier food. Now, there are milk, meat, and confectionery in the new Hymnal. The people can and will enjoy all these varieties of musical food if they are properly encouraged to try them. They will never obtain much nourishment by keeping their mouths shut and watching others.

It will take a little longer to become thoroughly at home on the stronger diet; but a gentle yet firm and patient persistence will convince any company of singers that they can enjoy singing the best music in the new book. The greatest care must be taken not to debauch the taste by too much confectionery. It grieves one to see any child growing up to care only for novel reading. It is equally disheartening to see anybody, or any church, grow up into the notion that nothing is palatable but sugar-coated musical pills. To the pastor is committed in this realm the welfare of many souls—no trifling responsibility. Let him not suppose that he can know a tune by not singing it. Let him not be discouraged when he tries it the first time and no such volume of sound rolls up as when he gives out Boylston, Dennis, or Coronation. But let him try it many times, and familiarity will suddenly be achieved—the kind of familiarity that does not breed contempt. If a minister insists on picking out old favorites all the time, just because he thinks they will "go," without exerting himself to think carefully what is the most exactly appropriate at each service, he is indulging laziness and timidity, and shirking a great responsibility. And if he decides offhand that this or that tune will never be generally sung he is displaying the arrogance of ignorance. Let him study the Hymnal, test it in actual use, and repeated use, and prove all things that are good. It is a bad practice for a minister to turn the selection of hymns entirely over to the chorister, as if they were not an essential part of the service and any hymn would fit in well with any discourse. He should insist on giving abundant opportunity to choir and congregation to try all tunes repeatedly, on variety, and on intelligent experience to educate personal taste.

And it is the personal enthusiasm—if he has it, the personal magnetism—of the minister that, if brought into play, will make carelessness on the part of the people become interest, and interest ripen into enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that will carry a whole congregation on the crest of a mighty wave of sacred song. In the largest colored Methodist church in the city of Washington I heard a minister give out an unfamiliar hymn before a large audience. After he had acted himself as precentor for the first verse and the tune lagged, and few sang, did he give it up, and suggest another number? Not

a bit of it! With a cheerful and encouraging word of exhortation, he began the same verse over again; and he kept at it till the congregation was heartily singing. If you can't do that yourself, somebody can do it for you. Don't be afraid of a little repetition of that sort; perseverance is what makes things go. Various methods for teaching new tunes may be employed, if a little thought is devoted to it. A few selected tunes may be repeated for a number of Sundays till well known, nothing else being used meanwhile. Sometimes the choir could take up a tune at some point in the service, and by singing it through as an anthem a few times help get it into the heads of the people. If the organist is of the right kind he could use its melody as a theme for varied improvised repetitions to the same end. And there are occasions where the old-fashioned method of lining out a hymn and tune might be most effective. With a willing leader and a willing congregation, any tune in the book may be learned and sung mightily in a few minutes.

Finally, the completion of this Hymnal ought to prove the incentive to inaugurate at once a new general movement for better congregational singing in American Methodism. To listen while others make music is often helpful, and has its place in worship, if, as Professor Gow has so well said, "under its exhilaration joy becomes more transcendent, grief and penitence more poignant, consolation more compelling, and awe more impressive." But nothing in the services of the sanctuary so uplifts, inspires, and thrills with holy enthusiasm as the united volume of song when all the people join in pouring forth harmonious praises before the Lord. Grateful for what Methodists have hitherto achieved in this line, shall we not resolve to use still more intelligently and effectively the mighty power thus at our command, even when sometimes dormant, and to keep our people ever in active training for that great day when we hope all to join the enraptured choir of a hundred forty and four thousand singing the praises of Moses and of the Lamb?

Karl P. Harrington.

Art. III.—SOME DISPUTED POINTS IN ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY

American scholarship in general and the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular may well feel a just pride in the recently completed History of the Christian Church, by the eminent bishop and historian John F. Hurst. No work of such magnitude has been contributed to the science of historical theology since the appearance of Schaff's comprehensive volumes.

Goethe looked upon church history as a mass of confusion, and, contemplating for the first time the vast sweep of the ages in which darkness and light, weakness and strength, victory and defeat, pagan philosophy and divine revelation, human passions and heavenly virtues, crowns, miters, pulpits, thrones, holy martyrdoms, and dreadful apostasies from the faith are all seemingly mixed in inextricable and ever deepening confusion, many a student comes to the same conclusion and loses all hope of being able in this short life to intelligently distinguish the incessantly warring elements, or to note amid the coming and going of the centuries the gradual emergence, the development, progress, and expansion of the kingdom of God. To him church history is Milton's chaos:

> "A dark
> Illimitable ocean without bound,
> Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
> And time and place are lost; where Eldest Night
> And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
> Eternal anarchy amid the noise
> Of endless wars, and by Confusion stand."

But Vergil led Dante through the Stygian marsh to the bright light of the stars and the shimmer of the sea, and these volumes will give similar aid to the hesitating and bewildered student; for what M. Taine said of M. Thiers, "If he would write a course of political economy for street porters, I am sure he would be understood," was particularly true of Bishop Hurst. But while thus expressing our admiration for this work as a whole, we cannot give equal approval to its every part. Evidently more than one writer was engaged in its composition. And this leads us to inquire, What is

history? Sometimes we are inclined to think that what it is depends upon who writes it. Macaulay once declared that history was a compound of poetry and philosophy. Shakespeare makes clocks strike in Rome a thousand years before they were invented; he locates Bohemia on the seashore; puts a billiard table in Cleopatra's palace; makes King John and his mailed barons familiar with cannon; kills Desdemona with a pillow and then raises her from the dead for a parting word. Some historians of a poetic quality have a like faculty for making possible the impossible. Certainly they may not surpass nor equal the great poet in this respect, nor novelists like Emile Zola, who in his Lourdes affirms that the deaf and dumb recovered their sight and hearing, or Wilkie Collins, who makes the moon rise in the west, or Rider Haggard, who contrives an eclipse of a new moon. Nevertheless they sometimes show such utter disregard for facts that one is tempted to believe that Macaulay was right when he said that facts are the dross of history. And yet we cannot but admire the genius and the industry of the great historians. The world would be wretchedly poor without them, and our admiration and gratitude evidence the debt that is due those teachers and civilizers of humanity who make the future possible by keeping present a voiceful past even though we cannot commit ourselves in full confidence to their every statement. We may appreciate, for instance, the truly original work of Burnett on the Reformation, notwithstanding Pocock has pointed out its many and glaring errors. We may still praise Macaulay, though he blundered on William Penn and was unjust in fixing the blame for the Massacre of Glencoe. We may indeed admire, as we must, Froude's History of England as a work of literary art, though we know Freeman said Froude was incapable of writing history; also Carlyle's Frederick the Great, although Carlyle lacked the critical faculty for weighing evidence; and we still regard Tyerman's Wesley as the standard biography, if there is any, of the great Churchman, notwithstanding the American publishers had to insert a lengthy note to offset Tyerman's misleading statement concerning Methodist Episcopacy. Therefore with some similar reservation we may appreciate this superb account of the Christian church without accepting all

its statements as history, or all its inferences as invulnerable logic.

The chapter on the Elizabethan Settlement of the Church of England, for example, or, more specifically, that portion of it on pages 435–437 inclusive, cannot be accepted as reliable history by those who know the facts. It may be poetry; it may be, like Miss Muhlenberg's Frederick, or a recent volume of flattery, Imperator et Rex, historical romance, or it may be personal opinion, the outcome of too confident reliance upon Anglican authorities, but it is not history; it is not such history as can be sustained by the original records. Nor can we say that the writer of this chapter, who is not Bishop Hurst, nor the writer, as his style shows, of other parts of this history, has thrown any light on this subject; that he has in any degree succeeded better than his predecessors in clearing away the doubts concerning Parker's Register and the alleged consecration of Bishop Barlow. In a special treatment of such a subject one would expect to be made acquainted at least with the elements of the controversy, and that the questions at issue would be fully and impartially stated. But from a reading of these pages no one would imagine that there was ever any very serious question, vital to the church, the crown, and the nation, at stake. He would never even suspect the tremendous agitation attending the founding of the English—the Anglican—hierarchy. He would know nothing of the dilemma of the court; nothing of the flutter among the ministry of all schools; nothing of Parker's letter to Secretary of State Cecil—which we have carefully examined, and noted Cecil's reply on the margin; nothing of the necessity of an Act of Parliament only seven years after the great event of Parker's consecration declaring the legality of certain ordinations; nothing of the continuous efforts of eminent writers to dissipate the doubts attached to every shred of documentary evidence adduced to prove the genuineness of the Lambeth Register which contains the account of Parker's consecration. There is absolutely nothing here of all this. The fiery volcano has become a grassy knoll in a gentleman's park, and there never was, from the appearance of things, an earthquake shock at all. The whole question seems to be ruled out of court, or smothered

up under smooth phrase. The judge has become the pleading attorney, and instead of weighing evidence he quotes arguments from interested Anglican writers and substitutes such pleadings for a critical examination of the facts. Our purpose therefore is, in the interest of truth, to examine these arguments.

I. Our author says: "The fact of the consecration in Lambeth Chapel has been denied by some on the ground of alleged irregularities in the Lambeth Episcopal Register." This is as if one guilty of murder should be mildly accused of deficiency in self-control. The charge against the Register is not that it is "irregular," but that it is not a genuine, original document at all; that is, that it is not an authentic contemporaneous document written at the time the events it records transpired. The "irregularities" on the face of it, and the historical fact that it was never produced, though written evidences of consecration were called for, till fifty years after the events it records, notwithstanding the fact that Mason and Bramhall and Burnett and others had access to every library and archive in the kingdom, are some of the proofs, to say nothing of the changes of time in the document itself, which sustain the charge. The Register bears evidence within itself that it is of a much later date than the fact it records, and it is, therefore, not a contemporaneous, original, and genuine record of the event in behalf of which it is made to testify.

II. Again our author writes: "—— says that there were those at the time who denied the existence of the register, but the only one he quotes is Harding, . . . but we find that Harding does not refer to the register at all." Such a statement cannot be sustained without resorting to technicalities. Every writer on the subject knows that it is too sweeping. If Harding is not adopting the mode of argument employed by the early Church Father against the spurious orders of the schismatics of his day—calling for the order, the list, of their bishops by which it will be seen that they are spurious—then there is nothing clear in the English language or in human reasoning. The whole body of English ecclesiastics know that Harding was pressing Jewell to show him the order of the new consecrations, which he could not do without taking them from the Register. Jewell is not able to do this—and his

replies to his opponent are of an evasive character. And if our author had only looked at the top of page 321, vol. iii of Jewell's Apologia he would have there seen convincing proof that Harding does call for the register of consecrations, as everybody knows, for by that register he will disprove genuine episcopal succession in the newly established English hierarchy. Further, it could easily have been known that others in addition to Harding could be cited. Next to Archdeacon Haddan, the Church of England never produced a stronger defender of Anglican Orders than F. G. Lee, D.D., Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth. But this is what he concedes in his notable book, The Church under Queen Elizabeth, p. 52:

> The Lambeth Register was not publicly produced—in fact, no reference of any sort or kind, either in attack or defense, was made to it—until 1613, fifty-three years after this date of Parker's Consecration; though the new bishops had been constantly pressed to show some written proofs of their Consecration by Nicholas Sanders, William Allen, Stapleton, Bristow, Reynolds, and especially by Harding in his Confutation of Jewell's Apologia, first published only six years after Parker's Consecration, that is, 1565. Why it was not produced is, to say the least, singular if not mysterious.

Could not all these names have been cited?

III. Again, we learn from this chapter in this History of the Christian Church that the consecration of Archbishop Parker is amply attested by contemporaneous evidence and that few events in history are more certainly attested. We may admit the fact, but had our author examined all the documents in the case bearing directly on the subject he would not have been so generous with his confidence. Here, for instance, is a transcript of the Lambeth Register among the state papers (Domestic, Eliz., vol. iii, Dec., 1559) on the back of which, *and written in the same hand*, is this: "The Manner of Installment of the Archbishop of Canterbury." That same word "installment," or inauguration, occurs in one of the Latin letters sent to Zurich at the time the elevation of Parker occurred, though the English translator is very careful to render the word by "consecration." But what proof does our author furnish? None whatever. He simply quotes a formidable paragraph from Perry's History of the English Church. Perry says:

> Of this consecration there remains a long and minute detailed account in the Register of Lambeth, and a contemporaneous transcript of the consecra-

tion part of it in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. There are notices of it also in a great number of diocesan registers; in the registers of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury; in thirty or forty documents in the Rolls; in a large mass of contemporary letters and documents preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; in papers preserved in Zurich, and not known in England until 1685; in Parker's own book, De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ, printed in 1572; and in many other places.

Upon all this our author implicitly relies. Now, what evidence is there that Canon Perry knew anything at first hand about these matters more than anyone else? The simple truth in the case is that Perry appears to have copied the above paragraph almost word for word from Archdeacon Haddan's Preface to the third volume of Archbishop Bramhall's works; and we may not rely absolutely upon his statement as the evidence of one who had personally verified the statements which he so accurately copies. To one who has never given much thought to the subject the above itemized list of alleged proofs, and the cumulative effect of the whole, must indeed appear convincing, which no doubt is the intention of the thing. But, like ghosts, the closer one gets to them the thinner they become. There is scarcely one of these alleged proofs that is not more dangerous at the breach than at the muzzle. We deny that the whole of the document referred to, in Corpus Christi College, is a *transcript* of the Lambeth Register. It is a perversion, or rather a benevolent accommodation, of language to so describe it, for no one who carefully compares the two can fail to note the radical discrepancies which no copyist could possibly have made with the original before him. We do not refer to mere slips of the pen, such as may be in this critique. But if one document has a consecration form in English, and another document has that same form in Latin, can one document be said to be a *transcript* of the other? If one reads, "*Cicestren. Electus populu ad orationem hortatus,*" and the other reads, "*Cicestrensis electus quaedam praefatus, atque populum ad orationem hortatus,*" can one be said to be a transcript of the other? If the draft of this same record of Parker's consecration in the state papers of Queen Elizabeth (Domestic, vol. iii, Oct.-Dec., 1559) is compared with the Lambeth and the Corpus Christi College Records it will be found that it agrees with the Corpus Christi College Record and that both

of these differ from the Lambeth Record. Which, then, is the original? And which is the transcript?

Take another so-called proof: "Parker's own book, De Antiquitate," etc. What are the facts concerning this book, which are carefully kept in the background while the "book" is made to do service? Well, this book was published in London by John Day in 1572, three years before Parker's death. Only a few copies were printed, and Dibdin (Typographical Antiquities, vol. iv, p. 126) says, "There are very few copies of this rare work that are alike." It contains the biographies of seventy Archbishops of Canterbury, including Parker. But the Life of Parker is not in all the copies. By some the "Life" is declared to be an imposture, as not having been written until long after Parker's death. The proof of this is found in a Puritan work, a "Historiala" of the Masters of Corpus Christi College. This Historiala was printed in 1574, *two years* after the date of Parker's "own book." It makes a sharp attack on this "Parker's own book, Antiquitate Britanniæ Ecclesiæ," and says the seventieth life (Parker's) is yet to be written! The life of Parker, then, was not in the copies of that book in 1572. An edition was published in the little German town of Hanau in 1605. Parker's life is not in that edition either. Why were not the Germans made acquainted with the truly episcopal character of the seventieth Archbishop of Canterbury as well as with all the other prelates in that book? How shall we reconcile the statements in the Historiala with the copies of the book that do contain this Life of Parker? Here is the mystery. Was it annexed at a later date? So much for the testimony of Parker's "own book" in favor of the Lambeth Register. It is badly in need of testimony for itself.

IV. Leaving other matters, for lack of space, let us come direct to the statements in this history concerning the alleged consecration of Bishop Barlow, who consecrated Parker, the fountain head of the Anglican Episcopacy. Our author says:

> It has been said that the consecration is invalid because Barlow, the chief consecrator, was himself not consecrated. Even if this were true of Barlow, the conclusion would not follow, if the other consecrators were ordained. But there is not the slightest evidence for it, except the loss of the certificate of Barlow's

consecration, which is no evidence that the consecration did not take place, because the registers of men concerning whose ordination as bishops there has never been a dispute, like Gardiner of Winchester, are irrevocably lost.

Now, this, to say the least, is extraordinary logic. The very thing that is denied is quietly assumed. The loss of a thousand certificates by other people is certainly no evidence that Barlow ever had one. One must have a thing before he can lose it. What evidence is there that Barlow ever had a certificate of consecration to the episcopacy? Would the reader of this history ever imagine that skilled paleographers, erudite scholars, historians, and interested ecclesiastics have searched every nook and corner in cathedral, university, state, and private library of renown in the kingdom, looking for evidence of Barlow's consecration in every state paper, diocesan register, and parliamentary roll, and that not one scrap of paper has yet been found? If Barlow was ever consecrated, who consecrated him? When? Give year, day, month, place. Show the record! Mason tried it and failed. Bramhall, Burnett, and Wharton tried it and failed. Godwin, Richardson, Percival, Stubbs, and Haddan tried it and they all failed. What new evidence does our author produce? Haddan, the greatest authority on the subject the Church of England ever had, and whose skill, learning, and industry, as evidenced by his annotations to Bramhall's works, are simply amazing, rejected all the findings of his predecessors as impossible or improbable. He himself, after numerous conjectures, settles down at last—in his Apostolical Succession in the Church of England, p. 217—on June 11th as the probable date. If this date fails then it is not in the wit of man to furnish another, notwithstanding the assertions of Mr. Evans of Baltimore, who failed to convince the expert explorer of archives, Archdeacon Haddan. But we do know now that this date, June 11th, is no better than any other date. Since Haddan wrote documents have come to light which utterly destroy the possibility of Barlow's consecration on that day. Barlow, it will be remembered, went with Lord Howard on an embassy to Scotland. On or before May 23d Lord Howard left Edinburg for England. Barlow wrote Cromwell that same day that he had protracted his "tarryaunce somewhat after my lord's departure . . . for a day or twayne." When,

then, did Barlow reach England? Haddan replies, Before the 11th of June. But Haddan is mistaken. The document discovered in the Ashmolean, Oxford, since Haddan wrote, makes this date an impossible date. The proof may be summarized thus: A certain Thomas Hawley went with Barlow and Lord Howard on the embassy to Scotland and did not return till June 12th, on which day he received from Cromwell, the Vicar-General of the church, a warrant for his expenses. A copy of this warrant is before me. Haddan had no knowledge of its existence. Now, then, Hawley and Howard left Scotland May 23d. Barlow left two days later, on the 25th. Hawley arrived in England June 12th. When, then, did Barlow arrive? He left Scotland two days after Lord Howard and Hawley, and if they did not reach England till June 12th how could Barlow have arrived in England before they did and have made all preparation and been actually consecrated bishop on the 11th of June—when, according to his own letter, he did not leave Scotland till two days after Lord Howard and Esquire Hawley had begun their journey? June 11th, then, is an impossible date. But according to the highest authority this is the only date worth considering. This is not all. The warrant above mentioned styles Barlow "The Bishoppe then Elect of St. Asaph, now Elect of St. Dayves." (David's). How could Cromwell, the king's Vicar-General of the Church of England, have styled Barlow simply "Elect" if he had known, or if it were a fact, that Barlow had been consecrated full bishop the day before? The facts show that Barlow never was a consecrated bishop.

V. Lack of space compels passing over some other queer history in this remarkable chapter, but one or two statements cannot be so easily passed over. For instance, our author has this: "—— says also that the Edwardine Ordinal recognizes no distinction in order between a bishop and a presbyter." This is correct, meaning of course divine order, and we have furnished the proof elsewhere (see my Historic Episcopate) from the Ordinal itself. The only evidence produced by our historian to the contrary is the harmless statement that "there is a separate service for the consecration of a bishop which makes it in effect a third order." This very important information has been known to us for many years, but it never

occurred to us, nor to any one else that we ever heard of, that it was freighted with such tremendous significance. What a pity eminent writers in the Church of England who knew the mind of the authors of the Ordinal never saw such meaning in that separate service! Seriously, What has "in effect" to do with the *reality* of the thing? An order which is an order only "in effect" is certainly a very ineffectual channel for the transmission of Apostolic Succession. There is "a separate service for the consecration of a bishop" in the Methodist Episcopal Ritual; is our episcopacy therefore a third order in the Anglican sense? Finally—for we have no desire to continue longer—our author says: "It is true that the Ordinal (not of 1549 . . . when no Ordinal existed, but the Ordinal of 1550)." Our learned author relied evidently upon Clay and Cardwell and fell into the same blunder they did. Clay relied upon Cardwell, and Cardwell upon Douce, and Douce, it is now known, was mistaken. The original blunder arose from a confusion of the civil and the ecclesiastical years. There is, however, much margin here for difference of views. However, the facts are as follows: The church year began March 25; the civil year, January 1. Hence, says Lathbury, "arose the mistake about the first edition of the Prayer Book. It was imagined that the books with the date of March, 1549, were really published in 1550, nearly a year after the supposed first edition. No one had collected the evidence on the subject, and few were prepared to controvert Douce's assertion." The Prayer Book appeared the seventh of March, 1549. We know it was used in the London churches on Easter, which fell that year on the twenty-first of April. But when did the Ordinal appear? Lathbury says: "During the same year the Ordinal was published in separate form. It is a small volume in 4to and contains a few things which were afterward omitted when the form was revised and appended to the second Prayer Book in 1552." But this is not all. In the British Museum is a copy of this Ordinal. What is the date? 1549. In Rymer's Foedera, Tome Six, page 198, is a Commission inquiring into the disuse or contempt of *Librum nostrem vulgo appellatum*, "The Book of the Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and Other Rites and Ceremonies," etc. What is the date? 1551. It must have been in use,

therefore, for some time. Further, in one of the cases of manuscripts there is a letter signed "Edward" at the top. It is a letter from the king, Edward VI, and the council concerning the Prayer Book and Ordinal. Date? Westminster, December 25, 1549. Then there are the Liturgies of Edward VI published by the Parker Society. The volume contains the Ordinal. What is the date? 1549. And at the end, Mense Martii, 1549. Finally testimony from the Minutes of Privy Council Respecting the Book of Making of Bishops and Priests:

> At Westminster, Sunday the 2d of February, 1549. The bishops and learned men whose names be underwritten, appointed by the Lords to devise orders for the creation of bishops and priests.
>
> Saturday the 8th of Feb. Bishop of Worcester convented before the Lords for that he would not assent to the book made by the rest of the bishops and of the clergy appointed to devise a form for the creation of bishops and priests.
>
> Friday 28th Feb. It is thought convenient by the Lords, that seeing the rest appointed to devise the form for consecrating of priests have agreed upon the book, and set their hands to the same, that the bishop of Worcester shall also do the like, specially for that he cannot deny but all that is contained in the book is good and godly.
>
> At Westminster, Tuesday the 4th of March, 1549, Bishop of Worcester committed to the Fleet, for that obstinately he denied to subscribe to the book devised for the consecration and making of bishops and priests.—*Pocock's Burnet*, vol. iii.

That the Ordinal, therefore, existed in 1549 as we have stated must be accepted as a fact.

We have now gone briefly through two pages of this truly valuable work, in which issue has been taken with certain statements in our work on The Historic Episcopate, and we have shown clearly, we think, that what we wrote was history and not fiction. Our task has not been an agreeable one, though it was a duty we owed to historic truth, and we, therefore, bring this critique to an abrupt close with the deserved tribute that, notwithstanding the blemishes we have pointed out, and which are, after all, but as a few unchiseled stones in the walls of a grand cathedral, this notable history of the church will remain an enduring monument to the genius and industry of its learned author.

R J Coote.

Art. IV.—THE METHOD OF SAINT PAUL IN THE BOOK OF ROMANS

Christian literature is fortunate in its possession of a series of letters, four of them of unquestioned authenticity, and most of them not seriously questioned, written by the ablest of the early apostles to the churches which he had established. Three of the entirely unquestioned letters are written to churches in Europe, and one of them—the longest, strongest, noblest of them all—to the church at Rome. Let us forget for the moment that this writing appears in the canonical Scriptures. Let us approach it simply as students of style, and inquire what was the method of a great writer in his masterpiece. How did the loftiest intellect of primitive Christianity state the case of the new religion, when he himself is at his best, making the most notable literary effort of his life, and hurling his supreme shot at the metropolis of the world? Such a study of the style and method of the book of Romans will give us a freshened sense of the human reality of the New Testament writing, as well as a freshened sense of what the gospel, taken at first hand, meant to Paul.

At the outset, just one word as to the judgment of critical experts upon the style of Saint Paul. The late Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, sometime Canon of Westminster, in his life of Saint Paul, prints a collection of eighteen testimonials from famous critics concerning Saint Paul as a writer. These opinions range from Longinus, Dante, and Erasmus to James Martineau, Professor Jowett, of Balliol, and Renan. The substance of all these literary judgments is that, while Paul's style is not a polished or finished style, it is, nevertheless, possessed of amazing virility and force. He had, as Dean Farrar himself aptly says, "The style of genius, if he had not the genius of style." Martineau's comment is striking: "What can be more free and buoyant than his writings—brilliant, broken, impetuous as a mountain torrent freshly filled, never smooth but on the eve of some fresh leap." But the style was the man. Paul's nature was all alive with a quality for which we shall find no better name, perhaps, than passion—intellectual

passion, Christianized passion certainly, but still passion. He is not a poet, though he has been called a poet. He is not a mystic, though he has been called a mystic. No mystic's sword ever flashed like Paul's. He is not even a theologian in the technical sense, as a scientific system-builder, like Athanasius or Anselm or Calvin. He is a reformer, a prophet, a great orator, a leader and master of men, in the best sense a propagandist. Such a man will write rapidly, and, in a sense, carelessly, however long the previous preparation may have been. This letter to the Romans seems to have been written at railroad speed, so far as mere composition goes. Each phrase, white-hot, flashes into another phrase, often containing a different idea, and that into still another, so that the paragraph ends as far away from where it started as the final crash of the lighted shell is far from the cannon's throat.

Now, what called out this characteristic and supreme effort of Paul's genius? Evidently the thought of Rome itself, the great vortex into the midst of which the missile was to be hurled. Great men feel the fascination of great capitals. Even the saints are not all hermits, but have loved what Milton called the "towering cities." It is true, John Wesley turned his back on London; Martin Luther clung to the little town of Wittenberg; Bernard preferred to wield the power behind the throne from his sequestered Abbey of Clairvaux; Augustine remained long at Hippo, just outside of Carthage. But, on the other hand, Geneva seemed necessary to John Calvin, Constantinople to John Chrysostom, and Athens and Rome to Paul. Indeed, once at Ephesus, it will be remembered, Paul is reported to have exclaimed, as the wave of this metropolitan ambition struck him, "I must also see Rome," which he did a few years later, but as prisoner and martyr. And what was Rome? Rome was more than the capital; she was the capital of the capitals of the world. Rome was the metropolis of men's minds. No modern city, not Paris, not London, approximates the relative ascendency enjoyed by imperial Rome in the days of the early Cæsars. The Roman population of that epoch was a conglomerate of all nations, the nucleus being, of course, the ancient republican and Roman stock disciplined by seven hundred years of self-government, the toughest human fiber known to

antiquity. But to this had been added a barbaric and fiery admixture of every race over which the Roman rule extended, so that no language can portray vividly enough the various and mighty life which at that period poured along the streets of Rome, crowding not only the theaters and the marts, but the schools, the courts, and the temples of that colossal city. All this had, beyond question, stirred and fascinated the large and daring mind of the apostle to the ultimate degree. To preach Jesus Christ at Rome was to give him name and fame upon the most conspicuous and splendid arena of the world. To establish a church at Rome was to plant the cross in the very stronghold of the enemy. So Paul cries aloud, with something of the athlete's ardor; to realize which we must get back of our tame, faded, conventional ideas about biblical writing, into a more living sense of things. "I will put forth my full strength. 'As much as in me is I will preach the gospel' to you strong Romans. I will fling fear away. You shall 'have it in the neck,' straight!" Saint Paul himself, let us remember, in a famous passage, adopts a pugilistic metaphor for his own. So Luther felt when he was summoned to Leipsic. They told the intrepid monk that if he went to Leipsic Duke George would kill him. "Duke George!" thundered the brawny theologian; "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges for nine days."

Now, what sort of letter will such a man write to such a town as Rome, in that year, about 58 A. D., Paul being himself about fifty-five years of age—at the meridian of his power? What way of presenting Christ and Christianity will such a man, at the zenith of his effective energy, kindled to the utmost and launching his supreme attack upon the Roman capital, choose? Let us realize the situation. Saul—Paul—with the initial soldier whistle of that Hebrew "S" never quite lost in the Christian "P," not less a saint because his nature knew the awful joy of battle, intellectual, yet impetuous, utterly fearless, with the powerful ethical passion of his Jewish blood seething in his veins, now converted to Christ by a dazzling, overwhelming experience, and the whole force of his spirit rushing like a stream of lava in his loyalty to his new Master, and determined to state the case of that Master with all his might at Rome—how will he do it? What will he say and how will he say

it? These are the two questions. We can answer them best, perhaps, by a comparison of his method with the earlier and almost equally famous effort of the same man at Athens, six years before. There, with all the quick adaptation of his courteous and disciplined Christian art, he had approached those slim and subtle Greeks on precisely their favorite artistic and speculative side, by his allusion to their city, their literature, their many altars, their "unknown" God. But here, with an equal art of adaptation, but with a far more formidable power, he approaches the more burly and practical Roman mind from a different side altogether, namely, from the ethical side. His very first stroke in the first chapter of Romans is a tremendous and terrific indictment of the morals of the then Roman world. He hurries to a clinch right at the heart of the moral consciousness. The opening chapters of the book of Romans are like the first movement of a great oratorical wrestler. They suggest the orations of Demosthenes in the method of presenting first a solid array of facts, patent and menacing, and then surprising you by a rush of reasoning from these facts, an intellectual movement as swift and trenchant as chain lightning. Paul cites facts all but nameless to our modern ears (the first chapter of Romans cannot be read in public to-day)—facts which could not be disputed and which scorched like flame. He tells men that they are bad—bad beyond all expression of an intolerable infamy; that this badness is straight against an eternal moral law written on men's souls. He goes on to describe, in the seventh chapter, the fearful fight between that law in the soul and these wild impulses to evil—an amazing description of moral battle. I know but one match for it—Plato's famous illustration of the same thing in the Phædrus, under the analogy of the two horses, one black and raging, the other white and noble, harnessed together to the same chariot, while the man sits in the chariot to drive. But Plato's description, while not more vivid, is far less profoundly spiritual than the seventh chapter of Romans. And Paul tells how this fight ends—in defeat, utter defeat, in a kind of fierce spasm of self-despair. He says it is like dragging along a dead body. "O wretched man that I am!" cries the wonderful writer, at this climax of his letter, "who shall deliver me out of the body of this

death?" Who shall unchain me from this chained corpse by my side? This is the way Paul begins to state the case of Christ at Rome. Well, it is a tremendously athletic way in which to begin. "It comes home," as Francis Bacon said, "to men's business and bosoms." Then Paul changes the key. He asserts that there is no escape from this moral fight and from defeat in it, *save one*—save by the coming in of *a new* force. And here he opens the new bank of keys in the organ. He calls this new force a personal enthusiasm, the "love of God in Christ Jesus." He declares that a certain new personal enthusiasm, which he calls faith in the love of Christ, can unrivet these ghastly chains. He is evidently speaking from a personal experience. The language quivers and flames. This man has seen, has felt what he is describing. We begin to catch an idea of the method of this style of writing. It is essentially ethical, but it is ethical in the light of *experience*, the moral experience of the man who is speaking, adapting its form of expression to the moral experience of the man spoken to.

Let me, in closing, illustrate the astonishing effectiveness of this method by a single instance, one of the most marked instances in which Saint Paul employs it in the letter. After stating his ethical indictment in all its vivid and frightful horror, after stating the fact of his own experience, that deliverance comes only through a new force altogether, a new enthusiasm of love, the love of Christ, the practical question still arises, How shall Paul give the sense of this force of love to the Roman mind? There is something indescribably touching in the way in which this stern man, at the summit of this stern soldier letter, tells what he means by this new force, the love of God incarnate in the Crucified. This man, drilled in the schools, firm as a bayonet, his face roughened by a hundred storms, without a home, without wife or child, perhaps in his rigid austerity undervaluing the tender love of woman, nevertheless rises to a lover's warmth of eulogy as he speaks of the gentle, pitying love of God in Christ. But that means nothing at Rome. The idea of the power of love to save was an idea as unfamiliar at Rome as Watts's hymns among Cossack horsemen. What Rome understood was *battle*. Power to them was a force in fight. How give to such men the new notion of the power of love? Here, I

must think, is one of the supreme strokes of genius inspired of God in all the letter. How should we put the idea of the love of God to a rude mind? Well, we should probably undertake to use superlatives, to pile up adjectives to describe that love, and tell how grand it is, how beautiful, how holy, and how pure. Yes, and our fine description would be as weak as water addressed to such a coarse and brutal mind as the Roman was at that epoch. One might as well pelt their brazen shields with lilies. Paul put the thing by an entirely different method—one precisely adapted to make an impression on the warlike Roman sensibility. He describes the power of God's love by telling *what it can conquer*. He pitches (there is no other word for it) into a swift, tremendous recital of the *antagonisms* which this love can overcome. It is an amazing stroke. Suppose we wished to give an impression of a shepherd's fidelity to his flock. How should we do it? Well, we would first describe the flock—how helpless! then describe the shepherd—how picturesque! then outline the pasture—how—well, how open to the sky, so to speak! then we might dwell on the dog that helps the shepherd to watch the sheep; how—canine! The whole thing so pretty—and so puerile! But suppose a man rushes in from the moors, exclaiming, "*Not* the wolf that howls in the night, not the thunder of raging storm, not the serpent that slides through the thick grass, not the miasma of the marshes, not hunger or cold or the robber's knife, can *separate* the shepherd from the flock he loves!" We feel in a moment how that way of putting the case would grip the Roman mind—a mind accustomed to battle. And this is the method of this master writer at this summit of his epistle. "Who shall *separate* us from the love of Christ?" and then the language comes straight and dense like cannon shot—"Not trouble, not distress, not persecution, not famine, not nakedness, not peril, not sword." These were the names of everyday experiences to that hunted and valiant man, and they meant something at Rome. But the love of Christ could conquer them all. And so the writer reaches one of the grandest passages in biblical literature, the superb finale of the argument. "Why!" he concludes, "this love is so great that it *dares death itself*." "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a very good man

some would even dare to die." (*Dare* to die! You observe the nervous leap of the language!) "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." There you have it, as though you dived for a drowning man beneath the ice, when you knew that man was your enemy, not your friend, but who would be your friend if he knew you saved him. That is what Christianity meant to Paul when he took it at first hand.

"'Tis only heaven that is *given* away,
'Tis only God may be had for the *asking*."

After this great peal in the eighth chapter, the style of the following chapters changes. Pascal says, "Continued eloquence wearies." We might say, Such eloquence as this, to be continued, is impossible. Both nature and art demand some letting down. So the style changes. It is like the rattle of musketry after the thunder of cannon. Digressions are made, practical precepts follow, and the whole marvelous and mighty letter closes with a certain artistic and courteous calmness of personal and friendly salutations. The last chapters of the book of Romans, *coming after the earlier chapters*, are of the essence of immortal literature, with its proportion, its perspective, its self-restraint, the finished charm of mental balance, and glad, almost gay, benignities after the ethical stringency and spiritual exaltation that has found utterance before. I do not, of course, mean to affirm that in the book of Romans the ideas which I have indicated follow each other in exact conventional sequence, after the manner of a college prize essay. You will discover abrupt turns into Jewish dialectics, involved sentences, certain formalisms clinging to Paul as the result of his rabbinic training; but the main method of the letter and the writer seems to be of some such sort as has been described. It is the heart of a live man's own experience, stating its message in the terms of the hearer's experience. It is *adaptation* at its very summit and pinnacle. It is a man flinging himself into the consciousness of the other man, but without loss of his own force.

Albert J. Lyman.

Art. V.—BEN-HUR AND ITS AUTHOR

Like Michael Angelo, General Wallace achieved distinction in three separate fields. The Florentine was illustrious as a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, while General Wallace was diplomat, soldier, and author. His reserve, dignity of bearing, and native tactfulness won the favor of the Sultan, who offered to make him his own ambassador to either London or Paris. The Sultan is easily superior in diplomatic talent to any foreign minister in Europe. Long experience in the intricate affairs of his own state has qualified him to name the masters of diplomacy, and this proffer gives General Wallace a true preëminence. In any event, the importance of the post of minister to Turkey was heightened by his nomination and incumbency, and the position and importance of our country were thus insured in the whole Mohammedan world. The future is sure to accord General Wallace a place well up among the great soldiers of the war generation. Had he taken the river road from Crumps Landing to Shiloh on that April Sunday when General Grant was all but beaten, or had he gone in on Johnston's unprotected flank—contrary to the West Point tactics that reënforcements could approach only from the rear—as he wished to do, who knows but he would have become the great military figure of the war and the center piece in that last act, when the curtain was rung down, at Appomattox and its famous apple tree? He certainly ranks with Miles and Logan as one of the three conspicuous volunteer generals of the civil war. But, comparing him to Cervantes, "he was in the flesh a soldier, in spirit a writer." Perhaps, after all, destiny did not mistake her way at Shiloh. The chances are infinitesimal that, had he attained the political headship which the nation bestowed on General Grant, Ben-Hur would never have been written. The Old Commander did not add to his enduring fame in the Presidency. There are those who still believe that some civilian with his wits sharpened in the school of practical politics, skilled in the routine of congressional business, would have made a better President than Grant in those years, reeking with corruption, following the war

between the states. Bismarck said that a great war leaves a nation an army of maimed, an army of beggars, and an army of thieves. The latter stole the country poor in Grant's administration, and by it he suffered in reputation. General Sherman wisely put the presidency aside, left mere politics to the politicians, and thereby escaped the mistakes and misunderstandings that embittered Grant's last years. From General Grant's political failure, and from the military routine in which General Sherman almost became obscured, General Wallace was preserved. His lance seeming to fail, he took the pen. Disappointed of the highest military promotion, the bread question pressing, caring only for real success, he followed his gleam and obeyed a new occasion. Those who love Christ, the true spiritual progress of the church, and the reaffirmation of the eternal verities will ever rejoice that he did.

He was the son of David Wallace, an aristocratic and imperious gentleman of the old school, one time governor of Indiana. His mother was a devoted Christian woman who attended to the training of the children; making the Disciplinary regulation as to the catechetical instruction of the children, now put upon the pastor, wholly unnecessary. He was baptized in infancy, joined the church in childhood, and before his mother died (in his twelfth year) went several times with her to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His stepmother was an adherent of another communion. In those times and in that section discussion ran high between Campbellite and Methodist over baptism, the validity and authority of the Old Testament, and, as among the Corinthians, on "whether there be any Holy Ghost." On the personality and work of the Holy Spirit and on the importance of doctrine as a monitor to daily life General Wallace was misled. On these points it took him long years to recover. The angry discussions led him at first to turn away altogether from religious subjects, and they remained in abeyance. When he was startled and shocked by Ingersoll, on his way to Morton's funeral, into a study of supernatural fundamentals the harangues he had heard against creeds and the Holy Spirit were first recalled, and for years were influential. Later he resumed the old and precious teaching of his boyhood years. We

will not burden the REVIEW to repeat the oft used expressions of his faith in the goodness of God, in the deity of Christ, in the providence manifest in human affairs, and in the divine guidance promised to men. They are definite, oral, written, and unchallenged. He probably never thought of becoming a preacher, but a preacher he was and a prophet; a forthteller of truth though without the sanctions of ordination and oftentimes in spite of the rubrics. We hear much about "Schools of the Prophets"—from which no prophets ever come—and pass unnoticed the benches below all ecclesiastical and social circles from which there stand up the men whose message has all the force of preaching, who renew the freshness of the gospel story, vitalize truths long held as inert opinions, mobilize the purposes, and summon men from the mazes of theology and the inadequacy of creeds to clasp, love-stricken, the cross of Calvary. As he did not know he was a preacher his congregation did not know he was preaching to them. He was from the wars, and had shoulder straps. "Great is vermilion splashed with gold." He was governor of New Mexico, and soon after Ben-Hur appeared President Garfield appointed him minister to Turkey. That helped to give him an open-minded audience. He did not have a "holy tone" and was utterly free from the trammels and conventions with which ecclesiasticisms hedge in a preacher. There was no smell of professionalism on his garments; he was known as a man of culture, and had appeared at political meetings with Ingersoll. These things gave him a hearing at the very first, and the message by its own weight quickly gathered thousands of readers. The book Ben-Hur is now exceeded in circulation by only the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, and Robinson Crusoe. The fact of its spiritual power goes unchallenged. One of my university classmates was converted by reading it, and the testimony of hundreds might be secured to its arresting and awakening power. It is dominated by the spiritual. One catches in it a sight of the invisible. There is a book named The Call of the Wild; Ben-Hur is the call of the Eternal. As you read you have a feeling of environing mystery; what we call reality becomes unsubstantial, and only an imperishable soul and an illimitable future rises above the paint and pasteboard of shifting time. It arouses the spirit to revolt at low aims, at materialism,

at sensualities. Its thoughts not only illuminate the questions of the soul, they have a self-revealing quality which begets a yearning for holiness and a zest for nobler living. The works of some preachers—Augustine, for example—have a tendency to push God farther and farther away from men; to fasten upon hearers and readers that God is a Governor to be feared and appeased. But others give the sense of communion with him, stimulate the feeling that he is a Father to be loved and a Friend to those in trouble. This filial feeling is preëminent in Ben-Hur. There sounds in it an undertone of forgiveness, compassion, tenderness, and nearness which breaks through indifference and doubt and helps to make personal salvation real. It is a celestial summons to follow the Man of Galilee. It is significant, too, that many beyond the reach of an ordinary ministry have been won to the Christian life by Ben-Hur. The book initiated in the generation a sudden stir of interest and hope. Beecher had disappointed the times, and some were fearful of Ingersoll. This new voice sounded in the colleges and drawing-rooms, and man and maid turned from the vanities and flummeries. Captains of industry read it, asked whether it was worth while to labor and find no rest, and fared forth on a quest for things that do not perish with the using. By the very form in which it is cast it penetrates into the homes of the luxurious, the formal, and the self-satisfied men following the paths of pleasure to their hurt; women wearied with social successes, some of which were at the expense of their higher natures, read it, wept over it, and as insensibly but as certainly as its author yielded to its story of the Christ. The only avenue to some hearts is a book, a funeral, or a child. To some, children have been denied, or, if given, are grown beyond the age when they excite solicitude and sympathy. The only sermons others hear are funeral discourses, which are apt to become formalities to the pastor and functions to the community. But the book has access to homes and hearts and commands attention in the quiet of private meditation and in the hours of decision. The echo in the mountain glen will repeat the word of the shepherd or traveler a hundred times before it becomes inaudible; the voice of a street preacher will make a score of men pause for a moment; but here is a call to millions, and these not the

simple-hearted in the mountains, nor the crowd in the street, but kings, courtiers, and presidents—the wise, the rich, and the mighty.

The book, then, is a sermon. None of us has preached one like it; yet a sermon it is. Like every great sermon, it has two intellectual qualities: lucidity, which much so-called preaching lacks, and dramatic cast. It adds the moral qualities of honesty, sympathy, and elevated subject and sentiment. The gauge of a sermon is oftentimes in its theme. You can take for your text "His mother made him a little coat every year" and gauge yourself as well as your sermon by so doing. Or you can preach as did General Wallace on "What think ye of Christ?" Bishop Merrill has said, hundreds of times, "Preach on great subjects." This our preacher did. He saw clearly that our generation was about to make a great return to Christ, selected that as his one great theme, and upon its lucid setting forth spent patient years. There were by-paths, variations, and embellishments in the discourse, but never for a page does he lose sight of the Saviour of men. The book is a noble example of a man of artistic temperament setting himself to exalt Christ and persistently determined to see no man save Jesus only. It would be almost impossible that such a setting forth of Christ and his work should not carry with it a collateral discussion of all of the great religious subjects. One by one, naturally and in turn, such questions as the leadership of the divine Spirit, the Messianic hope, the portents of the Advent, the influence and blessedness of prayer, the supernatural element in Christ's ministry, the doctrine of the soul and the corollary of its immortality are debated by a master of dialectic, and with just enough dogmatism to become authoritative to all but argumentative readers. Like the Book of Proverbs, it is a book for young people. Its hero is accosted by both pleasure and honor, and, like every noble youth, tosses the apple to moral beauty. Though offered the poppy, with its lethean sleep of mind and soul, he took the rose, "with its perfume straight from the gardens of angels." And mighty through it all is the sense of God and his guidance. You sympathize at every turn with the philosophy of life adopted by the Psalmist, who declared that the fear of Jehovah was the prin-

cipal element of wisdom. You realize that the incidents of its narrative, as well as those of our daily life, do not happen by chance; that men and events are not tumbled blindly by chance on the chessboard of life, but that we and the incidents of our moral development are placed on particular squares by the guiding authority of an unseen Hand.

There is no such thing as immortality on the earth. The rising tide of oblivion washes out all names upon the sands of life; only one in a million lives beyond a century. General Wallace's is one of these. Five hundred years from now the men of many countries will make pilgrimage to the home of the author of Ben-Hur and say, "Here he lived and loved and labored; from here he passed into the heavens, and over yonder in the cemetery his ashes rest." The surest pledge of remembrance, except a great deed, is a golden book. Such a book is Ben-Hur.

Edwin A. Schell

Art. VI.—THE RELATION OF READING TO CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

The question of reading in its relation to character is perhaps the most important in the whole field of practical religion; yet it is, I think, without doubt, the most neglected. I have not heard a sermon preached upon it for twenty years, nor have I, in that time, noticed the subject among the published announcements of pulpit themes.

It will, I think, be generally conceded that character is a direct result of one's thinking. Anything, then, which poisons or purifies the springs of thought must be of paramount concern. Some may urge that the nature of our thinking is caused by observation, travel, business experience, and conversation with others. That these are prominent sources of thought supply is true, but in this age of compulsory school education, free public libraries, and the newspaper, I think it is hardly open to dispute that the main source of our thinking is found in books and periodicals. To look for strong character in a man whose reading is haphazard, frivolous, or unwholesome is like expecting a strong physique in a man who eats everything a capricious or unnatural appetite suggests. What sort of body should we look for in the case of a person who abjures meat and vegetables and feeds only on olives, ice cream, and chocolate candy? And yet the law of cause and effect works quite as inexorably in respect to mental nutrition. Not a few persons connected with our churches read several popular novels in a week the year round (inquire at any large circulating library if this is an exaggeration), and yet expect some sort of simultaneous growth in their souls. By listening to a minister for half an hour every Sunday morning, and sitting through one or two other church services each week, such folk frequently believe that they have effectively cultivated their spiritual natures and have attended every "means of grace." The leading means of grace, next to prayer, is religious reading. Is it not time that this truth should be emphasized? If a man should honestly tell me what he habitually thought about, by preference, when alone, I could

feel very well convinced whether or not he were leading the life of Christ. If one's mind is saturated with the atmosphere of criminal accounts in the daily press, or of sentimental, unhealthy romances, or even of stock accounts and methods of private gain, how is it possible to follow, at the same time, Paul's injunction to Timothy (Revised version): "Remember Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, raised from the dead, according to my gospel"? How much remembering of Christ is compatible with constant brooding over thoughts of self-interest or self-indulgence? The most obvious line of defense followed by those who would object to my position, or would incline to resent it, is the familiar argument that to a liberal mind there is no distinction between sacred and secular, that all subjects of thought, if properly regarded, are holy—there is nothing "common or unclean." Now, I "agree with my adversary quickly" in this position. I only ask whether some things, harmless in themselves, may not prove deleterious if partaken of to excess. Olives, ice cream, and chocolate candy are good things eaten sparingly, but become bad things when made the staple of diet. Novels and newspapers are good things, but when converted into one's principal mental pabulum they assuredly become dangerous, if not disastrous. The comparative decay of the Bible-reading habit is an unfortunate sign of these times. It is very doubtful whether Christian character of much strength can be formed and maintained unless the great text-book of our religion is assiduously read. It is unnecessary to prove my contention that the present-day ignorance of the Bible is amazing throughout all classes. The fact is almost self-evident. Read from in the most perfunctory way in the public schools, when it is not banished altogether, scoffed at openly by its enemies and too often made a fetich of rather than intelligently studied by its friends, the Bible was never so discredited as to-day. Many will regard this statement as pessimistic, and will point to Bible courses in Young Men's Christian Associations, colleges, and young people's societies, as well as to the vast sale of the volume, in refutation. But one has only to look about a little to observe how superficial is the knowledge of the Bible. It has been my observation that ministers seldom quote much Scripture from

memory, whereas I can recall in my childhood that many of the clergy, now dead or very aged, seemed to me then perfect encyclopedias of fluent and accurate quotation, and my impression is confirmed by those of my friends who were older than I. As for the laity, especially the younger generation, I fear that they are, as a rule, cheerfully ignorant of both Testaments. When teaching in a denominational preparatory school in 1898, I gave an examination on the Bible, in which I asked questions as elementary as "What prophet was fed by ravens?" "Who was the oldest man?" and the like. The answers would have been ludicrous if they had not been so pitiable. Some of the pupils in the class were nearly prepared to enter college, and if their ignorance of Shakespeare or Cicero had proved equally dense, their mortification would have been boundless. Of the Bible, however, they seemed to assume, with entire complacency, that one was not expected to have exact knowledge.

Causes of this state of affairs are not hard to find. The root trouble is the lack of home training. Parents leave the problem of educating their children to the always secularized public school and the usually superficial Sunday school. The absence of quiet, contemplative life in modern America, together with the general relaxing of the public conscience, may be also cited. But there is another cause to which I must give more detailed attention. The current and unavoidable discussions regarding Higher Criticism will doubtless work out admirable results in the end, but for the present they have as many bad effects as good. It is to be deplored that hundreds of thousands of honest people labor under the impression that the Bible has somehow been discredited by the scholars. Accustomed to regard the Scriptures as either verbally inspired or else all but worthless and unable to discriminate between inspiration and infallibility, they have come to feel that unless the book is authoritative in the most literal detail it is no longer incumbent upon them to study or revere it. Few have gone so far as deliberately to state this alternative even to themselves, but an undefined sentiment of restlessness and insecurity is in the air, and nearly everyone is affected by it unconsciously. Clergymen of the younger generation are somewhat to blame for

this condition of things. They have come more or less to readjust their theories of inspiration in theological schools, and have too often mistaken this purely academic shifting of view for the gospel itself. Hence they have gone forth to their first parishes believing that it is their privilege to instruct the people in what is irrelevant and, unless tactfully handled, extremely dangerous and misleading theologic dogma, whereas their real business, of course, is to "preach Christ and him crucified." As the sad result of this misplaced emphasis, "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." Worse than this, unable to make the saving distinctions which, to the mind of their minister, may present the Bible in a nobler and more helpful light than before, they leap beyond his well-meant logic, and lose faith in the Scriptures utterly. Every fledgling minister should be faithfully warned by his theological godfathers that it is his first business to touch people's lives vitally, to give them practical help in their very practical problems, rather than to set their intellectual theories right. What matter is it whether their view of inspiration be correct if they are not inspired themselves? And how shall they become inspired if they do not feed their minds upon the text-book of their faith, which is, whether or not infallible upon nonessential matters, the one "power of God unto salvation"? There is much talk about the "new revival." It is declared that this will be in the nature of an ethical revival rather than the emotional revival of the past. I wish I could believe that it might be a revival of thoughtful reading. If a pastor could secure from his congregation a pledge to devote fifteen minutes every day to a course of reading mapped out by him, he would, in all probability, see a revival alike emotional, ethical, intellectual, and spiritual within a year. This, of course, is presupposing him to be a man of both sense and piety. Otherwise, the books he selects might do more injury than good.

Of the books in this reading list the Bible should always take first place. Beyond the Christian Scriptures I should not be at all dogmatic. Personally I should like to see à Kempis, Pilgrim's Progress, Fénelon, Taylor's Holy Living, and Faber's Hymns in the list, and also Drummond's Addresses. Selections from the sermons of Robertson, Channing, and Brooks belong in any series

of religious classics, and all Methodists should own a biography of Wesley, together with a volume of extracts from his sermons and Journal. Beyond the Bible, however, no book should be urged upon a man temperamentally unfitted to enjoy and profit by it. One person might be helped, for instance, by Hughes's The Manliness of Christ to whom the delicate religious emotion of Saint Francis de Sales would seem almost effeminate.

Some may even object that they get more spiritual stimulus from Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, or Browning than from strictly devotional writers. Let me say in reply that few can obtain greater incentive to the best living from these writers and other literary masters than I do. But I question whether there is not a need in almost everybody's spiritual nature which can be met only by sharing the meditations of those holy men whose lives were "lost in wonder, love, and praise"—the saints and men of worship, as distinguished from the noble prophets of faith and conduct whose work, in a broad sense, is equally religious. Let the writings of both classes of men be studied. For the "quiet hour," however, the most nutritious food is that which is directly related to the higher life, "hid with Christ in God."

The individual church could well afford to purchase a loan library for the benefit of such parishioners as are not able to buy books for themselves. Many religious classics, however, can be purchased in good popular editions for very reasonable prices. I believe that a colportage association, with headquarters in Chicago, publishes thousands of volumes of this character in paper bindings at the uniform price of fifteen cents a copy. If a preacher should buy these little volumes in quantities and sell them at cost to his parishioners, then organize a guild for daily private reading and weekly public conference, it is my opinion that he would very soon have no further reason for complaint on the ground of empty pews and deserted prayer meetings. The early Methodist itinerants, from Wesley down to frontier circuit riders, did just this. Every preacher was an agent for the Book Concern, and not only emphasized the necessity for religious reading with persistent vehemence, but supplied the need he helped to create. Unfortunately this condition of things has long since passed away.

The Book Concern plays all but a losing game in trying to compete on their own ground with wealthy secular publishers, missing, I fear, the great opportunity of supplying the millions of lay Methodists with cheap editions of Wesley and other classic religious writers. The denominational weeklies are largely repositories of the news of the world or of ecclesiastical gossip. The Sunday school libraries are too often filled with inane stories or biographies of obscure missionaries and supernaturally solemn children. The clergy seldom preach strong expository discourses, but, in lieu of Bible exegesis, for which their qualifications are frequently inadequate, give, if they are sentimentalists (a common type), allegorical sermons on "The Pleasant Valleys of Peace," or "By the Water Brook in the Wilderness," or, if given to the cant of orthodoxy, a scolding sermon to the publicans on "The Eternal Doom of the Unbeliever," or, if given to the cant of liberalism (which is quite as likely), an equally scolding sermon to the Pharisees on "The Need of a Larger View of Truth in Modern Thought." The laity, who have come to church in the hope of gaining not "views" of any sort, but help and inspiration for practical problems of experience, leave the edifice bored, unfed, and the easy prey of solicitations to a Sunday afternoon of idleness and self-indulgence.

There is one religious organization to-day from which an excellent lesson can be drawn in the line of our discussion. Instead of fiercely denouncing the Christian Scientists because they may be guilty of some faults and vagaries, it would be wiser to inquire why a body of people, during a decade in which the membership of the Methodist and Congregationalist Churches increased less than twenty-five per cent each, grew several hundred per cent. Of course, the most obvious explanation lies in the claim of this new denomination, largely substantiated by facts (whatever the explanation of the facts), to heal the sick. But another element in their growth must not be overlooked. Mrs. Eddy, whether she writes good English or not, is a great practical psychologist. In her insistence upon the constant daily reading of the Bible and her own writings, she has given to her disciples a means of spiritual development which may not lead them into all truth, but will certainly build such truth as they do gain into the marrow of their

characters. The scorn of the gross and sensual and the subordination of merely material to spiritual values, together with the discouragement of care and worry, are all forces that make for righteousness. And they are burned indelibly upon the mind of the neophyte every day through his reading. The intellects of these people are not drugged by scandal, drowned in frivolity, or paralyzed by sentimental fiction. That some of their philosophy may be erroneous is likely enough, but they feed the higher nature through the mind, and I am bound as an observer of them to say in all fairness that the result is already manifest in their faces, their conversation, and their bearing, both in public and private. What wonder that when these smiling people say, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good," the hitherto half-persuaded one is wholly drawn over, as by an irresistible attraction!

If the great church founded by John Wesley is to hold the eminent and useful place it has occupied in the past, it must not neglect the lesson taught by this younger sect, whose spectacular growth is much like its own in the early days. The religious body which can direct and control in no arbitrary sense, but through sane counsel, the reading of its membership, stands a great chance of sweeping the world within a generation. On the other hand, a religious body that neglects to give instruction on the necessity of systematic religious reading, especially the reading of Scripture, is doomed, unless it look promptly to its ways, to certain disintegration and death.

Frederic L. Knowles

Art. VII.—THE HEBREW HYPERBOLE

The Bible is human as well as divine. In all God's works for saving and perfecting the human race he takes man into a sacred partnership with himself. It is safe to say that we shall never fully understand the divine truths which the Bible contains until we properly understand the human elements which are combined with them. The more essential teachings of the Bible are so simply presented, so frequently reiterated, and in so many ways illustrated, that we can find life and spiritual health in it without profound scholarship in language or in textual criticism. Still there is great gain in knowing all we can of the men who wrote it, the times in which it was written, the limitations of their knowledge, and the peculiarities of the languages they employed. This last is of the greatest importance of all. For want of such knowledge serious errors have often vexed the church in the past and are still vexing it to a greater or less degree. Languages are human devices for conveying ideas from one person's mind to that of another. Characteristics of people must always be more or less indicated in their forms of speech. Hence the difficulty of conveying the exact thought from one language to another by means of translation. The last appeal for Bible truth must ever be made to the peculiarities of the languages employed in writing it. It is not the intention of this paper to dwell at length upon the peculiarities of the Hebrew language, the language in which nearly all the Old Testament is written, but merely to consider one element of it which has not been treated as carefully by expositors generally as its importance demands. The great extent to which the hyperbole, as a figure of rhetoric, is employed in the Hebrew Scriptures, together with the errors which have been induced by a neglect of such study, has led to the effort here made to call attention to the subject.

Extravagant language is common to Oriental people. Missionaries find that they have to lose much valuable time in exchanging eulogies with the men they want to reach or prejudice their cause in the estimation of their hearers by a lack of courtesy.

It would seriously interfere with their peace of mind did they not know that on both sides it was well understood to be only a meaningless form of politeness. It is said that no one of any other nationality can curse like an Arab. One will think him insane with rage when only slightly displeased. It is impossible but that such practices should influence the forms of speech of any people so characterized. May we not find here a solution of the difficulty so many see in the imprecatory Psalms? We must not forget that Arabic and Hebrew are kindred languages. And here we may note also that the Hebrew language is ever of the most emotional character. The depths of all emotions which religion can produce or love and hate inspire are much more forcibly expressed in Hebrew than in Greek, howbeit for accuracy of wording and phrasing the Greek is incomparably superior. While we may well be glad that the doctrines of Christianity were given to us in the Greek language, we may be glad also that, when proper allowance is made for its extravagant figures, the emotions of a true religious life were given to us in Hebrew. Hyperbole in rhetoric is "an obvious exaggeration; an extravagant statement or assertion not to be understood literally." Its use comes in properly when the mind is so intensely affected by the importance of the subject under consideration that, used in its literal sense, no language can do justice to the subject. The richer any language may be in explicative terms, and the more self-contained the people using it, the less likelihood of the hyperbole playing a great part in the speech or writings produced. On the contrary, a meager vocabulary in use by a very excitable people will certainly provoke the most extensive use of this rhetorical figure. The Israelite and his vernacular met these last conditions thoroughly, and the literature left by him has exemplified the rule in a most remarkable degree. Illustrations of the use of the hyperbole in the Bible are too numerous to escape the attention of the careful Bible reader. The poetical parts of the Bible abound in them. The danger of being misled by them is sufficiently removed when we get such an idea of the genius of the language as will prevent our trying to put a specific meaning to words which only express the intense emotion of the writer. Instances of the transformation of character through

the operation of God's grace are found in several places in the Old Testament. They are generally coupled with highly figurative language, even the metaphors used assuming the characteristics of the hyperbole. The following examples are given because of the important nature of the teachings involved: In the fortieth psalm the extravagant language in connection with the final victory: "I waited patiently [literally, in waiting I waited] for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit [literally, a pit of noise] out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." But in the thirty-second psalm the extravagant language is used to describe that which preceded deliverance. The bitterness of repentance is set forth in the following manifest hyperbole: "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." An interesting example of this rhetoric is found in the second chapter of Joel: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit. And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of Jehovah come. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of Jehovah shall be delivered: for in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as Jehovah hath said, and in the remnant whom Jehovah shall call." On the day of Pentecost, Peter, referring to the phenomena produced by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples, and through them upon the multitudes assembled on that occasion, said, "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel," and proceeds, with some verbal alterations, to repeat this whole passage in their ears. The writer once heard an educated and devoted minister, a product of one of the best theological schools of our country, make substantially the following remark: "Of course we must all understand that

these words were only partly fulfilled on the day of Pentecost; their ultimate fulfillment is at the end of the world." Whom shall we believe; the inspired apostle who said, "This is that," or the preacher who says, "This is partly that"? The event merited the strongest figure language could employ, for not until that day was the kingdom of God fully established in the earth. Who could adequately describe the important event more appropriately than in the use of the Hebrew hyperbole?

But this figure of speech is not confined wholly to the Old Testament. It is true that the New Testament was written in Greek, but in such a kind of Greek as clearly to show that they were Jews who wrote it. Though Luke was a possible exception, yet the style of Luke's writing indicates more or less of a Semitic influence. Though the Hebrew language had ceased to be the vernacular of the Jews for many generations before the birth of Christ, the dialect of Palestine was a kindred one to that of the Old Testament, and characterized by many of the same modes of expression. This Aramaic tongue was that which Jesus spoke from his youth. His addresses were given in the same language, and the hyperbole is clearly seen in some of the forms they assume. Can we not see the extravagance of this Hebrew figure in these words, "I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." And when they murmured, knowing the vast importance of his sacrificial death, he made his language stronger, saying, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." That these words were never meant to be taken literally, or even in an ordinarily figurative form, is rendered certain by his subsequent explanation of them: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." A yet more remarkable use of the Hebrew hyperbole, or, as we have seen, the Aramaic, which amounts to the same thing, is seen in the prophecies of the

destruction of Jerusalem as found in all the synoptical gospels, though given in greater length by Matthew than by either of the others. That these words could cover no more than the events immediately connected with the destruction of Jerusalem is manifest in the fact that all the evangelists who record them are specific in stating that some then living would be witnesses of their fulfillment; that they only involved events which should be witnessed by that generation. It is certain that no one would ever have applied the words to any other event but for the amazing statements contained in the following words, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken: and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." On this we notice: 1. The term "immediately after" scarcely comports with the idea that these things were not to take place until nearly two thousand years after, at the very least. 2. He expressly tells them that they were to see all these things, and that "this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." 3. Leaving out the references to the celestial phenomena involved in the figure, the whole discourse contains a historical fact than which we can scarcely produce a more important one in the annals of the human race. Until the destruction of Jerusalem the Jewish people and the Jewish religion were an insurmountable barrier to the progress of the gospel. Hardly did any of the apostles except Paul rise above this depressing influence, and we know well how seriously was Judaism in his way. From the day of the downfall of the Jewish hierarchy the "angels"—messengers, rather preachers and evangelists, began to "gather his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."

If any still stagger at the wonderful figure our Saviour used to give force to the importance of the event he was describing,

let him read the words of Isaiah, found in the thirteenth chapter of his prophecies and in the ninth to the thirteenth verses, inclusive. The words have always been applied to the destruction of Babylon by the Medes, an event of vastly less importance than the final destruction of Jerusalem: "Behold, the day of Jehovah cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and he shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it. For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light: the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity; and I will cause the arroganey of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir. Therefore will I shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place, in the wrath of Jehovah of hosts, and in the day of his fierce anger." In the words cited above, in connection with the awful overthrow of the temple and the final scattering of the Jewish people, how apparent is the human nature, yea, the Jewish human nature of the Son of God manifest!

The Apocalypse is full of this hyperbole and should be studied with constant reference to that fact. Paul was cautioning the Corinthians in regard to this subject when he said, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves . . . but our sufficiency is of God; who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

C. V. Anthony

Art. VIII.—THE INTER-CHURCH CONFERENCE ON FEDERATION

The Inter-Church Conference on Federation will assemble on November 15, 1905, at Carnegie Hall, New York city, and will continue in session for one week. It will be a delegated body, constituted of members appointed by the action of the highest legislative or advisory authorities of the several denominations, upon a basis which should bring together five hundred principal and as many alternate delegates. Twenty-six different communions in the United States are formally committed to this great gathering. They represent a membership of more than seventeen millions. The names of those chosen for this service are a guarantee that in this Conference men will meet who in their respective denominations are leaders in thought and action. Personal acceptances, in many instances in enthusiastic terms, have been received from an exceptionally large majority. The programme includes the names of none who do not bear important relations to their own communions, and of few who are not honored for distinguished service in church and nation. The addresses and discussions, most comprehensive in their scope, will converge upon and radiate from a great central theme—the plea which faith and service make in this day and in this land for a united church, a church one in spirit and adjusted in its several branches for federation in organization and coöperation in action.

In this era of great religious assemblies, it is not strange that the meaning of some should escape us. They may be local, provincial, denominational. The Inter-Church Conference on Federation has its place among those which rise to a universal significance. When the impulses which have been moving, it may be for years or for centuries, within the mobile, restless mass of the church come to some moment of crystallization, even Christian solidity—and how much more Christian faith—becomes alert, and, as it watches thought concreting itself in expression and perceives a great event assuming definite outline, takes courage in the new realization of an ideal, in a new formation which at once

records and predicts the progress of the kingdom. Such realization, record, prediction, are being discerned in the essential principle of this Conference. The profound interest indicated in the official and private correspondence is proof of a response to some of the deepest yearnings of Christian hearts in all the denominations of America.

The Conference has been planned and promoted by the National Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations, which, through its committees, is acting as the agent of the several denominations at their request in organizing the Conference. This National Federation, a voluntary organization, itself is the sign of a great movement. It was the outcome of a conference held in New York in the winter of 1900. Back of it was a joint committee representing the Institutional and Open Church League and the New York Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations. The former for six years had been strengthening the bond between certain progressive churches and had created an interdenominational fellowship upon the basis of service which by quiet but positive influences had made most definitely for coöperation as an essential of church conduct. The latter, founded in 1895, had already become a potent factor in the religious life of the metropolis, and by the breadth of its scope and the uniqueness of its methods was offering a most convincing example of the practical value of the federative idea. The development of the National Federation from these two roots, first as a committee and later as an organization, was a natural extension of the movement. Its aim, "to secure coöperation among churches and Christian workers throughout the United States for the more effective promotion of the interests of the kingdom of God," involved the application of federative methods to states, cities, and districts, and its efforts have resulted in the founding of many actual organizations, and in giving the idea of federation its larger place in Christian thought.

At its annual meeting in Washington, February 2, 1902, in response to an overture from the National Council of the Congregational Churches, the National Federation appointed by resolution a Committee of Correspondence "to act in behalf of the Federation in requesting the highest ecclesiastical or advisory boards of the evangelical denominations in our country to appoint representa-

tive delegates to a Conference to be held in the autumn of 1905." Since the letter sent out in pursuance of these instructions states in substance the basis upon which the favorable action of the several denominations has been taken, its terms are most important. After stating the practical results of federative effort, it proceeds:

We believe that the growing interest in federation and the widespread conviction of the great possibilities contained in federative movements indicate that the time is opportune for the extension and strengthening of the principles of federation. A national society like ours, however, cannot undertake the immense task of organizing coöperative work in the thousands of cities and tens of thousands of towns in our country. It has neither authority nor desire to intervene in the great questions which vitally concern the various denominations as denominations. We believe that the great Christian bodies in our country should stand together and lead in the discussion of, and give an impulse to, all great movements that "make for righteousness." We believe that questions like that of the saloon, marriage and divorce, Sabbath desecration, the social evil, child labor, the relation of labor to capital, the bettering of the conditions of the laboring classes, the moral and religious training of the young, the problem created by foreign immigration, and international arbitration—indeed, all great questions in which the voice of the churches should be heard—concern Christians of every name, and demand their united and concerted action if the church is to lead effectively in the conquest of the world for Christ. It is our conviction that there should be a closer union of the forces and a most effective use of the resources of the Christian churches in the different cities and towns, and, when feasible, in other communities and fields, with a view to an increase of power and of results in all Christian work. The experience of the National Federation has made it clear that very many of the churches of the several communions are ready to come closer together in the common service of the Master. This has led us to raise the question whether a more visible, effective, and comprehensive fellowship and effort are not desirable and attainable. . . .

In order to secure an effective organization of the various Protestant communions of this country for the practical ends indicated, we would suggest that a Conference of representatives accredited by the national bodies of said Protestant denominations meet in New York city, November, 1905, to form such a representative organization as may seem proper to them. It is understood that its basis would not be one of creedal statement or governmental form, but of coöperative work and effort. It is also understood that the organization if formed shall have power only to advise the constituent bodies represented. . . .

We do not ask you to develop or adopt our organization. Ours is a voluntary federation. What we propose is a federation of denominations, to be created by the denominations themselves. . . . We do not desire to present arguments in support of such a federation. We doubt not that all will agree that the different Christian communions, largely one in spirit and devoted to one Lord, should, by united effort, make visible to the world their catholic unity, that the world may know "Him whom the Father hath sent," and at length his prayer for the oneness of his people may be more fully answered. If this seems

to you, as it does to us, an object to be partly achieved by the way we suggest, we ask your consideration and approval of our proposal.

The first response to this letter came from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It expressed the strongest approval and pledged coöperation. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America at its session in Buffalo a year ago recorded its conviction that the proposal was "of great importance, and vitally related to the spiritual welfare of the church and nation," and declared by resolution:

That this General Assembly is in hearty sympathy with all movements which seek to bring into closer relations the several Protestant churches of the United States, believing that they are largely one in spirit, devoted to one Lord, and hold in common essential evangelical doctrine.

The smaller Protestant communions have heartily welcomed the proposal—a welcome strongly expressed by the presiding bishop of the Moravian Church, who says of the movement: "It has our warmest sympathy. It not only appeals to us personally, but is in accord with principles which have prevailed in the Moravian Church since the beginning of its work in America, more than a century and a half ago. While our operations are most extensive in the foreign mission field and we are among the smaller denominations in this country, we nevertheless feel it incumbent upon us to join with our testimony and coöperation those who are working in the lines pursued by the Federation."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its session in 1904 adopted without dissent the report of its committee on Federation, to which the communication had been referred. It declared: "On the subject of general church federation and coöperation we recommend that we take part in the proposed Conference of representatives of Protestant churches to be held in New York city in November, 1905, and that the bishops be requested to appoint fifty representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who shall serve without expense to the church." The Baptists and Presbyterians of the South, while not represented by delegates officially appointed, will have in attendance strong men whose personal convictions accord with the spirit and aim of the

Conference. The failure of the Protestant Episcopal Church at its recent General Convention in Boston, largely it is understood through misapprehension, to take affirmative action has happily been remedied by the advice of the bishops, who have informally but with practical unanimity asked the Standing Committee on Comity and Church Unity to appoint delegates to the Conference. This action, with the ardent sympathy of many of the leaders in that communion, ensures representation from a body whose pronounced conviction concerning church union gives to their presence in a Conference on Federation peculiar significance. No less striking is the fact that the Disciples, whose fundamental principle is a contention against sectarianism, will participate, and that from the Friends comes the assurance of heartiest coöperation.

While, therefore, the Inter-Church Conference on Federation will not have the distinction of being the first great assembly in the United States to emphasize Christian comity and coöperation, it will be unique as the first officially delegated body to represent in formal conference concerning Christian work in the United States the large majority of the denominations of American Protestantism. Should the present promise of its import be realized, there should be an influence in its utterance and its action so powerful as to create a new epoch in the progress of Christ's kingdom in our land—and, one may dare to say, in all lands. When, however, the future historian undertakes to trace the rise and development of federation, his description of sources will take him much farther into the past than the casual glance suggests. For the Inter-Church Conference on Federation is the culmination not only of immediate but of remote influences. He will find their origin in the spirit and teaching of the church's Founder and their illustration in the formative decades of the early church. He will get glimpses of them in the mediæval period when, crowded out of normal action by the dominance of a false conception of the church's unity, they repeatedly express themselves in the associational life within the church and as an ideal are jealously cherished by devoutest minds. The reaction into independency which characterized the new individualistic life of the Reformation period, with its tremendous emphasis upon the right of private

judgment and its tendency to identify opinion with conscience, for a time seemed to remove from the convictions of Christendom the claims of a common inheritance and blinded men's eyes to the need of mutuality in service. But the tides from the deeper life soon began to lift. Resistance to a common foe awakened the latent faculty for fellowship. Even through the long period from John Robinson to John Wesley, when dogma was indeed dogmatic and intolerance was at its worst, he reads but a part of the story who does not find that the use of the common resources of learning and discovery inevitably brought into play the influences of convergence. It was not alone the founder of Methodism who was ready for the "league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Jesus Christ." And when, in the tidal sweep of the revival of the eighteenth century and the missionary renaissance of the beginning of the nineteenth, opinion yielded place to conscience, and zeal centered not upon doctrinal controversy but the conversion of the world, that era of service began of which coöperation is a logical result.

How steadily in this nearer period the Christian consciousness in America has been growing to the point where it may claim not its right of isolation but its privilege of fellowship, is declared upon every page of our history. The great interdenominational societies are not only strong as agencies but significant as demonstrations. The American Bible Society, now near the end of its ninth decade, was organized by sixty delegates from twenty-eight local societies representing seven of the denominations which are to have place in the approaching Conference—the Congregational, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, Baptist, and the Society of Friends. Its influence, despite the one break in the harmony of its constituents, which without discussion we may profoundly deplore, has told incalculably for the unification of the churches. The American Tract Society, founded in 1825, drew together from various religious bodies members already closely related in local publication societies, and its constitution requires that on its important committees six different denominations shall be represented. Even stronger in its influence has been the American Sunday School Union, since out of its great conventions has developed the international series of uniform

lessons, and upon its authority, at the outset, was organized the International Lesson Committee, than whom no leaders in the church have affected so wide a constituency in the interest of a common understanding and a united service. The American and Foreign Christian Union, though its objective was beyond the seas, was for many years, in the third quarter of the last century, a strong illustration of the coöperation of Christians of different communions, and did its part toward bringing in the better day. The Young Men's Christian Association has not for one of its specific objects the promotion of church union. Indeed, the candid scrutiny invited and given at its recent gathering in Buffalo has raised the question whether it always promotes church efficiency. But that this marvelous organization, with its sister association founded only a few years later, has been a mighty leveler of denominational prejudices, from its close fellowship reacting upon the vital beliefs and the traditional methods of all the churches, may be gratefully acknowledged. The cruel exigencies of the civil war brought into common service Christians of every name in the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission, and such powerful organizations as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Temperance Union, the National Temperance Society, the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and the Student Volunteers, have undoubtedly helped to clear the way for the larger activities of a federated church. This enumeration shows how persistent has been the centripetal force which is drawing all Christians to one center and holding them to a single orbit.

It is, however, in the Evangelical Alliance for the United States of America that the historian will find the organized influence which has most strongly emphasized the principles underlying federation. With the Alliance coöperation was not merely incidental; it was an end in itself. The society aimed from the outset to increase the comity between denominations, but with the purpose that comity should become coöperation—that harmonious sentiment should become effective action. It declared in its constitution nearly forty years ago: "The object of this Association shall be the furtherance of religious opinion, with the intent to manifest and strengthen Christian unity, and to promote religious liberty

and coöperation in Christian work, without interfering with the internal affairs of the different denominations." At the foundation of the British Evangelical Alliance is this significant statement, adopted in 1846: "The members of this conference are deeply convinced of the desirableness of forming a confederation on the basis of general evangelical principles held in common by them, which may afford opportunity to the members of the church of Christ of cultivating brotherly love, enjoying Christian intercourse, and promoting such other objects as they may hereafter agree to prosecute together. And they hereby proceed to form such a confederation under the name of the Evangelical Alliance." The great meeting held in New York in 1873 which brought together members of the Evangelical Alliance from every part of the world was a notable attestation of the reality of the desire expressed in this platform, but proved as notably the difficulty of an affiliation which rests upon creed rather than service. Since that time the movement toward closer relations between the churches has assumed two distinct phases. The one has sought organic union. The memorial to the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1853, with its resultant Commission "to confer with various Christian bodies"; the correspondence and the effort to formulate in 1880 articles of agreement upon the basis of the Quadrilateral perfected and set forth in 1888 as the Lambeth Articles; the conferences between the Commissions of the Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal Churches concerning the historic episcopate, and the issue of it all in the *impasse* of ten years ago, when the discussion ceased to have practical value as a present issue to all except those, on the one side, who hope for some inclusive national church which shall recognize non-episcopal orders and as a matter of executive expediency and historic justice shall adopt episcopal oversight, or who, on the other, are ready to cancel the obligations of inheritance and of personal conviction in the interest of a supposed fulfillment of our Lord's prayer—these are facts so familiar as to belong to the commonplaces of our thinking. The churches of America have passed judgment upon this phase of the movement in the words of one of the broad-minded bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith, who declares

that he has "no faith that either this generation or the next will see any corporate unification among the great bodies of Protestants."

The other phase of the movement sought not organic union, but coöperation in service. Here, too, are familiar facts. "Coöperation is in the air," said Dr. C. H. Parkhurst after a trip through New England. "I see all the Protestant Christian bodies in a town (aye, and our Roman Catholic brethren, if we could but persuade them) taking such measures in concert that not one churchgoing or destitute family should fail of a Christian visitor every month," said an Episcopal archdeacon. From the East came the word of Dr. George Washburn: "I may say that, living for more than thirty years in Constantinople, living in the forefront of the battle, the one feeling which more than any other has grown in my mind until I have come to feel that it is the one of all others we Christians ought to cherish is this feeling of the necessity of united action among Christians." In 1887 the Evangelical Alliance adopted measures for putting such principles into practical operation. It was "a step in advance," "the new departure." The highest legislative bodies of the several denominations appointed standing committees on comity and coöperation, and a practical basis was proposed for closer relations in the fields of both home and foreign missions. The Chickering Hall Conference in New York, with its resultant canvass of parts of the city; the organization of cities and towns for systematic parochial visitation; the agitation for a better understanding among local churches and the revelation of the needs and drift of our populations, in such books as Our Country and The New Era; the emphasis upon the obligation of the church to the community—these are the salient facts of this second phase of the great movement. However the influences it promoted may have in the last decade come under other direction to a fuller expression, Christian America owes a debt to the Evangelical Alliance, and particularly to its president during these strenuous years, Mr. William E. Dodge, and its executive secretary, Dr. Josiah Strong, which only the most generous effort to realize their ideals can even in a slight degree repay.

It will doubtless be the privilege of the Inter-Church Conference

on Federation to bring into their merited prominence these various movements toward the sympathetic and practical coöperation of the different branches of the Christian church in the common service. It will at the same time indicate the advanced position occupied by the Federation of to-day and those features of the present movement which promise larger efficiency and permanence. Early in 1890 Dr. James McCosh, then president of Princeton College, published in the Christian Union an article on "Federation of Churches to Secure that the Gospel be Preached to Every Creature." At the conference of the Evangelical Alliance held in Chicago in October, 1893, he made an address upon "The Federation of Churches," pleading for the coöperative parish plan. One can see beyond this utterance the parochial method of Scotland, and feels the influence of the great ministry of Thomas Chalmers. At the same conference Dr. Josiah Strong stated in terms which have since appeared very often in federation literature the contrast between "federation at the top," denominational federation, and "federation from the bottom," the coöperation of the local churches. Dr. Philip Schaff presented at this conference that paper on the reunion of Christendom which for all time will be one of the great classics of the discussion. In December, 1890, was held the first session of the Interdenominational Commission of Maine, the remarkable response to the urgent appeal of a Methodist minister, the Rev. C. S. Cummings, of the East Maine Conference. Three years later Dr. J. B. Devins, then a missionary in the East Side of New York, organized the East Side Federation. In 1896 the New York Federation of Churches and Christian Workers was founded through the initiative of the Rev. J. W. Hegeman, Ph.D. Under other names federation in fact had resulted in a number of places from the activity of the Evangelical Alliance after its "new departure" in 1887. Thus by independent action, by the influence of existing federations, notably that in New York, and since its formation in 1900 by the suggestion or aid of the National Federation, organizations embodying the federative principle are to be found in states, cities, and districts from the Atlantic to the Pacific, unrelated save as the common conviction and method hold them in a certain loose affiliation. That the principle is at work in the home mission fields

is indeed well known, but how far the need of its larger application is felt both in the missions and in the offices of administration this Conference is sure to reveal. In the personnel of the body and upon its platform every important missionary society will be represented.

But it is, after all, in the foreign mission fields that federation finds its most significant examples. Says Dr. James S. Dennis: "Interdenominational coöperation in missions seems to be like a 'spirit in the wheels,' as the great work of the church of Christ in foreign lands enters the new century." The Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York a few years ago gave conspicuous emphasis to this fact. How great has been the progress since then it will be the office in part of this Federative Conference to declare. The force of attraction which in Japan, Korea, China, India, and the Philippines has been irresistibly drawing together the members of the several family groups, either for actual consolidation or for coöperation, is exerting a powerful influence in coördinating these groups with one another. Denominational distinctions would in many instances cease in the field but for denominational conservatism at home. The Standing Committee of Coöperating Missions in Japan each year demonstrates its purpose to be more than an expression of fraternal sentiment. It lays hold of practical problems from the federative standpoint. The Evangelical Union of the Philippine Islands includes the missionaries of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, Disciples, United Brethren, and Congregational Churches, the American Bible Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association. It is significant that the organization of this Union was one of the earliest acts of the missionaries to the islands. The Missionary Alliance in China and similar movements in separate provinces indicate the strong desire for a formal basis for coöperation. In India remarkable progress toward the coalition of missions of the same family group has taken place. "The reduction of the thirty-five distinct, unrelated, and somewhat antagonistic church organizations in India" to six or eight would be, again says Dr. Dennis, "a signal and impressive forward step toward the goal of an ideal union." "When," writes Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, "all Christians

in India are organically united in six or eight strong, self-governing churches, free from Occidental control, a working federal union can the more easily be accomplished, harmony in all divisions of Christ's army secured, and the conversion of India hastened by more than a generation." At a meeting in Seoul, Korea, in June last, at which were present nearly all of the Presbyterian and Methodist missionaries of that city and vicinity, over which Bishop M. C. Harris presided, it was enthusiastically resolved that "the time has now come when denominational lines should be done away with among the Protestant Christians of Korea, and that all should unite in the organization of the church of Christ in Korea." Measures were taken to convene all the missionaries at Seoul in September to decide upon a plan of union to be referred to the various home boards for consideration and approval. This may not result in union, but it will result in federation.

The Federation Conference cannot fail to record for the encouragement of the church at large the progress of those movements toward union or closer affiliation which are acting so powerfully among the denominations. The federation between the two great branches of the Methodist Church, the continued efficiency of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, the achievement of a formal national union between the Baptists of the North and South, the advance of the project to unite the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian Churches, the union of the Congregationalist, Methodist Protestant, and United Brethren Churches—these and similar projects disclose the spirit which is at work in the new century. Across the sea will be seen from this Convention's platform more clearly than ever the significance and the achievement of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales, which has long since covered practically the entire country with its federations—for the Nonconformist churches of England a mighty agency in organizing opinion and promoting coöperation.

At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in 1873 Dr. Charles Hodge, in an address upon, "The Unity of the Church Based on Personal Union with Christ," said: "If all Christians believed that they constitute the mystical body of Christ on earth they would sympathize with each other as readily as the hands sympathize

with the feet or the feet with the hands. If all churches, whether local or denominational, believed that they are one body in Christ Jesus, then instead of conflict we should have concord; then instead of mutual criminations we should have mutual respect and confidence; instead of rivalry and opposition we should have cordial coöperation. The whole visible church would then present an undivided front against infidelity and every form of antichristian error, and the sacramental host of God, though divided into different corps, would constitute one army, glorious and invincible!" More than a century before, one John Wesley sent an identical note —to use the word of the diplomats—to forty ministers of various churches, proposing that they should acknowledge and treat one another as brethren, notwithstanding their differences. In this he says: "I do not ask a union of opinions. They might agree or disagree touching absolute decrees on the one hand or perfection on the other. These may still speak of imputed righteousness, and those of the merits of Christ. Not a union with regard to an outward order. Some may still remain quite regular, some quite irregular, and some partly regular; but these things being as they are, as each is persuaded in his own mind, is it not a desirable thing that we should love as brethren?" And then five years later he writes to a minister of the Church of England: "I desire a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ. We have not only one faith, one hope, one Head, but are directly engaged in one warfare. Come, then, ye that love Him, to the help of the Lord to the help of the Lord against the mighty." One might search far and, outside of the utterances of our Lord himself, find no word that more exactly states the conviction and the hope of those who have planned the Inter-Church Conference on Federation than this loving and valiant appeal of John Wesley.

Art. IX.—FATHER TAYLOR: A REMINISCENCE

Most men of genius leave after them some material record of their work. The influence of every man, indeed, goes pulsating through the world long after his body has been "covered with stones and deathy dust." But, in a more determinate sense, those who have achieved marked distinction in their own generation have generally bequeathed to future times some tangible and permanent record through which the memory of their good deeds is perpetuated. The artist lives in his pictures, the author in his books, the great statesman in the reforms he has wrought. Even where the lifework has been mainly practical, still, in these days of much letter-writing, almost every man of eminence has left behind him some correspondence by which the treasures of his mind may be opened up to the world.

A remarkable exception to this rule is Rev. Edward T. Taylor, the famous sailor preacher of Boston, commonly known as Father Taylor. Nothing in the early history of this man is remarkable except the evident bearing of every event in his life upon his preparation for the work which he was destined to perform. He was born on Christmas Day, 1793, in Richmond, Virginia, and the state which produced Patrick Henry and Henry Clay bestowed upon this humble son of her soil the same gift of impetuous eloquence. Ever retaining a sense of loyalty to his native state, and adding to that a devoted love for New England, the country of his adoption, he was prepared by the accidents of his birth and of his home for that tolerance and true Christian charity which ever distinguished him. At seven years of age he ran away to sea, and out upon the wide ocean his education went on. Sunshine and storm were his teachers. In the peaceful harbor and amid the turmoil of threatening breakers his poetic imagination was unconsciously taking in material for those strong metaphors with which he was wont to pelt the consciences of his hearers, and in many a rough hour of toil and privation, in many a thrilling moment of danger, he learned the sympathy which gave him access to the sailor's heart. Of book learning he had none. Thirteen years before he came to

Boston he was converted and began to preach. At that time he could neither read nor write. He selected his text in those days by having a chapter from the Bible read aloud, and when he found the pregnant word he would exclaim, "There! That will do!" In 1814, when he was twenty-one years old, he was taught to read by Mrs. Sweetser, "a pious widow." Three years later he went to school for six weeks. Soon after, his marriage with a wise and consecrated wife completed his providential preparation for the great work which awaited him in Boston. To Boston he was called in October, 1828, to preach to seamen in a vacated church in Old Methodist Alley. This church soon becoming too small for his growing congregations the Seamen's Bethel, on North Square, was built for him under the auspices of the Boston Port Society. "In four years," says his biographer, "he is the acknowledged pulpit orator of Boston." For nearly half a century, beginning with 1828, when he took charge of the little Methodist Alley Chapel, he was a dominant figure in the history of Boston. His burning zeal, his impassioned eloquence, his striking personality made him the center of an influence which extended far beyond the simple seafaring folk who were the objects of his immediate and supreme solicitude. Visitors to Boston in those days went to hear Father Taylor preach in the Seamen's Chapel on North Square as one of the interesting "sights" of the city. During this time he often preached four times on Sunday. He was incessantly intent upon his "Father's business." Absorbing culture day by day, he became the cherished friend of refined and educated men. Doubtless the record of his influence is inscribed upon many a soul whom he led from darkness to light, but he left no written word. His biographer, Bishop Gilbert Haven, found his task a difficult one, because he had to undertake it "without help of a scrap of Father Taylor's own writing, or of any matter written to him." I cannot better represent this dearth of literary remains than by quoting the language of this faithful biographer. "These sermons," he says, "of forty years none can gather up. For thirty years his house was thronged with eager hearers of every rank; but unfortunately no stenographer took his place at the table to transmit those flashes of genius to every eye. Even the prayers, in which more than in

almost any man's were 'thoughts commercing with the skies,' only leaped from lip to ear and were forgotten." Additional testimony to this lack of any permanent register of Father Taylor's genius is found in a written eulogy published soon after his death in the Liberal Christian. The author, Rev. Dr. Bellows, says: "Unique, a man of genius, a great nature, a whole soul, wonderful in conversation, tremendous in off-hand speeches, greatest of all in the pulpit, he was, perhaps, the most original preacher and one of the most effective pulpit and platform orators America has ever produced. And alas! nothing remains of him but his memory and his influence. He will be an incredible myth in another generation." Dr. Bellows seems, in this encomium, to be taking one last look at a portrait which he knew to be rapidly vanishing from the canvas. "Let those of us," he concludes, "who knew him well keep his true image before us as long as we can." But Gilbert Haven, aided by Father Taylor's son-in-law, Mr. E. B. Russel, has attempted to reproduce the portrait of the great preacher before it should altogether fade from the memory of his contemporaries. In this little volume, entitled Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher: Incidents and Anecdotes of Rev. Edward T. Taylor, passages bearing upon the subject have been collected from the reminiscences of many more or less distinguished visitors to Boston. Among the English who had recorded their impressions of the sailor preacher were Miss Martineau, Mrs. Jameson, and Charles Dickens; among the Americans, Miss Sedgwick, Richard H. Dana, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Probably the most vivid delineation of his style of oratory is taken from Dickens's American Notes. The passages quoted from Mrs. Jameson's Commonplace Book are singled out as especially valuable because "confined almost entirely to remarks by Father Taylor, rather than descriptions of him." Many who loved the man have contributed anecdotes of him and outlines from memory of prayers or sermons. Rev. Mr. Knapp, of Plymouth, gives a "rough sketch" of a sermon on "Praise the Lord," written down "from memory after thirty years"; Rev. Elijah Kellogg, a graphic report, from memory, twenty years afterward, of a sermon on "The Law" which he had heard while a student at Andover. A newspaper report is preserved of a speech made before the General

Conference which met at Buffalo in 1860. A number of temperance orations are described rather than recorded. Apparently there was in existence no connected report, written down at the time of its delivery, of any one of his sermons. In this dearth of material some notes of two sermons, taken down at the time in shorthand, may be deserving of some interest. The reporter was not a practiced stenographer, and even had his skill been greater the difficulties which he himself states in his narrative would have rendered it impossible to make a full and accurate record.

The following account of a Sabbath at the Seamen's Bethel, with a fragmentary report of two sermons and accompanying prayers, was written out many years ago by Mr. A. W. Machen:

On a Sunday in the spring of 1852 two students in the Law School of Harvard University, Virginians, and close friends, were induced by something they had heard of the famous sailor preacher, Father Taylor, to go to Boston together and attend the Seamen's Church, of which he was minister. What they saw and heard much impressed them. A large plain building was filled with an audience which was composed in the main of common sailors, but also included no inconsiderable number of persons of both sexes of a different class and drawn, doubtless, like themselves, more or less by curiosity. Of the eloquence of this remarkable man it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea by description. The quality which most struck their observation at first was a certain wild freedom in movement, gesture, and speech, which seemed to know no conventional restraints whatsoever. Before the services began, or perhaps just after they were commenced, two strangers entered, one of whom was an old man—in a congregation constituted of such fluctuating elements nearly all who came might be described as strangers—and when the weather-beaten, half-disabled old tars who acted as ushers seemed to experience a little difficulty in finding places for them Father Taylor turned toward the group and, addressing them abruptly, said, "Bring that aged brother up here beside me," pointing to a seat behind the pulpit. "Let the younger sit yonder," indicating a vacant seat on the floor. And accordingly, notwithstanding some exhibition of natural reluctance on the part of the "aged brother" to assume so conspicuous a position, the peremptory order was obeyed, and up on the platform he was made to go. Father Taylor's action in the delivery of the sermon had all the grace which belongs to the spontaneous movements of a child or a savage. His thoughts, pouring in an impetuous flood, burst forth in word or gesture as either could best convey them. No other orator that I ever heard exhibited action at once so natural and graceful and expressive. As to his words, they seemed to glow and kindle under the fervor of a zeal in which all self-consciousness was utterly lost. You would not say of him that he had great imagination. He was all imagination. Every utterance was a picture. A thought as it rose for expression was instantly clothed and dramatized, and a scene was thrown before your eyes. Whilst his language was marked by the utmost plainness and perfectly accommodated to his sailor au-

dience—the only part of his audience he deigned to address—whilst there was an occasional instance of quaint simplicity, evidently uttered without the slightest idea of effect, which would almost provoke a smile, the current of his sermon was in the highest degree earnest and impassioned. With all the fire and vehemence there was a wonderful tenderness and a poetic sensibility to the beautiful.

The idea occurred to the two young men to return on a future Sabbath provided with paper and pencil and take away some report of what they should hear. This project, however, was one which it was difficult to execute in any satisfactory manner. It was known that Father Taylor did not tolerate reporting, and an instance was freshly related of his having paused to rebuke one whom he detected in the act of taking notes, admonishing him in the face of the congregation that the seats were intended only for those who came solely to worship and apply to their own spiritual profit what they should hear. They had therefore to take their notes by stealth. Another and greater source of embarrassment was found in the character of his oratory. Not only was there great rapidity of utterance, but the sentiments and thoughts came crowding one upon another in such torrent-like speed that he who started to write often found himself borne along unconscious of his task.

Only one of the two friends succeeded in making anything resembling a report. Afterward, when they together examined his shorthand notes with the aid of the other's memory, they were so chagrined at their joint shortcoming that the notes were never transcribed until twenty years later. Two sermons are here represented, one preached in the morning and the other in the afternoon of the same day. The following is part of the prayer before the morning sermon:

Our Father, we come before thee in this house, to thee reared, to thee dedicated, in thy service constantly employed. This is thine house altogether—thine without debt, without embarrassment, without mortgage; and we desire that all who assemble here may be, like the house, wholly thine—their souls free from debt, free from mortgage, free from all embarrassment. Keep thy people from all harm. Deliver us, Lord, especially—and this is no lip-service, this that we are about to ask is no formal petition—from our hearts, O God, we implore thee to deliver us from the cunning politicians who would give up the country and the people for a little place, a little brief authority, a little handful of dross. O save us from the omnivorous politicians. Bless all in authority—bless our legislators, bless our country—our country of thee so highly favored, containing many things glorious and to be praised, and also containing some things to be lamented. O may the dark spots be bleached out! Bless all who labor in thy cause. Bless the sailors as they belt the earth and bear thy gifts to every land. Bless the hundred thousand who have worshiped at this thy shrine and are now tossed on the distant billows. From the governor to the lowest officer bless this noble commonwealth. Save Massachusetts from going

into a consumption; but keep her from being led away by her abundant prosperity—by her abounding grandeur of character. Save us all, O God, through Him who died, and earth could not hold him, who was buried, and enmity dared not look into his grave.

The text was from Acts 5. 31: "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins," and so much of the sermon as could be taken is as follows:

What a pity that we should not understand that the world has never been without a God—man never without a law! . . . We find all clear at the start. We see a plain command such as the kindest parent would give to his children. A command not to repress or crush, but to draw out: not to put an education into the soul, but to invite it out. . . . There are those who are always asking a thousand nonsensical questions; such as, "How did sin come into the world?" and the like. Any fool can ask questions, but could he understand the answers? There is no use in spinning out these spider's webs. No man is so much of a winter plant as to have any reasonable doubt that he is a sinner. [Suddenly addressing an individual in the congregation:] Now you needn't attempt to dodge me by going to sleep. This is no place for sleeping. I have my eye right on you! I'll rouse you. I am here to bring you a message from God. I have got something *else*—some corrosive vitriol, or some anointing oil. Now you might as well take it! There are men who would make midnight of noonday to hide their responsibility.

There are some searching questions in this chapter. God, who never left the world without a law, made a more emphatic proclamation of it. And the signal gun shook the sea and brings the skulkers to God. But we will have to learn the difference between being converted and being galvanized. [Here followed a description of unconverted professors.] And Satan is the same wolf, though in fine milliner dress. . . . The longer a man stays in the church without being converted the darker he gets. His lamp becomes exceedingly dwindled. But a moment comes when the Light flashes on the addled eyes of guilty man. The light will come, gentlemen, the light will come! God will drag you out from your dens. God will drag you out—though you may stay there till you are a little mildewed. Two charges had been made against the apostle [referring to and paraphrasing the context in Acts, chap. 5]. Peter, that ready old spokesman, that nervous man—ever like a steel bow that will not stay bent—took up the first charge. "What saith the law? Gamaliel sits among you. The Talmud says that God is to be obeyed before man—the great constitutional law declares this." That settled *that* business; for there sat Gamaliel, the great master of the law, looking at them. The second charge was that the apostles intended to bring Christ's blood upon them. "Behold, you have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine—and intend to bring this man's blood upon us." "And did you not crucify Christ? You did: and covered yourselves with *glory*, as you imagined. And now will you put off your glory? Are we doing you any injury by impressing your actions upon the people?" "But this," say you, "which

you *added* is offensive—namely, that Christ is glorified, that he is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour." We have said it. So far from bringing his blood upon your heads to crush you, we have proclaimed that God means to pardon you. He will now forgive his murderers (who shed his blood on Jerusalem's hill, and the sun has not yet dried up that blood)! We have said that you may have a hope in him. We have not said that Christ has gone up to send down showers of meteoric stones. He has not gone up to hurl from the battlements of heaven millstones upon your guilty heads. Did no one tell you his last valedictory words? "Preach the gospel"—"Offer my enemies my compliments—offer my enemies forgiveness and salvation." Only present the *truth*, and your arguments will always prevail. . . . He who fears the law of God will never break the law of the land. Saints are never seditious. Fearing God never brings trouble on man.

Now to our work. In the exordium I think I have got to the pith of the matter. Jesus Christ is a Prince. He has a right to govern, and he cannot relinquish right. He is a Prince; his law is to be obeyed. He is our Lord, our Master, our Prince, our Crowned Head. The earth is his and the fullness thereof. The sea and all that rides on its waves belong to him, by the gift and bequest of his Father. His law must govern us. There is no "may be so." Whether a government shall go up or down in Europe is nothing. None of these miserable things have we to care for—but only this, *Shall this man reign over us?* But then you say, "I am not so bad as some others." None of that stuff! Those men who think themselves better than other men are generally the worst men. And what are you *now?* I don't ask what you are going to be. You are in the habit of saying things of that kind. Will you be his? Do you crave him to be yours? Then you will obey the Ruler of your people. Don't say anything of your fidelity to man when you disobey God. Don't say you are honest in your business when you curse your Father. Don't say you are not so bad as that man yonder. It may be that man says in his heart he thanks God he is not like you, and may be he has reason. But no more of this. For this is near May, you know; and the flowers are out. I take every man for right till I know him for wrong. I must take it for granted you are here in sincerity—both fearers and worshipers of God. And if you are not here to worship, but, moved by idle curiosity, are occupying the places of those who would do so [the church was crowded—filled to excess, as was often the case], keeping out the poor who would serve him, and not serving him yourselves, why do you speak of *pirates?* You are robbing on the threshold of heaven! What sort of man is that who will lean against heaven's door-post and rob the very saints as they are going in? Write it down, heaven's secretary! . . . It is adding darkness to what is midnight already. . . . If it were not for this Bible there's not a sinner so impudent on earth as to dare to approach God. But he saith, "Come—come—come!" The messenger is just from heaven. Tell us! What is he doing? "He is just whetting his sword. He is touching its edge with bitterness. But as I passed by I heard him say, 'Spare! spare! I am going to send my Son.'" But, my Lord, what will you do with those fellows in Jerusalem, those who gambled at the foot of the cross? And with that high priest, that treacherous servant, that old hypocrite? "Tell them, unto that man will I look who has a contrite spirit—who trembles at my word." What word? That of vengeance? No, that word

which speaks of mercy—of pardon! Did that look like an enemy of the Jewish name?

Don't you recollect, my brother, how the message of love has been conveyed to *you?* You recollect—that *mother's* angel eye, when her look touched your heart. *I* heard that silver voice. *I* felt that warm tear-drop on my cheek! "Son, do you mean to kill me? Will you sin against God, and die a fool?" I walked the deck, and the midnight wrapped me up, and I was glad of it. Then I remembered—to that word I looked—the pardon of sins, the washing of blood, the taking off the acidity from the teeth—"Your fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Repent, and he will remove your guilt—take up from you that crushing weight—take away from you that which makes you talk in your sleep, that which gives you spasms when you fain would be composed. Poor skulking creature, the shade of man! Hiding in every corner as if you feared that God would see you! Listen to that Word—He will *pardon* your sin! . . . But O, the power of sin! No man of us but has felt it. Sin has got the power over man, and sin is powerful. It has iron feet which trample men. But God says, Have not I an iron hammer to break those iron feet? I don't tell you that the moment sin is broken all is done. I don't tell you that when you have received the gift of redemption you have only to put both hands into your bosom. That is fanaticism. Not a word of truth in it! If you do not cultivate your garden, nature will bring forth her own image—she will bring forth weeds. Cut up the soil, stir the earth! Adam was not to stay in Eden an idler. Adam was not put in Eden a *drone!* This is a rich soil, and therefore, if you do not cultivate it, it will bring forth many weeds. . . . Sin is an adder and stings. It stings damnably. It stings ruinously. It gives an hydrophobia. The poison of asps is under the tongue of the ungodly and sets them howling against the righteous. But the grace of God transforms the repentant and pardoned sinner. An old sinner, round-shouldered, stooping—even that hoary-headed seaman yonder, almost a hundred years old, all weather-beaten and scarred—is so altered and beautified that in a short time—but for some slight marks of hard times and hard scuffles—you'd think he was a plant of Paradise! Bless God, I am free! cries the rescued sinner. And yet he seems disturbed. But what trouble now—what, young brother? A little remains—a little taste in my mouth. What! Found that out, have you, poor brother? The hard soil broken up, the weeds chopped away, the next thing is to prune the plant itself, break out all the little twigs that have started wrong and are in the way of healthy growth. Now let me look at him, apply the rule, take the measure of the cranium. I begin to know him. [A glowing and impetuous description of the converted one and his songs of joy followed here.] God caught himself listening, and he called the secretary to make a minute of that. . . . I don't call you to take up the cross. He has borne that himself. . . . We are walking on velvet beds—on satin beds—suddenly we feel the touches of the earthquake. . . . In the hurry and bustle of business, while men are gathering the little crumbs of crackers and bread. . . . Then they will cry, "If you are going to burn us, give us *dry* wood, not wet wood—a quick fire and a merry burn! None of your soggy stuff—dry wood!" I don't think any Massachusetts sinners will get that favor! . . . I don't know what will become of poor me. Sometimes I envy you as old Nelson envied Admiral Collingwood, "See how gallantly he

rides into the fight, while *I* have not a breath of wind." I can't make time stop, and I am just beginning to peep through the mist and get sight of land. Some of you look as if you were nearing heaven. You must not stay till you are winter-killed, nor wait to wash the deck or wipe out all the spots about the soul. There's the port! Onward! Onward! Let nothing stop you here—nothing, nothing, till you get into the city! Drive her on! Drive her on! Let the sheets go! But which of you will be admitted into the Golden City when you land? What passport have you? You have something—let me see it! "A white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it." That will do! That will let you in! We'll meet in Heaven! Farewell, and a good breeze to you!

Only a fragment of the prayer before the afternoon sermon was taken down: ". . . We depend upon the *sea*. The landsman is too slow in his motion, too clumsy in his action to meet the daring and the doing, the danger and the trial. Bearers of the gospel—with the loftiness of eagles, with the swiftness of gull's wings, let them fly! . . . And while thou art blessing the church, O Lord, forget not the state. While blessing the preachers and the pastors and ecclesiastical assemblies, bless also the law-making bodies. Surely none stand in more need of mercy! Drive out from legislative seats everyone compromised with infidelity. . . . Let England and America be forever united. Let them embrace each other, and form an arch over the sea, the keystone of which shall never fall out!"

While baptizing an infant after the prayer Father Taylor said: "Don't mind its crying, brother; you would be very sorry if it couldn't cry. I never like to christen a dumb child. May your child live to use this voice in worshiping and glorifying its Master. In these times almost all people bring their children to be baptized, but what is the nature of this act when performed by an unconverted parent? Think of it. It is to intrust the dearest objects to a stranger—to commit the beautiful flower into the hands of an utter stranger! Not so with you, I am glad to say, my brother: I have known you from childhood. Give me the babe. Who believes that the Almighty, who could make so pretty a creature as this, cannot find a place for it in heaven? O theology! theology! how unlike God thou art! I would not give this little bird for all the bodies of theology ever written. I honor the work and I glorify the Maker. May this child live, but O, may he never live to curse

his Maker! . . . Go to thy father, and from thy father to thy best earthly friend, thy mother. [Returning the child, and then addressing the parents and dismissing them:] Go your way, and sin no more." He prefaced the taking of the collection with an allusion to the sexton's feeble health and the increase of his labors caused by the "soiling of the floor through the extravagant use of—I will not name the thing; you can take a hint. It becomes us to keep this place sweet and clean, for from this house we every week send out a swarm to carry the gospel over the world."

The afternoon text was from Ezek. 47. 9: "And it shall come to pass, that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and everything shall live whither the river cometh." Father Taylor seemed weary, as preachers often are at the second service, having spent their nerve-force in the morning; and after announcing his text, he said:

I lack strength to proceed. My limbs fail. Yet I must praise Him. My brain being obtuse I must force it. The Jews were almoners, to spread the law of God over the earth. But this mistaken people shut out others and never practiced the doing of good themselves. The church, therefore, got into a poor ring-streaked and speckled condition. Yet to them must the world come for the gospel. We shall want to strike a light, to satisfy ourselves that this is in truth the church. "In the visions of God brought he me," says Ezekiel, fortieth chapter, second verse, "into the land of Israel, and set me upon a very high mountain, by which was as the frame of a city on the south. And he brought me thither, and, behold, there was a man, whose appearance was like the appearance of brass, with a line of flax in his hand, and a measuring reed;" and afterward in *this* chapter, after the man had measured the sanctuary and the house of the Lord, this same man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward and measured a thousand cubits and brought Ezekiel through the waters, and the waters were to the ankles. And again he measured a thousand, and brought him through the waters, and the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, and brought him through the waters, and the waters were to the loins. Afterward he measured a thousand, and it was a river the prophet could not pass over. We must in our day have a monstrous faith if we believe that all who attach themselves to the church are true Christians. I have large faith, but I have not faith enough for that. But I can try them! I have the measuring reed—the old reed, the old measuring line [gently striking the open Bible with his palm]. Let us, in the first place, notice the river here described; secondly, the blessings it presents; thirdly, the lesson it suggests.

First, then, the river. We are to consider first the place from which it

issues; secondly, whither it went. Whence comes it? Not from the legislative hall at all events! Be sure of that. Not from our academies or colleges. It is to be carried there, and, when carried, then to be retained. The prophet tells us. The river flowed out of the temple. God established the house; and the fountain in that house was for all the nations of the earth—the fountain of life that shall be salvation for all the world. Moses had not to strike the rocks all along. He had but to strike once; then the waters followed the host through all the desert. It comes out—the river—eastwardly from under the altar. Not only from the house of God, but the stream issued from the east corner of the altar, where the incense was offered. The waters of salvation flow forth from one Mediator, one Redeemer, one Justifier, one Sanctifier, to all the nations of the earth. At any place where the river came it brought life. It did not go to the land—not to the land. It issued out toward the east country, and down into the desert—it did not stop there—through the desert into the *sea*. "Which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed." Brethren, I don't want to detract from you [addressing the citizens in the congregation]. We are very glad you are watchers on some of the ramparts of the land. You can serve the good cause, encourage the fight, and stand by our valorous sailors. East and southeast the stream flowed (taking on its way the sea of Tiberias), and soon came into contact with the Mediterranean, and reached the isles of the sea. That the Lord's telegraph might still go on, he raised up his Paul—that old seaman! that noble hero! that old piece of thunder and eloquence! He scattered the gospel water through the earth, with the watering pot in his hand. We, brethren, have been there, and seen how the Mediterranean has been dotted and spotted by Paul. He has run the zigzaggest course you ever saw. This was not at random; but this zigzag course was guided by wisdom. That was the course of Paul, that piece of thunder and lightning—one of those who can take the world in their fist. Sailors can follow him. [There is a hiatus here; the reporter in despair wrote "surprising eloquence," and listened like any other auditor.] . . . It was God! It was the arm of Omnipotence itself. There is no limit to the range of God's grace. All phantasmagoria are swept away. No art formed against God shall prosper. One shall chase a thousand, and two men shall put ten thousand to flight. But where am I going? I cannot dwell on these great deeds. I'll take them in the group. By sea, by land, those heroes took their way. Not one scrap of parchment was given. The gospel in their heads and Christ in their hearts, they just grasped the world in both their hands, *determined* to bring it to God. Workers together with God are they, and through God they carry their work on. It is only a few years since I stood in a grand warehouse. To get waterpower for the wheels a barrier was to be thrown across a river. The masonwork was all done. Everything is ready. The proud builder stands and calls to let down the tremendous gates. And when the mighty ponderous gates fell the hoary-headed architect exclaimed, "No man on earth can raise that gate—not God Almighty himself!" The eager crowd lined the banks: every eye fastened on the scene. The word escaped his mouth—and then, *one crash!—one crash!* Could not the Almighty raise it? I don't know that the timbers have been ever heard from since. Take care how you challenge the Almighty. Ye inflated worms, ye animalculæ, take care how you measure arms with the Omnipotent! The world to him is but as a nutshell. Glory to

God for his gospel! Let it roll, let it flow! Some of us have proved the benefit of it between the guns—when we have to borrow light from the lightning to find the casket. And when the storm rages and the good ship heaves and pitches in distress, turn your eye then to this gospel. It is good for all—for the man of the field and the man of the fleet, the man of the marketplace and the man of the law. The man of the legislative hall without that gospel is liable to be as mischievous as a fly. Without the gospel he is contemptible in the sight of heaven—a pest to man. The gospel brings the world into one brotherhood. While you are bringing forward your little political economy we are bringing the gospel to all the world.

Since I first went to sea—it is forty years ago, though I can go aloft still, I know I can—great changes have taken place. Turkey has become missionary ground. The Celestial fool is opening his kingdom . . .

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound."

"Ride on, O Lord, victorious!" So said our singer, but Dr. Watts beats our Arminian. Watts took the lightning for his image—the thunder peals reverberating round the sky—Let the echo fly! It is we who are now putting spurs to the lightning! If I can be here a few years longer I will be at the rising of that "heavenly day." Amen! Let me be there to see, when God shall uncover his face. The gospel blesses all; it blesses the master, it blesses the servant. The very beasts shall know the change. The ox knows to understand by some instinctive feeling the kindness of the kind. No depredations will then be committed even on the flowers needlessly. And no breath disturbs—the grace of God reigns.

The gospel sustains us against the trials of this world. We are in a world of strife and controversy—a world which must be made better by war and daring. As the winds to show land, so the gospel to show heaven. The stream that flowed from under the threshold of the house eastward at the side of the altar has become ankle deep—little duties are attended to. But it is running water, a moving stream. It will either go over or it will break down the barrier. From knee deep it is waist deep. Greater duties have their place—greater and greater. It is a work which will absorb the utmost capacity of man. A young preacher who inquired what he should do when all the texts of the Bible should be used up—who feared his powers might not have room enough to turn in—was answered, "Go all through, and then, if I am here, come and tell me, and I will try and have an answer for you." But for my part, I have been here a good while, and as yet I am hardly out of the first three chapters of Genesis.

I have a little controversy with my friend Dr. Watts. He is a little peg off here. He did not anticipate these times. We are all safe here in the temple of the Lord, though the wind may blow without, and may ruffle the nap a little, but it only stirs the surface. I believe in none of your doubts and fears. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, let all the earth rejoice. Christians fold their hands, and wrap up their faces, and say, O that I were in heaven! Heaven?

If God is with you, why is not this heaven? The Lord promises a thousand per cent—an hundredfold—not a lawyer or a judge gets that! But then *eternity!* Don't be an eyeservant, impatient all day for the sun to go down. Go to your work in the morning singing, come home at night singing, rubbing off the sweat from your brow. That's the best California I know. Ah! said one, it is easy to preach. Is it? Come and try it, brother! It is easy to preach, you say, but difficult to practice. . . . God has kept me. I have never lost a lock from my head. Not a mark has been made upon me, not a bone has been fractured. Still he spreads out his robe and covers me.

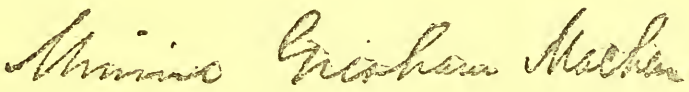
Again, the gospel is glorious in preparing us to do the work of God. When did Saint Paul play the scholar, and play the man, and play the hero, all at once? It was in giving his experience before the Roman rulers and King Agrippa, when the proud potentate thought himself a saint, and Paul showed him that he was only Satan. . . . Brother, dry will be the religious exercises, dry will be your story if . . . But thousands know where they touched the war, when their souls felt the shock—when heaven and earth met together [striking the palm of one hand upon the back of the other, vertically].

Once more and I am done. It is our duty to be grateful for the gift of this gospel. . . . Again, we should feel the importance of impressing this gospel. Recollect, I am not preaching theology. I care not about your theology. If your theology does you good I will not quarrel with you about it. But this is *my* theology—this Book. High and low, rich and poor, blooming youth and hoary age, citizens and foreigners, landsmen and seamen, it is important for you that you impress this gospel upon your hearts. Sir, seek the Lord! Sir, seek our Lord Jesus Christ! [Apparently addressing some men of consequence whom he recognized in the congregation.] O it will be an awful sight to see angels tumbling from the bar and the bench and legislative seats—tumbling like meteoric stones! . . . To-morrow? Don't tell me of your to-morrow! Impudent, daring, insulting! To-morrow! To-morrow! . . . Do you mean to show yourself a ninny, or do you mean to lie? Where is your to-morrow? A postponement is denial. Postponement is daring, and cool impudence. It is saying, I won't! Do you dare to shake your fist in the Almighty's face, and turn him off with a to-morrow? This is more than was done by Ananias and Sapphira. Have you it now? Have you religion now? Have you it now—now? I am glad of it, brother! I am glad to see that signal pass around the fleet. Postpone salvation from a watery grave when the lifeboat is near you and the hand stretched out? "Well, call to-morrow!" Such a fellow deserves to be drowned, and, when drowned he is, there ought to be no hand to pull his carcass out of the water—such a man is too mean for the dogs to howl after. I know it is said to be egotism for one to talk about himself and dwell upon his own concerns and doings. Yet mark how your politician will glory in his success, the merchant boast of his sagacious speculation; and the Ciceronian lawyer, after winning his ten-thousand-dollar fee, and triumphing over some far-famed rival, how he chuckles and tells how he managed his cause and accomplished a victory. *I* have found my piece of silver, my pearl, my treasure! Friends and neighbors, rejoice with me. Blessed is that man who has secured his bargain, bought the field in which the everlasting treasure lies hid, and received the title deed from the hand of God! I go to take possession. One jar and I shall be in eternity. But

blessed be God! I am ready for the journey, my provisions are all packed. Watchman, what of the night? Joy! Peace! The morning cometh!

We must now part. Ladies, fare you well. Mercy on these buzzing men, if we had not you at home to guard our treasures! We part—image of that last parting. Some of us are leaving indeed, quitting earth and earthly scenes. But, brother, heaven is so close by that we can talk from one gate to the other—sweet intercourse! I commend you to God. May the Lord be with you, my flock! God be with you! God save you! God bless you, and bring you home in safety!

This broken report, taken down fifty-three years ago, is unique in being the largest fragment that remains of any of the public utterances of a most extraordinarily fascinating man, whose genius was as genuine and almost as brilliant as Emerson's. Who was it that said, "America has two cataracts—Niagara and Father Taylor"?



Art. X.—AN EVERYDAY DWARF

There is a man in Our Town who does not believe in foreign missions. "Charity ought to begin at home," he says; "it will be plenty of time to go to Africa when there is not so much to be done here." The same man does not believe in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. He calls its members a lot of cranks with but one idea—and that a distorted one. "Just see what they did with the army canteen when they shoved their crazy notions through Congress. Things are twice as bad in the army now as they were before." When it comes to religion, there are a multitude of things he does not believe in. He does not believe in miracles. That any thinking man could give credence to such a story as miraculous birth seems to him particularly absurd. He does not believe in the Bible except as a sort of universal panacea for the ills of the weak-minded. He does not believe in conversion. He does not believe in prayer. Now, in so far as his lack of belief is the result of real conviction I have no fault to find with him. For I am not unmindful of the words of the poet who says:

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me,
> Than in half the creeds."

No; whatever he may believe or not believe, I honor the man who thinks for himself. I have but little respect for the parasite, either in nature or among men. I believe with Emerson that "a man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light that flashes across his own mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages." The weak, the ignorant, and the mentally deficient may have to accept their credos ready-made and predigested, but far be it from me to hold up such as our ultimate ideal. All honor rather to that "high nature, amorous of the good," who, through mental travail and soul-agony, haunted by his own misgivings and fear of the condemnations of his fellows, brings forth at last his individual beliefs, bearing in their every lineament the image of his own heart and mind. But it is not such a man with whom we have to do. For the no-beliefs of this

man from Our Town are not of the sort that are born in pain and lead to sacrifice. They are born in ignorance and lead to inaction. For he is not so much perplexed as unconcerned. He is indifferent rather than honestly doubting. Moreover, it is not for any of his individual no-beliefs that I call him in question. It is rather because he holds himself aloof from all the heat of conflict and has no concern as to its issue. It is because he maintains the attitude of an outsider for whom the questions at stake have no vital concern. The answer he would make to the prelate in Browning's "Bishop Blougram's Apology" reveals the temper of his life:

> "What think ye of Christ, friend? when all's said and done
> Like you this Christianity or not?
> It may be false; but will you wish it true?
> Has it your vote to be so if it can?"

But no; he complains rather that the matter is obtruded on his attention. He is content; why should he be disturbed? He should be disturbed because it is a matter of infinite concern to mankind whether Christianity is true or false. It makes a difference whether men's lives can be transformed by relationship to the Man of Nazareth or whether they cannot. It matters whether the universal supplications of mankind have but beat against the echoing dome of heaven and returned again to its burdened heart or whether they have been heard by a Father God. And because the hopes of mankind are wrapped up in such questions as these every man ought to feel under obligations to make them his own problems.

The difficulty with this man from Our Town is that he does not see the importance of these questions. His attitude toward them is much the same as that of a certain sophomore toward "Paradise Lost": "Well, what of it?" he remarked after reading the poem. "Well, what of it?" says this other when you tell him of the resurrection of Christ. But I pity the sophomore, and I pity this other. For the poem retains its grandeur to bestow it upon the eye that can see, and the resurrection retains its significance for the mind tempered to discern. Likewise all the graver social, ethical, and religious questions have their import for all but those whose moral perceptions are dulled or undeveloped.

For the stone it is no disgrace to be unconcerned regarding the moral issues of life. The disgrace and pathos come when a human being, endowed with the possibility of knowing the right from the wrong, the high from the low, the noble from the base, falls so far short of his high calling as to have no more interest in the problem of prayer or the question of civic purity than in the spring style of clothing or the last race at the park. No; the world has but scant welcome for such as this man from Our Town. It finds it hard enough to believe in the worth and beauty of life without having to work out its problems under the eye of this cynic half-tolerance, that never lends a hand to ease the burden or offers the torch of hope and enthusiasm to lighten the forward path. For this flawless statue of crystal ice, repelling even the sunbeams as they shine upon him, why should the world have a place? For such a nature is supremely selfish. He wants to build for himself, like the soul in Tennyson's poem, a palace of art and there live in lofty isolation. He says to himself as that soul said to herself:

> "I take possession of man's mind and deed;
> I care not what the sects may brawl,
> I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
> But contemplating all."

It will be well for this self-encircled soul if in the eve of life it may not also be said of him that

> "Deep loathing of his solitude fell on him,
> From which mood was born scorn of himself.
>
> "A spot of dull stagnation seemed his soul,
> Without light or power of movement.
>
> "Shut up as in a crumbling tower girt round
> With blackness, as a solid wall.
> Far off he seemed to hear the dully sound
> Of human footsteps fall.
>
> "Back on himself his serpent pride had curled.
> 'No voice,' he shrieked in that lone hall,
> 'No voice breaks through the stillness of the world;
> One deep, deep silence all.'"

Let him who will take for his ideal this lonely, loveless soul, looking forever on the world without hope and without enthusiasm, confining himself within the bounds of his own little nature, withhold-

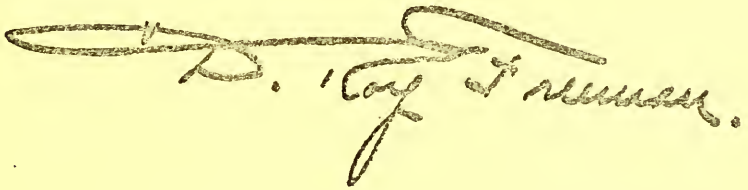
ing himself from the unselfish life that fills the world with devoted friends. For me, I choose rather that man of Browning who

> "Held this world's no blot for us,
> Nor blank. It means intensely and means good.
> To find its meaning is our meat and drink.
> . . . . . .
> Who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
> Never doubted clouds would break;
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better;
> Sleep to wake;"

who raises no whimpering cry for a soft life of selfish ease apart from the struggles of mankind, but who shouts the battle cry:

> "Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns life's smoothness rough;
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
> Be our joys three parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

To such a sturdy optimist, whose meat and drink it is to find the meaning of the world, to find it that he may live it, to such, rather than to that lean and selfish soul, I yield my full measure of allegiance and devotion.



Art. XI.—LUKE AND ACTS—ONE TREATISE

Several facts indicate that the gospel by Luke and the book of Acts may have been intended to constitute one treatise.

1. The gospel has a set introduction and the Acts none. The opening words of the Acts give no hint of the contents, having a backward rather than a forward look, while the formal introduction of the gospel contains a statement of what is to follow: "A declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us." The purpose of the gospel is also set forth in the words: "That thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed." It was primarily a contribution to the education of a young Gentile convert named Theophilus. The introduction is so worded that it covers the matter of Acts as well as that of the gospel, and would be as much in place if the two books were one as it is at present, if indeed not more so. It is too wide in its scope unless it is understood to cover Acts. Of the things "most surely believed" by the infant church the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost was outstanding. It could scarcely be that Luke would not intend to instruct Theophilus about that event. Besides this, the story of the admission of the Gentiles into the church and of the gift to them of the Holy Ghost was essential to the Christian education of any Gentile. It thus appears that the purpose in the mind of Luke at the time he wrote the introduction was only partially fulfilled until Acts followed.

2. The subject matter of the gospel as it stands is the life and character of Jesus. Yet not a word of the introduction has exclusive reference to him. It is a strange omission unless the writer intends to cover more than the life of Jesus. Paul, his spiritual father and companion, though not having it in mind to write a life of Jesus, makes mention of him in the first verse of each of his epistles. So do James, Peter, and Jude. So also do Matthew, Mark, and John, the latter both in the gospel and the Revelation. It was therefore not according to the apostolic manner if Luke intended only to write a life of Jesus and made no mention of him at the outset. The fact that Acts has no introduction whatever

strengthens the idea that Luke intended the introduction of the gospel to cover both books. Without this hypothesis we have a literary artist like Luke writing one book with an introduction and another without one; and the introduction as written better suited to the two books together than to that of which it forms a part.

3. Acts is dovetailed into Luke in a remarkable manner. Compare the first chapter of Acts with the last of Luke. Luke ends with a statement of what the apostles were to do. Acts begins with the account of how those things were done. The matters specified in Luke are: the preaching in the name of Jesus of repentance and remission of sins among all nations beginning at Jerusalem, the disciples being witnesses; the sending of the promise of the Father; the tarrying in Jerusalem for the fulfillment of the promise, which was the enduement of power from on high. Further Luke tells us that "he was parted from them"; that "he led them out as far as to Bethany" and that they "returned to Jerusalem" "with great joy," a joy which, owing to his departure, would seem out of place but for the explanation in Acts 1. 10, 11, where we read of the promise of his return given by two men in white apparel; and that they "were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." (Compare also Acts 1 and 2.)

From Acts we learn that the gospel ("the former treatise," verse 1) was the account of the doings and teachings of Jesus "until the day in which he was taken up after that he through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles," "to whom also he showed himself alive" "after his passion by many infallible proofs," "speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." (Compare Luke 24.)

The natural inference seems to be that Luke intended to write all that is in the gospel and Acts when he began the former, that he wrote the introduction with that in view, that he was either interrupted after he reached the end of what is now the gospel or perceived its unity as it stood, and when he turned to complete the story made as good a joint as he could between the two parts by the references in the first part of Acts to the last statements of Luke.

John J. Ferguson.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

One July day Carlyle wrote thus to Robert Browning: "Your loyal-minded, welcome little note finds me here on the Scotch shore of the Solway Firth; I might say on the very beach, amid rough sea-grass and gravel; remote from all haunts of articulate-speaking men; conversing with a few sea-mews alone, with the ocean tides and moaning winds. I have fled hither for a few weeks of utter solitude, donothingism, and sea bathing; such as promised to prove salutary for me in the nervous mood I was getting into. London in the long run would surely drive one mad, if it did not kill one first with its noise and whirling commotion. Yearly it becomes more apparent to me that as man 'was not made to be alone,' so he *was* made to be occasionally alone—or else be a mere foolish sounding-board of a man, no *voice* in him, but only distracted and distracting multiplicities of echoes and hearsays; a very miserable and silly sort of object. This place is as lonely as if it were on the coast of Madagascar; a place altogether as if made for us. Thank God, there are still some places ugly enough to be lonely!" And a month later to Edward Fitzgerald: "As to the Picturesque, I have been dreadfully annoyed with it. Not properly with *it*, for I rather like big rocks, high mountains, swift rivers, and waterfalls, as I suppose all men since the beginning of the world have done; but the eternal babble and cackle about it, from even sensible persons in these times, is truly distressing to me. It is like a human being uttering to me 'Cuck-*oo!* Cuck-*oo!*' with a tongue that might speak real *words*."

In Carlyle's last-published correspondence are not a few devout thoughts expressed in his solemn earnest fashion to relatives and friends. One night he wrote: "Sirius is glancing blue-bright like a spirit, my comrade for many years. In the North is an Aurora, foot-lights of this great Theater of a Universe, where you and I are players for an hour. God is great; and all else is verily altogether small." When his friend Rev. John Sterling died he wrote: "I have lost the flower of all that London had for me. But let there be no grumbling, no hypochondria; silent, cheerful of heart, wait what

the Hours will bring! . . . We must look to a Higher than aught earthly for comfort. God is above us. Surely there is no love in our hearts that he has not made—our holiest affections, surely he will do with them what is wise and good and best." To none does he write quite so tenderly as to his old mother: "You have had much to suffer, dear mother, and are grown old in this Valley of Tears. But we will not weep over the years. You have borne your sorrows like a brave woman and a Christian. Surely we may say as the Old Hebrew devoutly did, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' Yes, for all our sorrows and difficulties, we have not been without help; neither shall we be. Much has come and gone, and we are still left on earth. Ought not our endeavor, for the days that yet remain, be even this, That we may serve the Eternal Maker of us; struggle to serve him faithfully and not the enemies of him? And is there not above all and in all a *Father* watching over us; through whom all sorrows *shall* yet work together for good? Yes, it is even so. Let us hold by that as an anchor both sure and steadfast. That is the anchor we have in the wildest storms of Time. Strength is lent us by our Maker, and we are here in a Place of Hope always. . . . We are journeying toward the Grand Silence. What lies beyond it earthly man knows not. But all brave men have known that it must be Godlike, that it must be right good, that the name of it is God. *Wir heissen euch hoffen.* What is right and best for us will full surely be. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. 'In Eternal Love'—that is the ultimate significance of this wild clashing tempest which is named Life, where the sons of Adam flicker painfully for an hour."

SOME OF A GREAT NOVELIST'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS

Poets, men of science, and novelists, as well as theologians, biblicists, and preachers, have made distinctive, significant, and sometimes valuable contributions to modern thought on religion, and some of them have even done good service to Christian apologetics by sword thrusts, dashing raids, and a sort of guerrilla warfare in defense of Truth and Faith. In the opinion of some the foremost of living masters of fiction is George Meredith, and his novels, as well as his poems, are alive with ideas which belong to the region of religious problems and beliefs; alive to the religious current which gulf-streams the ocean of man's nature; alive to the meaning of the his-

toric function of belief, the validity of the impulse to devotion, and the significance of man's aspiration after God. In a recent number of the Hibbert Journal some of these ideas are set in ordered connection by Dr. James Moffatt. It is not from theological, but rather from scientific ground that Meredith takes his religious views. He bases a lusty and essentially religious optimism on the warrant of modern evolutionary science. His cardinal principle is the trustworthiness of the moral instincts, holding them to be supreme, and holding faith in them to be valid, justifiable, sane, obligatory, and necessary. Upon the witness of nature and on the warrant of the newest science he accepts the ethical impulses and ends of human experience as axiomatic. From this same ground and on similar warrants he flouts and routs the black knights of materialism. He will not have spiritual phenomena reduced to their physical accompaniments, nor man lowered to the level of the beasts that perish.

Dr. Moffatt observes the emphasis with which Meredith presses on men the habit of prayer, both as an aid in the discharge of our duties toward one another and as a genuine food for our personal needs. Not in the pulpit's fashion, but in an eager way of his own does the novelist in his various writings urgently counsel men to pray. Dr. Moffatt says: "Prayer is, to Meredith, the genuine expression of a man's belief in the living Spirit of the universe. It is the logical outcome of his ethical idealism, this overflow of the soul, this lift of the heart and conscience, this supreme resignation of the will, which is called prayer. He recognizes and enforces prayer as communion with the Divine Spirit in us and over us, as the surge of human thought and feeling which throws itself out upon some higher purpose in the universe, and as the exercise of an intense aspiration for the good that lies beyond the senses and yet within the limits of our power. 'Prayer is power within us to communicate with the desired beyond our thirsts.' Or, in Mrs. Berry's words of homely counsel to Sir Austin Feverel, 'I think it's al'ays the plan in a dielemmer to pray God and walk forward.' With Meredith, this habit of simple prayer is one condition of right movement and sane conduct. For prayer as the expression of selfishness or panic he has naturally no place at all. 'There is nothing so indicative of fevered temper or of bad blood as the tendency to counsel the Almighty how he shall deal with his creatures.' *The Lord is in his holy temple*, says the Hebrew prophet; he is full of vitality and resource, able to manage all earth's affairs and ready to interpose at

the right moment. Therefore *let all the earth keep silence*—silence from nervous interfering advice, disguising doubt as prayer. The very next verse of the same prophecy opens an oracle which illustrates the conception of prayer in Meredith. For, as the late Professor A. B. Davidson, writing on Habakkuk 3. 1, says, 'the earnest direction of the poet's mind toward God, and its absorption and loss of itself in the thought of him and his operations, is a prayer.' This is admirably brought out in Beauchamp's Career, a novel into which one feels that the author has put perhaps more of his deeper mind than into almost any other. He makes Dr. Shrapnel write: 'In our prayers we dedicate the world to God, not calling him great for a title, no—showing him we know him great in a limitless world, Lord of a truth we tend to, have not grasped. I say prayer is good. I counsel it to you again and again: in joy, in sickness of heart. . . . We make prayer a part of us, praying for no gifts, no interventions; through the faith in prayer opening the soul to the undiscerned. And take this for the good in prayer, that it makes us repose on the unknown with confidence, makes us flexible to change, makes us ready for revolution—for life, then! He who has the fountain of prayer in him will not complain of hazards. Prayer is the recognition of laws; the soul's exercise and source of strength; its thread of conjunction with them. . . . We that fight the living world must have the universal for succor of the truth in it. Cast forth the soul in prayer, you meet the effluence of the outer truth, you join with the creative elements giving breath to you,' escaping by this discipline of the soul's faith from monotonous habit, pride, and fear.

> 'If courage should falter, 'tis wholesome to kneel.
> Remember that well, for the secret with some,
> Who pray for no gift, but have cleansing in prayer,
> And free from impurities tower-like stand.'

This line of thought reminds us that we are dealing with one who is not simply a master of our English, but sensitive to the deeper vibrations of the human spirit."

Meredith's writings in prose and verse are "studded with clean, manly, bracing counsels," emerging from a religious background or tending to a religious end. He counsels for a religion which keeps its feet on the ground while it lifts its head to the heavens. He contends that transcendental aims are false and supposed spiritual attainments are insecure if they neglect or depreciate human nature or ignore its dignity or its facts, since "to check the juices poured

into our blood by Nature is to bring drought upon the soul." In one of his books he says: "We do not get to any heaven by despising and renouncing the Mother we spring from; and when there is an eternal secret for us, it is best to believe that Mother Earth has some knowledge of it, and to keep near her, in touch with her, even in our highest aspirations." The natural and what some call the supernatural (which in a way is as natural as the natural) join together to build for man the temple of a credible God, wherein he may bow his brain and his heart, his reason and his love. Meredith holds that, if we are the children of Earth and of Heaven, then the best way for us to show ourselves "worthy of Him who, afar, beckons us on to a higher birth," is to be true to the Mother with whom we now are and who bears us on her generous bosom. A true interpretation of science is said to be teaching us now that "the supreme end of Nature is to promote, in the race and in the individual unselfishness, brotherliness, and self-sacrifice." Even Huxley taught, in his Romanes lecture, that there is seen at work in nature a rudimentary ethical impulse and process of self-renunciation and mutual service, and that this impulse and process check and counterwork the general cosmic impulse and tendency to natural self-assertion; and that this checking altruistic impulse is a real part of the obvious cosmic plan, just as the governor in a steam engine is part of the mechanism of the engine. And so there is in Nature, as was said, a visible purpose to promote in mankind the spirit and practice of mutual service. Thus we are taught that hard-heartedness, indifference to the claims of men, selfishness, are seen on the scientific side to be impiety to Nature—which, religion tells us, is a name behind and by which God is partly revealed and partly concealed.

The detection of an ethical impulse and intention in Nature requires us to regard death, which is part of this cosmic plan, as promoting in a mysterious but unerring way the welfare of mankind, The biological proof of death's beneficent role is capable of use for argument on the ethical side of things. And Meredith holds that death becomes endurable in the light of its scientifically proved beneficence; and that it is not from any standpoint right, manly, or sensible to surround it with grief and terror. Also and by the light of Nature he rejects the possibility of the annihilation of the good man's life, and asserts the persistence of the spirit. Death cannot be supposed to end or interfere with man's use to the universe. Hume said that he believed in immortality when he thought of his

mother; and of Matthew Weyburn it is written, "The goodness of the dear good mother was to him an assurance of a breast of Goodness to receive her, whatever the nature of the eternal secret may be." As for the grave, Meredith does not shrink from it. He asks why he should at the last fear the green and bounteous earth, which he now loves; why he should shudder to trust his body to the keeping of the breast that gives the rose. The teaching of Meredith's writings is that our supreme concern should be dutifulness here and now—fidelity to the obligations which arise from our relationships to one another, charity and mutual helpfulness in our human intercourse. He would agree with John Hay that "finding a little child and bringing him to his own" was better business for men or angels than swinging censers before an altar or "loafing around the throne." Especially he urges the responsibility of each generation to do its best for the welfare and advancement of coming generations, saying in his poems that to bleed for the young generation is proof that we have souls; and that the loudest cry of conscience in life is that we

> "Keep the young generations in hail,
> And bequeath them no tumbled house";

and that this is the sacred duty which should spur the best that is in us to do its very best to cleanse the world and set it in order and make it a safe and wholesome place to be born into and to fight the fight of life in with good hope of winning out into life eternal.

We are taking from Meredith's teachings and Dr. Moffatt's exposition those things which suit us, leaving what we do not wish. This novelist is no preacher, but some of his ideas on religion may be acceptable and available for a preacher's use. Few men in modern times have thought more earnestly or written more intensely upon immortality than F. W. H. Myers, who made the following protest against the notion of the disintegration of the individual human personality:

> "O, dreadful thought! if all our sires and we
> Are but foundations of a race to be—
> Stones which one thrusts in earth, and builds thereon
> A white delight, a Parian Parthenon.
> And thither, long hereafter, youth and maid
> Seek with glad brows the alabaster shade,
> And in procession's pomp together bent
> Still interchange their sweet words innocent—
> Not caring that those mighty columns rest
> Each on the ruin of a human breast,
> That to the shrine the victor's chariot rolls
> Across the anguish of ten thousand souls."

OUR HEROIC INHERITANCE

Is heroism a thing altogether confined to the past, so far as Methodist preachers are concerned? If specimens or instances of it are wanted must we look exclusively to the men of a former age? We should be entirely unwilling to grant this. We are convinced that work is being done in very many places to-day, not merely on the frontiers or in the foreign mission fields, but all about us, that may rightly be called heroic, because of the qualities that are brought into requisition by it and are essential to its prosecution. There are genuine heroes in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of Methodism's wide field, whose names do not get into the papers or even into the reports at Conference, but who will be recognized for what they are when the final record is made up. They are of the sort who, with Saint Paul, count it a very small thing to be estimated by man's judgment, nor are they much given to estimating themselves, but they are well content to do with all their might the work that God appoints, fully trusting him that he can hold his own, and that he will hold them in the hollow of his hand. "In the teeth of clenched antagonisms" they are entirely prepared "to follow up the worthiest till they die." They are of the kind that Lowell has in mind when he says, "And some innative weakness there must be in him who condescends to victory such as the present gives, and cannot wait, safe in himself, as in a fate." They are willing to wait, feeling that "one self-approving hour whole years outweighs of stupid starers and of loud huzzahs," and that "all service ranks the same with God, there is no last or first." They are "content in work to do the thing they can, and not presume to fret because it's little"; they would "be ashamed to sit beneath those stars, impatient that they are nothing." They do not ask to be "fed on sweets," but in the midst of hindering conditions that shut them in like prison walls they fall back serenely on the great fundamental facts and forces of the universe that are surely fighting on their side. Heroes, then, we have in every Conference or every section. We salute them, and cry, All hail! even as the hosts above some day will salute and cry. But inasmuch as they are still with us and their lives are largely hidden from observation, when we wish for some impulse toward the noblest deeds or for some girding for endurance beyond the common, we cast about in our minds for recorded examples of men having like passions and vocations with ourselves, who under trying circumstances carried

themselves right bravely. And it is not hard to find such. We Methodist ministers have a wonderful inheritance of this kind whose full value we do not, perhaps, completely understand. By denominational descent we are of the same blood with a race that did marvelous things, and their exploits cannot fail to appeal to us in proportion as we know them and are made of the same fiber. Wordsworth, in his "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," tells the story of one Henry, Lord Clifford, who after long banishment, wherein he lived obscure as a shepherd, was restored to his ancestral estates and honors with high festivities and glad acclaim. The poet sings:

"Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book:
Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls:—
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!"

Even so, in some measure, the victories of the past on many a field, as they are written down in the annals of the Methodist preachers who flourished during the first century of Methodism on this continent, furnish a powerful incentive to those who in the present day bear the same appellation and shout the same battle cries. It is both a duty and a privilege for us to be well informed concerning those who have thus gone before us, that their example may rightly speak to us and the strain of heroism which in their case had such illustrious manifestation, may be continued without break in our more favored day. Stevens's histories, of course, are classic in this connection. But we have in mind just now another source of inspiration, independent of Stevens to a large degree, coming down to a later period and covering many names not there enrolled. We refer to Dr. William R. Sprague's Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit, published some forty years ago, and covering not only the chief worthies of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but quite a number from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church. There are one hundred and eighty-one principal sketches, with many other instances of minor mention. Assigned to the New York Conference are no less than twenty-three, with

fourteen others pertaining to the territory of New York State; Baltimore has twenty, New England sixteen, Philadelphia and Ohio fifteen each, while the Southern country has thirty in all. It makes very rich reading. For though there is, of course, a general sameness, in that all were converted after certain spiritual exercises more or less prolonged and violent, then went through, in most cases, the prescribed routine familiar to Methodist Conferences, and in much the same way, yet no two are exactly alike, and very frequently the variations are startling, the irregularities conspicuously notable. We get, for example, an inkling of what often happened in those early times from a contribution by the Rev. G. C. M. Roberts, of the Baltimore Conference, concerning his father, George Roberts, also of that Conference in the main, but laboring for six years, 1790 to 1796, in New England. He writes: "I have repeatedly heard my father say that the years which he spent in New England were at once the most pleasant and the most trying and laborious of his entire itinerant life. During the whole of that time he never received over forty dollars per annum, including the dividends obtained from the Conference. He once remarked to me that he learned to preach in New England, that his congregations were always very largely sprinkled with those who carried their Bibles with them. If he quoted a passage in explanation or defense of any doctrine he taught, they would publicly demand where the passage was to be found. If perchance he happened to quote it incorrectly they would at once tell him there was no such passage in the Bible. Not unfrequently women as well as men would rise up in the meeting, and declare the position he was endeavoring to establish to be inconsistent with some portion of God's Word. This trait in the character of many of the people rendered it necessary that he should use great caution in making his statements, that there might be no ground for calling them in question. This also kept him always prepared to defend himself in the most amiable manner. Notwithstanding he was thus compelled to fight his way at every step, the people generally gave him a respectful attention. Sometimes when he was making an appeal to parents, all the parents would rise from their seats and stand until he had closed. And the same was true of children, when they were especially addressed. These singular demonstrations were an annoyance to him, but he rarely if ever suffered them to disturb his equanimity." This matter of small remuneration finds many illustrations, being, indeed, the usual thing. Samuel Parker, who

labored on the frontier in the West and Southwest, would come to Conference after a year of great labor and sacrifice with his traveling expenses exceeding his income by nearly thirty dollars, and the Conference doing its best could make up his allowance to only thirty-five dollars. Another minister who traveled more than three thousand miles on horseback received one year just one dollar and four cents more than his expenses, and another year five dollars and thirty-three cents. Freeborn Garrettson, during more than fifty years, received no pecuniary recompense whatever for his arduous labors, cheerfully expending his whole patrimony in sustaining himself in the work to which he was called. Daniel Smith, of the New York Conference, who died in 1852, is said to have expended over and above all that he received for his services fifteen hundred dollars.

The deep piety of these men had abundant witness borne to it in many ways. Manifestly nothing but a consecration to Christ much more than common could have carried them triumphantly through the hardships they endured and given them the victories they achieved. The son of Isaac Smith, of the South Carolina Conference, testifies concerning his father as follows: "I never heard him utter a complaining word under any of the many afflictions that he was called to suffer. I have watched him when standing beside the lifeless bodies of his children and have heard him exclaim, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' I can truly say that I never knew him indulge in an expression, or in any way manifest a feeling, unbecoming the character of a Christian. His faith in God was unbounded, and his conversation was habitually in heaven. I watched him in early boyhood, as well as after I had reached maturity, and I can say in the fear of God that he was the most perfect model of Christian excellence that I have ever seen." When he died there were found upon his knees formations evidently occasioned by his having spent much time in a kneeling posture. The Hon. Grant Goodrich, Judge of the Superior Court of Illinois, writing of Peter Ruble Borein, who labored in Chicago in its early years, says: "My idea of him is summed up in this. That I fear those who knew him were in danger of rendering to him the worship that was due to their Saviour; and I believe that in the great day when the inscrutable providences of God shall be developed, this will appear to be the reason why he was taken away from earth, in the morning of a life so promising. I never expect to see another being on earth in whom the image of Jesus Christ is so distinctly and

perfectly presented." It was under Borein's preaching that Mrs. Eliza Garrett, founder of the Biblical Institute at Evanston, was converted. The biographer of John Wesley Childs, of the Virginia Conference, thinks it a matter of reasonable doubt whether he had any superior in modern times for extraordinary spirituality, deadness to the world, and devotion to Christ. He could not tolerate the least approach to conformity to the world. Under the full conviction that his besetting sin was pride, he strove to mortify it by every possible means. Another friend speaks with the utmost admiration and veneration of Mr. Childs's wonderful self-denial, close application to the Scriptures, eminently spiritual conversation, and untiring efforts to build up the church of God, efforts so intense and rigorous that they shortened his life. He seemed almost literally to pray without ceasing; when he was at home, like the great Edwards, he always had family prayers at noon, as well as in the morning and evening; and several hours of every day are said to have been spent in his closet. Dr. Samuel Luckey wrote: "The secret of Bishop George's eminence as a Christian minister lay chiefly in his deep and earnest piety. Amid all his cares and labors he never neglected his private devotions. When he was deprived of the privilege of the closet by the restricted circumstances of the families with whom he sojourned he would retire to some grove, and seek there a solitude where he might commune with his God. He seemed fully aware that, without that love to God and man which can be kept alive only by constant watchfulness and prayer, all human efforts are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The testimony in regard to Bishop Asbury is substantially the same. He had certain hours of devotional retirement, which he observed with scrupulous fidelity at whatever house he was. Unless absolutely prohibited he never left a house without offering prayer. Says Dr. Nathan Bangs: "It was in prayer that his greatest strength lay, whether in public or in private. Never boisterous in manner, but solemn and devout, his prayers were comprehensive, appropriate, and fervent, and sometimes exhibited a peculiar unction that made it manifest to all that he was in truth in audience with the Deity."

The wonderfully happy deathbeds of very many of these men also bear out the assertion that they lived very near to God. They met the last messenger, as a rule, with the utmost exultation, shouting the high praises of the Lamb and seeing bright visions of heaven's realities. The last intelligible sentence of Benjamin Abbott was,

"Glory to God, I see heaven sweetly opening before me." Garrettson died of strangury, a disease entailing indescribable bodily agony, but there was no faltering of his confidence in his Redeemer. In the midst of his sufferings he exclaimed: "I shall be purified as by fire; I shall be made perfect through sufferings. It is all right—not a pain too much." Again he exclaimed, "I feel the perfect love of God in my soul." When a friend inquired how he was he replied, "I feel love and good will toward all mankind—I see a beauty in all the works of God;" apparently not regarding the inquiry about his health as worthy of being noticed. He exclaimed, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Hallelujah, Hallelujah!" And then, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, he faintly whispered, "Glory, Glory!" and expired. A friend who was standing beside John Dickins just before his departure said to him, "My dear brother, do you not already see the towers of the New Jerusalem?" and he answered, "Yes, I do." The same friend asked him if they should pray, and he expressed a desire that they should rather engage in *praise*. In this he was engaged as long as he could articulate; and the last words that fell from his lips were, "Glory, glory! come, Lord Jesus!" The deathbed of George Roberts, at Baltimore, in 1827, was marked by extreme physical suffering but by the most decided spiritual triumph. For twenty-four hours prior to his death he had a most violent convulsion recurring every ten minutes; and for twenty-four hours preceding the last day he experienced the same every half hour; but, strangely enough, these attacks seemed rather to increase than to diminish his intellectual vigor. During the intervals he shouted aloud almost continuously the praises of redeeming grace; a circumstance which was the more remarkable from the fact that he had never in any preceding part of his life been given to any exulting demonstrations. A night or two previous to his death his son urged him to spare himself. He immediately replied, "Be quiet, my son? No, no. If I had the voice of an angel I would rouse the inhabitants of Baltimore, for the purpose of telling them of the joys of redeeming love! Victory! Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" The last words of John Collins were, "Happy, happy, happy!" Of George Pickering, "Glory!" Just as Christopher Frye was passing into the dark valley, a friend at his bedside inquired of him concerning his feelings and prospects; his reply was, "My body is in torture, but my soul is full of glory," and in a few minutes his spirit had fled. A friend of William Penn Chandler

called to see him one Sunday morning on his way to church, and the dying man inquired of him the day of the week. On being told that it was Sunday, "Sunday?" said he, "Go, then, to the meeting and tell them that I am dying, shouting the praises of God." And then turning to his wife he said, "My dear Mary, open the windows, and let me proclaim to the people in the street the goodness of God." His last two days seem to have been passed in an uninterrupted ecstasy. His physician, who was a pious man, stated that he spoke to him of the joys, the glories, the inhabitants of heaven as if he were in the midst of them. Dr. Chandler told him that he felt that the connection between his soul and body had already begun to dissolve; and that there was a freedom, a fullness, a clearness in his mind's operation that he had never before formed a conception of. "In fact," said he, "I know not whether I am in the body or out of it." From this state of intense rapture he passed into a profound slumber, which proved the immediate harbinger of death. As George Gary drew near to the closing scene, writes John Dempster, amid intense suffering borne not only with patience but with absolute triumph and a mind which seemed to increase in vigor as his physical strength decayed, he exclaimed, "Thanks to my Saviour, the hour of my release is nearly come." On being asked how he now viewed the sacrifices which he had made as a minister of Christ, he replied, "I have made none—I can only hide behind the cross." When a bright Sabbath morning dawned—his last—he exclaimed, with an air of mingled peace and triumph, "This would be a lovely morning on which to pass away." And then, with his spirit glowing like the sun, and his eye directed to the heavens, he cried out, "Christ does everything right—grandly, grandly." Had one actually returned from the abodes of glorified humanity he could scarcely have exceeded this dying saint in the interest and confidence with which he would speak of the realities of the spirit land. And this assurance grew firmer and more triumphant as life was gradually ebbing away, until the scene closed and left his pale face illumined with a radiance that came from beyond the veil. These are but a few specimens out of the many which have been preserved in these chronicles. It is noteworthy how many died nobly at their posts because they refused to abandon their people when fearful epidemics swept in upon them. John Dickins died in Philadelphia of yellow fever, in 1798, not feeling at liberty to withdraw either himself or his family at a time when the offices of a minister of the gospel were so urgently needed.

Yellow fever carried off John Lane at Vicksburg in 1855, together with two of his family; also Vernon Eskridge at Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1855; and Anthony Dibbrell at Norfolk in the same year. Barnabus MacHenry in 1833 was removed by cholera at Springfield, Kentucky, together with four of his family; and Greenbury R. Jones succumbed to the same disease in Ohio in 1844. Very many died of consumption brought on by their exposure and hardships. Among these was Hezekiah Calvin Wooster, of the New York Conference, who traversed the wilds of Canada with a spirit of the most heroic devotion, having no shelter for weeks but the trees of the forest, a man of mighty faith and prayer, passing away when only twenty-seven. George Locke, of the Indiana Conference, never recovered from the effects of the cold contracted from falling into the Wabash River, when crossing it while gorged with ice in one of the severest winters ever known; he died of consumption at the age of thirty-seven. Zenas Caldwell, of Maine, after much bleeding at the lungs, passed triumphantly away at the age of twenty-six. John Summerfield was twenty-seven when he died. Richard Nolley died in the woods of Louisiana, chilled and exhausted, at the age of thirty. Learner Blackman, a missionary in Tennessee, was drowned at the age of thirty-four while crossing a river. The list might be very greatly extended. No one unless of herculean frame could stand the ordeals which in most cases the preachers of those days were expected to undergo.

As a rule they entered the work very early. The youngest preacher ever received into the Conference was supposed to be George Gary, who was only fifteen and a half when admitted by the New England Conference into the traveling connection. The same Conference received Enoch Mudge at the age of seventeen, and Joseph Lybrand was admitted by the Philadelphia Conference when only eighteen. It was this same Lybrand who declined an appointment to the Book Agency in New York, assigning as a reason his strong desire to devote himself to the single work of preaching Christ. Elijah Hedding was elected bishop contrary to his own strongly expressed wishes. Bishop Roberts in 1836, when he had been bishop twenty years, "deliberately and in good faith," the account says, "tendered his resignation to the General Conference, simply because in his own estimation of himself his qualifications for the office, small at best, were soon to be so diminished by the infirmities of age [he was then fifty-eight] that he could not be safely intrusted with

it. No member of that large body, however, entertained the same opinion of him as he did of himself; and to his great disappointment, no one moved to accept his resignation, and he bore his official honors as a cross to the end of his life." With somewhat similar modesty Daniel Ostrander, at the age of seventy-one, asked to have his name placed on the superannuated list of the New York Conference. A Conference committee waited upon him to inquire whether he would not consent to serve in the effective ranks one year longer; but he declined. This man was elected a member of every General Conference from its establishment in 1808 down to 1840, the last one before his death. For forty-eight years his seat in the Annual Conference was never vacant, and for only three Sabbaths of that period was he disabled for service by bodily indisposition.

If these men of our first century had great trials and toils, often riding enormous circuits which required hundreds of miles of travel to make a single round, and often treated with cruel indignity, they also had great triumphs. Extensive revivals of religion were quite common, and in many cases the accessions to the church from such seasons aggregated between three hundred and four hundred souls. James MacFerrin, of the Tennessee Conference, in two years' work on a single circuit, added twelve hundred members to the church; in another two years six hundred and seventy-three were added. Near the close of his life, reviewing his sixteen years in the ministry, he writes: "Since I joined the Conference, 1823, I have preached two thousand and eighty-eight times, baptized five hundred and seventy-three adults and eight hundred and thirteen infants; and have taken into society three thousand nine hundred and sixty-five members. May the blessings of God rest upon them. Amen!" With such trophies for the Master these men might well count their loss a gain, and sing high praises in the midst of the fires. Constrained by the love of Christ they sought the wandering souls of men with singleness of purpose and with earnestness intense,

> "With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
> And snatch them from the gaping grave."

The character of the preaching, in part at least, explains the results. It dealt very largely with awakening subjects. Sin was rebuked with the utmost plainness, its exceeding sinfulness and fearful punishment were pointed out in unmistakable language; the wrath of God was denounced against unrighteousness, and the con-

sciences of the hearers were searched with such burning appeals that they were made to tremble with the most frightful apprehensions. Heaven and hell, sin and damnation, the greatness of the soul and the value of its redemption—these were the staple themes, handled with such pungency, such pathos and power, that sobs and groans would be heard all over the large audiences of unconverted people, and the masses would be moved upon like the sea in a storm. Thrilling incidents would be related of personal opposition to God and the fearful retribution that followed, burning words of warning would be hurled in the midst, and the most appalling truths pressed home upon the heart, until cries for mercy would be heard upon every side. J. B. Wakeley, describing a sermon by Lewis Pease at the Hillside Camp Meeting in 1835, says: "For more than two hours there was a vast sea of upturned faces, gazing at him in breathless silence, as he delivered one of the most alarming sermons I ever heard. It seemed as if the preacher were actually standing between heaven and hell with the songs of the redeemed and the wailings of the lost both vibrating on his ear, and throwing his whole soul into an effort to secure the salvation of his hearers. The descriptions throughout were so unutterably terrific that it seemed as if every wicked man in the assembly must have been horrorstruck." These are the men—one cannot help reflecting as he reviews the two hundred sketches—who, very largely, have made our country what it is. They were, at least, a most important factor in shaping and controlling the destinies of this nation. They were not thinking of that. They were following their convictions of duty as to preaching the gospel to lost men and women. But, in saving these hundreds of thousands of settlers, and transforming these early communities, they saved the land. They knew not what they did. God knew, and we in some measure know. They are deserving of highest honor both from church and state. Yet how very small the number of people who now are aware that they even existed! Earthly renown, how exceedingly short-lived! Here were men of largest mark in their day and generation, on whose lips thousands would hang whenever it was known that they would speak, men who had every token of exalted regard at the hands of their fellows, spoken of most eulogistically, their celebrity and popularity far beyond the common, mighty in word and deed. In half a century they are utterly forgotten, and their names awaken no echo whatever. Daniel Smith, already referred to, left behind him more than fifty volumes of Sunday school books, "by which, though dead,"

says Bishop D. W. Clark, "he will continue to speak to generations to come." But, alas, we fear the present generation knows him not. And still more ephemeral is the fame of many who left no written record. Eminent and illustrious for shining qualities over a wide region during a few years, they have speedily passed into an obscurity which may well moderate our ambitions or turn them into a safer and worthier channel than that by which they are so often and so perilously engaged.

Another reflection which such a review forces upon us is, What a place heaven will be! To get together in one company even these two hundred choice spirits would make a spot of unspeakable, indescribable delights. To hear them tell of their victories, and pour out their raptures of love for Him in whose name they have won their battles, to sit down with them for sacred converse and join with them in holy songs, to talk over the experiences of earth and the still richer experiences of the land beyond the river, to look into their glowing souls and participate in their feasts of love, would be in itself enough to constitute paradise. But these are only a handful from a single denomination, called home during a short half century. When we take all the Methodist preachers of all lands and time and join to them the preachers of all other churches and ages, and then add to this matchless assembly the saints and missionaries and martyrs, lay and clerical, old and young, that each century and each country will send up—what a gathering, what a gathering, it will be! Can any words begin to do justice to the scene and the association? Is it any wonder that when these dying heroes caught a glimpse of what was before them they shouted "glory" as long as they could breathe? Shall we be worthy to join this radiant host? worthy to be reckoned in with the brave troop of circuit riders who made the forests ring with their hymns of lofty cheer and gained such victories for Jesus Christ? What a heritage, as Methodist preachers and Methodist laymen, we have! What predecessors laid the broad foundations of our stately temple! How loudly they bid us be valiant and faithful! It is not rusting lance and shield that call to us from stately halls, nor is it a "field of death" that summons our endeavor. But the memories of the departed who have been taken up into the larger life, after bringing life eternal to many hundreds of thousands, charge us not to grow weary or faint in our mind, nor let our zeal get cold, whatever the difficulties that may essay to daunt us.

THE ARENA

SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION

A MONTH had passed since I had worshiped with God's people in his house, yet it seemed to me more than a year. Since that last service the ocean had been crossed and I had become a peregrinatic fiend, burrowing through the "Land of the Pilgrim Fathers," and penetrating far into the European continent. Strange faces, unknown tongues, and alien customs had been my constant companions. Being alone and ignorant, I had faced everything with my fighting clothes on. I had bartered with shopkeepers, quarreled with cab drivers, bargained with guides, and jewed hotel keepers, each time going on my way feeling that, after all, I had paid the price which the uninitiated must always pay. But it was all over, thank God, and a Sabbath morning bright with sunshine and gladness found me tired and homesick in the city of philosophy, music, and classical learning. As I wended my lonely way through the broad avenues and shady parks the whole world seemed to be blooming with joy, gladness, and song. The birds, already engaged in their morning worship, were warbling a grand hallelujah chorus, praising in sweetest melody the Creator of us all. Then I remembered that I too am a Christian and must needs kindle devotion's altar and send up incense, spiritual, to my Maker.

Turning from those who were worshiping in God's out-of-doors, I sought a humbler altar at which to kneel. A magnificent church, Saint Peter's, whose steeple seemed to penetrate the heavens, I passed, feeling too ignoble to present myself with those who worshiped there. Turning into a side street and passing under an arched alleyway, back through a court filled with the first flowers of early spring, I entered a hall where the little German Methodist congregation worship. At the door I was given a warm handshake and a Methodist Hymnal, and was ushered to a seat near the front of the room. I felt at home; I was at home! Quietness reigned. The people came in, took their seats, leaned forward in silent prayer; the minister walked slowly up the aisle and knelt behind the pulpit; all was so calm and still. God was being worshiped in that place! The hymn was pronounced and heartily sung; the prayer was full of unction and lifted my hungry, homesick soul to the very throne of grace. The Scripture lessons were read with earnest expression; then another hymn; and as the minister announced his text the people stood to receive the message of God. The sermon was powerful. "Jesu Christu," his holy character, was the theme; the deity of the Son the burden of the discourse. The speaker stood behind the "impregnable Rock" and was an adept with the sword of the Spirit. He turned often but readily and quickly to the sacred page, reading the verse to prove the statement made.

In thirty minutes I forgot the heathen life I had led for the past four weeks; I forgot my loneliness, my irritableness, and felt myself again a

child of God, owned by Jesus Christ, and an heir to all the riches of his glory. What cared I then for the doubt of subtle philosophy, the magnifying glass of higher criticism, or the mockery of agnosticism? I am Christ's, and he is God's. My soul was filled with joy, and I thanked God that in a distant land I could worship him in a Methodist house, with Methodist people.

Through all this service I could scarcely understand a word, and with difficulty talked with the good pastor at the close, but what matter? The Spirit is one, and interprets not words of tongue, but messages of heart, administering not to the material but to the spiritual.

Leipzig. U. S. Grant Perkins.

WAS THOMAS JEFFERSON A "REAL CHRISTIAN"?

In the May-June number of the Review General James F. Rusling gives us some highly interesting items of information concerning the "Jefferson Bible." We should all doubtless be happy to possess a copy of this book as reproduced last year by order of Congress; another edition of the work has appeared, however, being put out for the trade by independent publishers. A copy of this popular edition lies before me, and I suppose is to be trusted as to contents, arrangement, etc.

An interesting and important question arises in connection with Jefferson's claim that he was a "real Christian" or a "disciple of Jesus." Mr. Jefferson bases his claim on the fact that he accepted the ethical principles and precepts of Jesus; and General Rusling says we are to allow the claim, though it is not according to the accepted meaning of Christian discipleship. Now, it cannot be questioned that we live in a period of liberal and sympathetic regard for those who do not in all things agree with us, but it may even to-day be questioned whether any man is a *real* Christian, a disciple of Jesus in any sense that places him at once in company with Peter and John, when to him Jesus is merely a teacher of ethics. It is desirable, of course, that people should see the sublime beauty of Christ's recorded words, from an ethical standpoint, but is that all Jesus asked men to do? Did that constitute the Christianity of the apostles, as it necessarily crystallized into form at Pentecost and afterward? And, what is more important, how can one accept the morals or ethics of Jesus without accepting all else he taught and stood for? He is a poor authority in morals who constantly makes vain and false claims for himself; not an authority Mr. Jefferson or anyone else could follow with confidence. Nor does the supposition of "monkish tradition" dispose of the residuum of the New Testament or the gospel; that were indeed a cheap and easy way to settle a question so momentous.

In the confusion produced by the historical criticism of the gospels such words as the following from Dean Church are stimulating and reassuring: "A so-called Christianity, ignoring or playing with Christ's resurrection, and using the Bible as a sort of Homer, may satisfy a class of clever and cultivated persons. . . . But it is well in so serious a matter not to confuse things. This new religion may borrow from Christianity

as it may borrow from Plato, or from Buddhism, or Confucianism, or even Islam. But it is not Christianity. . . . A Christianity which tells us to think of Christ doing good, but to forget and put out of sight Christ risen from the dead, is not true to life. It is as delusive to the conscience and the soul as it is illogical to the reason." And these words from Dr. Robertson Nicoll (he speaks of the necessary attitude of the church toward criticism): "It asks, and is entitled to ask, the critic, Do you believe in the Incarnation and Resurrection of Christ? . . . If he replies in the negative, he has missed the way, and has put himself outside the church of Christ. If he refuses to answer, his silence has to be interpreted."

Was Thomas Jefferson, then, a "real Christian"? How may we be permitted to say he was?

JAMES W. TURNER.

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A STUDY OF JOHN 2. 3, 4

THE reply of our Saviour to the statement of his mother in the narrative of the marriage in Cana of Galilee, "They have no wine," namely, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come," is not infrequently criticised for its "harshness," this term being predicated of two elements in the Saviour's answer. The first subject of criticism is Jesus's use of the term "woman" in the connection named. The question is raised, Why did Jesus not employ the endearing term "mother"? To this question we reply that in New Testament times the title "woman" was esteemed eminently respectful; it was, indeed, expressive of the highest dignity. And, for that matter, this is true in the social life of to-day. No one, for example, would say of Florence Nightingale that she was a splendid lady; a splendid woman would be a far higher compliment. Be it remembered, moreover, that on the cross, "at the most tender moment of his earthly life," Jesus addressed his mother in the words, "Woman, behold thy son!"

The second criticism relates to the words, "What have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." The first clause in this sentence literally rendered reads, "What to me and to thee, O woman?" *Τί ἐμοὶ καὶ σοί, γύναι.* Similar expressions occur in Judges 11. 12; Mark 1. 24; and elsewhere in the Bible. Further on the peculiar force of this rendering will appear in connection with the further treatment of the subject in a colloquial sense.

Concerning the second clause, "Mine hour is not yet come," the intimation is conveyed that the time, Jesus's time, to perform the specific miracle of turning the water into wine had not yet arrived. True, we cannot imagine an intervening space of time of any great extent between the occurrence of the dialogue and the act of converting the water into wine; but that the point of action was not yet present when the reply was given is evident. Colloquially rendered the incident would seem to be entirely divested of its so-called harshness. Paraphrased, the dialogue may be rendered thus: The mother of Jesus addressing him sotto voce

suggests that "the wine is lacking." Jesus, in a similar tone, replies: "Never mind; let us not worry; in due time the wine will be provided." That Jesus's mother perfectly understood the purport of the words "mine hour is not yet come" is evident from her instruction to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Not infrequently statements contained in familiar correspondence between friends are misinterpreted, distorted, accepted as conveying entirely different meanings from those intended to be conveyed by the writers, meanings that would never have occurred to the readers of the epistles if the identical words had been heard instead of read. In oral communications the speaker supplies the hearer with those important aids to interpretation, tone, inflection, and gesture, whereas in written communications these are left to the imagination of the reader.

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THAT OMINOUS SHORTAGE

As in our Lord's times, it seems there is a shortage these days in the percentage of young people offering for ministerial and missionary work. A vital matter this, and much concern seems to be felt about it. Some of the comment I have noted is vital and well worth attention. Some of it appears to have a vague grasp of the real situation, much is merely alarmist in character, and no little proportion suggests superficial methods of cure. Doubtless there is sufficient cause for alarm in this shortage, as also in the apparent lack of conversions from the world to Christian living. Doubtless the remedies suggested would relieve the situation if the root of the difficulty could be reached by them. But the disorder lies deeper than the reach of any proposed cure I have seen. The real cause for alarm is not so much the fact of vacant pulpits as a certain condition back of it all. In the last analysis, the difficulty lies in the present condition of religious thought in this country. Dame Nature, we are told, protects the race by limiting fecundity whenever mankind becomes physically and morally incapable of properly caring for its offspring. I conceive some similar protection to be in force in this matter under consideration. We deal with the effect of a cause which is not far to seek. Men are not shrinking from the minister's life because it offers poor remuneration for difficult and distracting labor. Or, if any are held back on this account, the Christian world is the better off for their choice of an easier job with better pay. We wrestle, also, with a cognate problem: how to keep up the percentage of increase in church membership to the grade of former times. Suggested solutions to this problem are not always calculated to afford more than temporary relief. A few years ago the illogical and incongruous motto was suggested for the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to a considerable extent it was adopted as a sort of "stint" for our effort during the closing years of last century, "Two millions of souls for the Master." As if anything less than "The world for our Lord" would meet the requirements of the great commission. And now, quite recently, we have gone about to organize a com-

mission to conserve and forward the interests of evangelism in the church. As if the ministry has any business with anything at all but evangelistic work in one way or another, and as if artificial stimuli of this sort can be relied upon to restore the fecundity of the church. Let us have deeper, truer diagnosis of this twofold difficulty. Let us see if the lack of converts for which we all do mourn and the shortage in ministerial candidates are not together due to the same infertile conditions. What should we do with an increase in our present church membership equal, let us say, to ten per cent of our present numbers? The question of loyalty to church rules and ideals seems not to have been settled for those who are in by the sort of conversion by which they were introduced. Conversion might not do any more for this possible increase referred to. And what should we do in the case of a proportionate increase in candidates for the ministry? What should we set them a-doing? what should they preach? should they be preachers at all, or only mere directors of affairs, as seems to many to be the new version of the minister's business?

The fact is, we are out of health in two vital particulars. One is in regard to the right partition of duties in the church. We have gone part way in giving rulership to the laity, a thing which seems to be in keeping with the general drift, but not all the way. It seems harmonious with the spirit of our religion that if a man does things well he should be a layman, if he preach well he should be a clergyman. But we are not quite clear whether the incumbent of a parish shall be "The Angel of the Church in—" or the "Minister" in charge of the synagogue. In large measure, the demand for effective pastoral supervision partakes of the nature of solicitude about business management. Shall we desire an increase in candidates for the ministry under this regime? Should we not rather emancipate the ministry, set it apart to its one sole business, put the emphasis where it belongs, set men to serving tables who are fit for it, even if two sorts of ordained men should be the result?

The other vital matter is the matter of our faith. Who can tell just what we believe? Who can state definitely the faith of Methodism, or of any other "ism" for that matter? American religious thought is chaotic. Perhaps religious thought elsewhere is equally lacking in dominant characteristics. Be pleased to note the outcome of it. Whereas there is little doubt anywhere about what is right along humanitarian lines, and our gifts for missions increase, and we lay hopefully the foundations of schools and asylums with a strong sense of being in the divine order, when we come to matters of faith, the reasons for preaching at all, what will happen to the world and to me if I preach not, we question. What wonder the percentage of men offering for this holy calling is utterly inadequate? These two vital matters indicated intrench themselves in our church blood. There is the difficulty. Men will never preach, and it is fervently hoped they will not, till they have, in common, somewhat, with the church, a deep sense of the Master's claim upon them. And so will not our altars be filled with seekers after the way of faith while we are in doubt what that faith is. The writer is convinced a revival is a

natural result of conditions; ergo, what we need to do is to seek those conditions. We are more short on convictions than converts. That a candidate for the ministry is a direct product of the religious opinions of the church as well as his own strong sense of personal duty; ergo, what we need is some settled notion of the truth and a sense of the need of the world for the preaching of it. Meanwhile, let it be kept in mind that developments cannot be forced. Anxiety will not add cubits to one's stature nor numbers to church membership nor candidate-students to theological seminaries. Anxious we cannot help but be, but personal spiritual health should be our aim, as individual effort in the right direction will be the utmost any of us can bring to the settling of the matter.

J. A. Long.

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JOHN PAUL JONES

Students of American naval history are so familiar with John Paul Jones in the character of a warrior or "sea wolf," that a description of him as the genial friend enjoying the quiet hospitality of a New England family puts him before the reader in a new light. Yet it is this phase of his character that is best known in Portsmouth, Maine, where he gathered men for his crew while getting the Ranger ready for sea. In the old town of Berwick, now known as South Berwick, which is not far from Portsmouth, tales of the kindly nature of "Paul Jones" are among the cherished traditions handed down among the old families, and related to the children during the long winter evenings. It was in this manner and from the descriptions given to members of her family by a sailor from Paul Jones's own crew that Miss Sarah Orne Jewett gleaned her knowledge of the character and personal appearance of the great naval hero, who, in The Tory Lover, lives again as the faithful friend and treads the deck of the Ranger as the loyal patriot. It is a pleasing pen picture, and the admirers of Paul Jones contend that it portrays him as he was.

E. H. Fairman.

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"THE UNDISCOVERED BROTHER" AGAIN

In an article in the March-April Methodist Review I read of the "Undiscovered Brother," and felt very much interested in what the author said. But William Clark, the author, of Red Bluff, California, while he gives some hints, has not hit on their heads the nails which are in the way of the advance of the "undiscovered brother," and while "many a flower" may be "born to blush unseen," yet if the blushing flower could have fair chance, the bulb of the flower taken up and put into better soil, it would not be "unseen" very long. But there are hindrances with which and against which the "undiscovered brother" has to contend, and the hindrances are *not* found always in a "presiding elder" or in a "bishop." I have known bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church from

Bishop Waugh down to the last ones elected, and presiding elders in the Annual Conferences since I entered this work of the American Bible Society and its auxiliaries nearly forty-seven years ago, and I have not known a bishop or presiding elder stand in the way of any preacher of discovered or "undiscovered" ability. I think in the case of the young brother whose name is given in the article referred to, if the writer had been better posted on such case he would not have singled him out for reflection on bishops or elders. There may be influences at work against a member of an Annual Conference by some of the perspiratory (sweating) ones who work against "undiscovered" ones, such as the author of the article calls "manipulationists"—writer—and then "aspirationists." Well; I must say I never have known any man in the Methodist ministry who was *faithful* in preaching Christ and who attended to all the duties of a pastor who did not find his true place in any Annual Conference. As to "aspiration," *all* should have this virtue, but the Lord save any and every Methodist preacher from "manipulation" and "perspiration" or sweating processes. If there is any undue and *unchristian* work in any of our Conferences, it does not proceed from "bishops" or "presiding elders," but from men who have had training in secular organizations where pledges are made to aid a "brother in distress"; so that the hindrances are to be found in the body of ministers themselves and not among "bishops" or "elders." I was informed some years ago by one who knew that he had been kept from charges he would have had had not the influences and tricks learned in secular organizations worked against him in his Conference. So let us place the blame where it *belongs*, and not where many disgruntled ones put it, on "bishops" and "presiding elders," and instead of preaching "that *labor* overcometh even the blindness and stupidity of presiding elders and bishops" (a most serious charge to make), let us quote the apostle Paul instead of the author of the article above referred to: "Now abideth Faith, Hope, and *Charity*, but the greatest of these is *Charity*." JOHN THOMPSON.

Oakland, California.

CHRISTIAN MONOTHEISM

THE Jewish Church has always recognized as its mission the teaching of a pure monotheism, a position which it still maintains as over against Christianity, whose doctrine of a triune God it claims is a contradiction of that teaching. Yet the great Founder of the Christian church thought a monotheism more consistent and thoroughgoing than that presented by the Judaism of his time.

The elaborate ceremonialism of Judaism proclaimed that in the domain of ritualism God was supreme. But the very carefulness with which this was observed, when coupled with conduct along other lines, made it evident that Jehovah was not recognized as controlling the entire life of his people. Certain acts and hours belonged truly to him, yet from other acts and from other hours he was as truly shut out. Jesus showed that a real belief in the oneness of God renders a ceremonial religion impossible. It

was no new doctrine which he taught, but he laid special emphasis upon a teaching already known from the Old Testament Scriptures, although not observed by the Jewish leaders, when he declared that God claims control of man's entire being and enters into every detail of his life and conduct. In the secret place of the private chamber, in the hidden recesses of the human heart, the one only God, our Father, sees and knows and claims allegiance. He will admit no rival even there. He alone is God, and his law is the law of man's being. This the more truly devout Jews recognized, for the scribe himself, according to Luke's account, in answer to the question put to him by Jesus, epitomized the Jewish law in the comprehensive command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."

Again, Jesus showed a more consistent belief in the oneness of God when he taught the providential care of the Father, not alone in all the details of man's life, but in all nature as well. Here again he was teaching nothing that would be denied by the Jews, but rather was emphasizing what they had overlooked. The one hundred and fourth psalm and many other passages in the Old Testament furnish proof of this. Since God is one, and there is no other, it is he whose providential care is everywhere manifested. *Your Father* feeds the birds, robes the lilies, clothes the grass of the field. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Every denial of this universal providence is a practical denial of God's oneness and suggests that there is a domain in which some other power holds control. The evil in nature and in the world, although fully recognized by Jesus in its real character, was not in his thought the work of a rival power. Nature showed him the same portrait of God which he found in God's Fatherly dealings with men. God is good to all. He sends his rain upon the just and the unjust. He does not resist evil, but waits with forbearing love and patience. Good is stronger than evil and must finally prevail.

The healing activity of Jesus presents the same view. Disease was a real evil in the world. It was not a mere idea. But it had no right to remain. It was something to be overcome, and he felt in himself the power to overcome it. Evil is not inevitable. The power of God is supreme, and everywhere the man of faith conquers with him. How needful and how strengthening, now and always, is the renewal of emphasis upon these sublime teachings! So frequently and so easily we rule God out from this and that department of our life and introduce into our Christianity a truly heathen dualism! We need to go back to the teaching of Jesus in this, as in so many other matters. To refuse to God the control over our most hidden, inner life, as well as over every detail of our daily conduct, is to deny his oneness, and to worship like heathen at the shrine of some rival power. The belief in his Fatherly concern for the so-called little things of life is not a belittling of Providence, as some assert. Rather, to deny to him such an interest and to fail to trust him here is to assume the same heathen attitude. Strong and confident and optimistic a man becomes, victorious over all life's varied ills, when he confides in this supremacy of the one only God, and allies himself with this all-conquering power.

New Haven, Connecticut. SARA A. EMERSON.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

UNITY IN THE USE OF OUR ORDER OF CHURCH SERVICE

THE bishops of our church have recently made an appeal which will undoubtedly arrest the attention of our ministers everywhere. It is a statement of the appropriateness of our order of church service, and also a delicate suggestion that there is a want of uniformity in the use of the service on the part of many of the ministers of our church. Notwithstanding the excellence of the service and the fact that it has been accepted by the highest body in the church, a large number of our ministers adhere to the idea that each church may have a service peculiar to itself. In urging the importance of uniformity in its use the bishops outline the order in a way which shows its adaptation for public worship. They say that "to secure the widest adaptation, the more essential parts of worship are made obligatory while the others are optional. The obligatory parts, Praise, Prayer, Lessons from the Holy Scriptures, the Offering, and the Sermon, have their place in all Protestant churches and are vital to a service in which God is to be honored and through which the worshipers are to be spiritually edified and instructed in the truth. These obligatory parts were deemed essential by the fathers of Methodism, and for generations formed the whole of their public worship. These parts as now arranged make the simple and beautiful service both helpful and impressive.

"It begins with the singing of a hymn, the people standing, and while so engaged their attention will be least distracted by late comers. The singing turns thought from the secular to the sacred and prepares the worshipers to share in spirit in the public prayer. This should always close with the Lord's Prayer, in which all should audibly join. By this time the Scripture Lessons, distinctly and impressively read, will be heard with a quickened interest. The Collection follows these lessons, and the people are prepared to make their freewill offering an act of sincere worship. The second hymn sustains, and if spiritual will deepen, the devotional feeling, so that when the preacher begins his sermon the congregation, both in mind and heart, is in a receptive frame. The essentials of divine service—Praise, Prayer, Scripture Lessons, Freewill Offering, and the Exposition of the Word—can have no more effective argument than is given in our obligatory order of Public Worship.

"The optional portions are greatly prized wherever used, and they add all the enrichment that is either desirable or can be helpful in a Methodist service. There is no proper place in public worship for aught that is not honoring to Him who must be worshiped in spirit and in truth. The interest of the congregation is to be enlisted, but no part of the service should be planned solely to enlist this interest. Even the organ voluntary can, and should, suggest that the presence of God is in the place of worship. The anthem should be pleasing to the people, but it also should make them conscious of its religious and uplifting power."

It thus appears that each part introduces the part which follows, and when carried out produces an impression of a completed service such as meets at once the desire for worship and the desire for order.

The necessity for harmony is apparent on the surface. It is quite desirable that when a visitor who is a Methodist enters a Methodist church he should recognize at once in the order of service that he is in a place of worship of his own denomination. When there is a variance from the usual order it produces a sense of disquiet to know that so many forms of worship are carried on under the same religious auspices. When one enters an Episcopal church there is no difficulty whatever in recognizing at once that he is in a church of that denomination, and if he is at all familiar with the service he knows what to expect. The same is not true of most of our Protestant churches. So far as the writer is aware there is much diversity in all Protestant denominations save, perhaps, the Lutheran and the Episcopalian. In many cases individual churches, or their pastors, are in the habit of making a service of their own, so that a casual worshiper is confronted with something strange or peculiar that arrests his attention and is calculated to divert his interest from the service itself. This lack of uniformity causes a difficulty on the part of the minister who conducts the service when he passes from one church to another. In these days ministers of the gospel so frequently interchange that one is often called upon to conduct a service in the church of another denomination. In going from church to church he often finds in each place a different order of service, and sometimes it is quite embarrassing to follow a complicated service with which he is unfamiliar. The writer of this at one time found himself exceedingly perplexed because of the lack of clearness in the order of service, and the many parts of which it was composed. Religious services should have an air of quietness, devotion, and order, and this can only come when the attention is not distracted from the matter that has brought the assembly together, namely, the worship of God.

When one conducts service in the church of another denomination it is to be expected that he will find differences, but these ought not to be looked for in the service of his own church. Whenever one enters a Methodist church he should feel that he could go forward with the service in the same manner everywhere. This is certainly helpful to the minister and comforting to the people. It is not the purpose of this paper to add anything to the forceful and beautiful statement of the bishops. There is a growing ritualistic tendency, it seems to the writer, apparent in all the churches. An informal service, without any regular order, is not in harmony with present modes of thinking or with present usage, and, on the other hand, an excessive ritual is objectionable to many good people. Our church has made an order which is happy in the fact that it is not excessive. It is not too meager, on the one hand, and not too extended, so that those who employ it can feel that they have a service which meets their wants, neither too complex nor too informal. It is the purpose of this paper to call the attention of our young ministers to the importance of this utterance of the bishops and to the desirability of a uniform serv-

ice in all the churches of our denomination in the world, so that the traveler visiting the ends of the earth may everywhere find himself at home in the service of the house of God.

Various methods are suggested for promoting the unity of Christendom. The value of an order of service which shall be uniform throughout our denomination has already been considered, but this uniformity of service has a wider application than in the same denomination. Everyone who is in the habit of preaching in the churches of different denominations has been impressed with the great variety of forms which are employed. It is too much to expect that a uniform order of service should be established for all denominations of Christians. There are some who object to any regular order, and desire large liberty on the part of the individual congregation. There are others who would have a fuller service, after the order of the Episcopal Church. The church service, however, to which reference has already been made seems to be adapted to all churches which hold to the Methodist system.

Progress has already been made by the adoption of the same order of service by the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and also the adoption of the same Hymnal by these two great branches of Methodism. The fundamental aim of all people who bear the name of Methodist is the same as that of the early Methodists, namely, to spread scriptural holiness over all lands. No difficulty could arise because such uniformity of church service would interfere with the objects for which the different bodies originated, nor could it in any way interfere with their general work. There is so much that is optional in the order of service that while its use would promote uniformity, it would still leave room for diversity such as would answer the needs of each branch of the church.

It will be a pleasant thing for visitors from the North and South in the coming years to join in the services of these two denominations which have already been mentioned, and find the same order of service, and open the same hymn book. There will be certainly a home feeling which has not hitherto existed. Such a common service would tend to a feeling of homogeneity which does not exist at the present time. It would also tend to make the members of each body feel that, while they are differing on some points which to each seems important, their differences have not estranged them from the common brotherhood, and that they realize that all these branches spring from the common stock and have a common aim.

The tendency of the age is toward the unity of Christendom, and especially toward the unity of those great bodies that have similar forms of faith. There is a tendency to Presbyterian unity, and the movement in that direction is proceeding rapidly. There is a tendency to Methodist unity. The Ecumenical Conferences that have met have expressed uniformly their desire for such unification of effort, if not of external form. In no way, it would seem, can this be promoted more readily and with less friction than by adopting the same order of service and, if possible, the same Hymnal.

It would be not only interesting, but pleasant, and a stronger bond

of the unity of the church, if the Methodism not only of the United States, but of foreign countries, could have such a uniform order of service. The fact that the Episcopal Church in the United States and the Church of England wherever found have a uniform service is not only helpful to the sense of unity which binds the church together, but also contributes to the sense of devotion by which all worshipers feel that they are in harmony with the whole body of Christ of which they form a part. This uniformity of service and of Hymnal we believe to be a not unimportant contribution to the unity not only of Methodism, but of the whole church of Christ.

THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD (CONTINUED)

THE twenty-fifth verse of this seventh chapter of Hebrews affords a fitting climax to the argument: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." The phrase here translated "to the uttermost," *εἰς τὸ παντελές* occurs in the New Testament only here and in Luke 13. 11. It has been confounded with another phrase, *εἰς τὸ διηνεκές* (Heb. 7. 3; 10. 1), continually. The latter means continual, perpetual, while the phrase in the text means completely, to the uttermost. This meaning is clearly in the line of the argument. The failure of the old dispensation to bring men to perfection made necessary the new dispensation of which Christ was the High Priest and Sacrifice. It affirms that he is able to save entirely. The word means to save in all respects. It is all-inclusive. It includes salvation from sin. It includes also the saving of the life, the character, the saving of everything about one that makes the perfect man. This possibility is so grand that one is almost amazed at it, and yet it is the heritage which has come to us in the gospel of Christ. The power of Christ to save completely is the keynote of New Testament thought. Anything less than this would involve a dispensation that was imperfect. We must conceive of our heavenly Father as not only wishing the best for his human children, but as making possible the best. By the one offering "he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." Here we see the consummation of the gospel work in the production of men and women who shall reflect in their lives the perfect life of the Master, and live according to the will of God.

There is another rendering that has sometimes been given to the phrase "to the uttermost," namely, that Christ is able to save continually, perpetually. This is also true, but it is implied in the present tense employed in the verb "to save" rather than in the phrase which is rendered in the Authorized Version "to the uttermost." The present tense means, he is able to keep saving; he saves us every day, under all circumstances. It is an ever-present act. He saves not only completely, but he saves all the time. This fact is assured in the text by the last clause, "seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for us." A Christ ever living and ever interceding is a pledge that the promise of the perfection of humanity shall be fulfilled.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE MASAI AND HIGHER CRITICISM

THE Masai, a tribe of black people inhabiting a portion of German East Africa, though having much in common with the surrounding negro tribes, differ essentially from them, and in nothing more than in religion. Formerly the Masai were classified as Nilotohamitic; there can be no doubt, however, that they are of Semitic origin. They possess many traits of the Arab tribes; though a shepherd race, expert in cattle-raising, they are naturally brave and warlike. They have attracted the attention of Europeans for the past fifty years, and have been described at some length by both German and English writers. One of the latest works on this people is by Captain Merker, of the colonial troops in German East Africa. This officer having spent eight years in the Masai country, and having made a special study of their institutions, was well qualified to discuss the subject. The results of his investigations have been published in a monograph entitled Die Masai: Ethnographische Monographie eines Ostafrikanischen Semitenvolkes (Berlin, 1904).

The book, as might be expected from the pen of a soldier, is written in a straightforward, unbiased, scientific spirit, without what the Germans term the *tendenzios*, or that one-sidedness of those having a theory to maintain. Like most African tribes, the Masai too guard their religious beliefs with zealous care. Thus we are not surprised to learn that "it was only with infinite trouble they could be brought to talk at all upon the subject" of religion with Captain Merker. So well guarded are these religious traditions that they are known in their entirety only to the elect few of the tribe. As their material wealth, so their religious traditions descend through father to son from generation to generation. Their mode of worship, if it can be so designated, is exceedingly patriarchal. There are no priests, nor even the religious assembly. Prayer and worship are almost altogether matters for the individual. The only exception to this is a public meeting at long intervals at which some venerable patriarch will deliver what has been confided to him by those still older than himself.

Captain Merker's book has attracted the attention of several biblical scholars in Europe. Dr. Emil Reich, an Austro-Hungarian, the wielder of a facile pen, has welcomed it with open arms as a work "which should finally turn the higher critics out of the position in which they have been so long comfortably intrenched." Two articles entitled "The Bankruptcy of Higher Criticism" have been published by this able writer in recent numbers of the Contemporary Review, both of which have been answered by Canon Cheyne. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the Austro-Hungarian is more than a match for the Oxford savant. That our readers may see the close parallels between the Masai traditions and the earlier portions of the Pentateuch, we can do no better than reproduce the following:

"It was when the world was void and chaotic that a great monster—a dragon—appeared on the scene and engaged in a bloody encounter with God himself. So freely did the blood—which turned into water—flow from this dread monster upon the arid waste on which the battle was fought that the barren soil was at once transformed into a veritable paradise, the subsequent home of man. It was after this encounter that God created all things—sun, moon, stars, plants, and beasts, and, finally, two human beings. The man was sent down from heaven and called Maitumbe; the woman, who was named Naitergorob, sprang from the bosom of the earth. God led them into Paradise, where they lived an untroubled existence. Of all the fruits of Paradise they might eat by God's permission; but of one tree alone, the *Ol oilai*, they might not taste. God often came down to visit them. One day, however, he was unable to find the man and the woman; at last he discovered them crouching among the bushes. Having been asked the meaning of his conduct, Maitumbe replied that they were ashamed because they had eaten of the forbidden fruit. 'Naitergorob gave me the fruit,' he said, 'and persuaded me to partake of it after she had eaten of it herself.' Naitergorob excused herself by saying, 'The three-headed serpent came to me and said by tasting the fruit we should become like unto thee, and almighty.' Then was Negai (God) wroth and banished the first two human beings from Paradise. He then sent *Rilegen*, the morning star, to drive man out of Paradise and to keep watch thereover."

Here follows the story of the first murder, which is almost an exact transcript of the biblical account of Cain and Abel. Then comes the record of a great flood, which, according to Masai tradition, was the result of universal human corruption. Tumbainot, the Masai Noah, a just and perfect man, his two wives, six sons, and a large number and variety of animals were saved in a huge box which floated upon the waters. Tumbainot, too, sends out a dove—no mention of a raven is made—to ascertain the stage of the waters. At length the waters subside, when appear four beautiful rainbows, a sure token that the wrath of God has been spent and that he is now reconciled to the remnant of the human race, thus miraculously delivered. Nor should we fail to call attention to the great resemblance between the Masai commandments and the Hebrew Decalogue. So great is the similarity that one might be regarded as a free version of the other. The Masai law, too, was delivered in a raging storm from the summit of a high mountain.

The Masai law opens as follows: "There is one God alone. He has commissioned me [an angel] to speak to you. You have hitherto called him Ernagan (the forgiver) and Ernagalan (the Almighty); but henceforth you shall call him Negai. You shall make no image of Negai. If you keep his commandments you shall fare well; if not, then he will punish you with famine and pestilence." There are other parallels equally striking, all going to prove that the Hebrew Decalogue and the Masai commandments had the same origin. Had Delitzsch or Winckler or Cheyne discovered these Masai traditions on Babylonian tablets they would have, without a moment's hesitation, declared that they had at last the original of the Hebrew Ten Commandments.

Whence these Masai traditions? Notwithstanding the manifest resemblance, there is not a scintilla of evidence that this people are in any way indebted for them directly to the Hebrews, much less to the Babylonians; nor yet did they derive them through Egyptian channels from Judea or Babylon. And as they contain nothing distinctively Christian we cannot for a moment think that they came to the Masai from early or late Christian missionaries. In view of these considerations it has been argued with great force that the parallels between Masai, Hebrew, and Babylonian traditions show conclusively that there was a time—away back in gray antiquity—when the ancestors of these three peoples and perhaps those of other tribes lived together in some portion of Arabia, where they all had the same creed and institutions. It was from this center that the forefathers of the Babylonians proceeded northeastward, Abraham and the Hebrews in the direction of the Mediterranean, while the Masai turned southward and finally settled in what is now known as German East Africa. If this hypothesis be correct some of the theories of the more radical school of critics are swept away, or as Dr. Reich puts it, "It is just as possible with purely philological arguments to deduce the Masai legends from Hebrew stories as it is to deduce Hebrew legislation from Babylonian myths." The fatal weakness of the literary-philological criticism is its utter inability to show with scientific precision which is the parent and which is the child. Where, we ask, is the satisfactory proof that Israel derived its most ancient traditions from Babylonia? The same mode of criticism in discussing the Aryan problem has located the home of the original Aryans all the way from India to Scandinavia. This, too, proves that the philological argument is anything but conclusive.

The discovery of the Masai traditions, coming upon the heels of the Babel and Bible controversy and the arrogant deductions of Winckler regarding the Hebrews and their traditions, has given a severe shock to the arbitrary conclusions of the literary-historical school of criticism which had built so extensively upon a philological basis. The imagination played too important a role in the biblical criticism of the past fifty years. Too much importance was given to the literary-philological and too little to weightier considerations. Dr. Reich referring to this phase of the question says: "The possession of certain legends does not prove much; a multitude of nations may have had legends similar to those of the Hebrews or to those of the New Testament. What no nation other than the Hebrews ever had were Moses, David, the Prophets, Jesus. . . . These personalities are the distinctive feature of Hebrew history." The same writer insists that it is impossible to understand the Hebrew Scriptures without giving the utmost attention to the following four points: 1. The Hebrew nation; 2. The Hebrew state; 3. The great Hebrew personalities; and, 4. The Hebrew Sacred Book, the Bible. Destructive critics have for the greater part spent their energy upon analyzing and dissecting the Bible, while they have paid little or no attention to the first three points above mentioned. They have depended entirely too much upon the grammar and lexicon, admittedly imperfect, and passed almost unnoticed the geographical questions involved, as well as the great personalities produced by extraor-

dinary conditions. Not satisfied with scoffing at the orthodox view that the Hebrews were a special people, God's elect, they have gone much farther, and have attempted to resolve Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and many others to lunar gods or astral myths. Canon Cheyne, in one of the articles to which reference is made above, says, "I am myself one of those who hold the historical existence of a personage called Moses to be unproved and improbable." Now, the deliverance from Egypt, the exodus, with all its attendant trials, presuppose the existence of a master mind, just as the Christian church presupposes a person like Jesus Christ. The story of Israel from the exodus to the captivity requires great personalities, whether Samuel, Elijah, David, Isaiah, or who not—persons who lead a paltry nation throughout centuries of conflict and hostility into a glorious national life. Nothing short of the keenest intellect and the greatest moral energy could have made so small a nation, contending against Egyptians, Hittites, Assyrians, and Babylonians, the power it was for so many centuries.

This point cannot be too much emphasized, and Dr. Reich is quite right in calling attention to the importance of what he terms border nations, and especially to those inhabiting that narrow strip of land on the coast from northern Phœnicia to southern Judah, and extending inland to the east some fifty or seventy miles. These petty nations in the paths of the great world empires were at all times forced to be on the alert lest they should be swallowed up by powers infinitely their superior numerically. Does not the fact that they withstood these mighty empires prove that they were a special people, intellectually, morally, and religiously gifted far above the mighty nations around them? That they were made strong by their position geographically none can doubt. Who has the right to conclude that God did not place them here for a special purpose? For do we not read that he has "determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation"? Whatever difference of opinion there may be on this subject, it is a fact that the so-called border nations have played a most important part in the history of the human race. "It is among these small border nations that the great principles of state, art, literature, and religion have been organized and have been given undying vitality." He who appreciates this truth will find but little difficulty in understanding why the Hebrews have contributed so largely to the religious civilization of the human race. The Hebrews gave the world the corner stone of all religion, monotheism. It is agreed by almost all schools of Bible critics that the Hebrews possessed this precious truth as early as the ninth century B. C.; we think several centuries earlier. Now, why should Israel have grasped so important a truth so long before the rest of mankind—before Egypt or Babylon, for example? Such a faith is the result of a fearful struggle for existence, liberty, and truth. Monotheism sheds a flood of light upon the struggles of the patriarchs, the afflictions of Egypt, the trials of the desert, and centuries of warfare and toil for national existence. The Hebrew sacred writings fully account for great personalities, like Moses, David, Isaiah, and others; and these personalities, in view of the circumstances related, refuse to be reduced to lunar gods and astral myths.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

G. A. van den Bergh. The attempt to trace parallels between the Buddhistic literature and that of primitive Christianity is constantly renewed, but up to this date without affording us any reason to suspect that the writers of the gospels borrowed either consciously or unconsciously from Buddhism. One of the latest attempts in this line is that of Van den Bergh in a book entitled Indische invloeden op onde Christelijke verhalen (Indian Influence upon Gospel Stories). Van den Bergh is not altogether sure that there was actually such an influence exercised, but he thinks that certain passages in the gospels give the interpreter difficulty until he notices the parallel between them and the Indian stories, and then all becomes clear; and this fact seems to him to lend great probability to the hypothesis of such influence. One of the parallels is that between Simeon and Asita. But, as our critic points out, nothing is more natural than that Simeon, who had been looking for the Messiah, should greet him as represented when he had reason to believe he had come. Besides, the aged Buddhist, unlike Simeon, was full of sadness that he should not live to hear the message the youthful Buddha would bring. Like motives have brought about similar actions under like circumstances in countless instances. The idea of a borrowing from India is therefore uncalled for. Again, Van den Bergh thinks that because the scene of Simeon's greeting is laid in the temple there must have been Indian influence to suggest the place. But in the Indian story the king's son is greeted in the king's palace, while Jesus is greeted in the temple. There is a contrast rather than a resemblance. Van den Bergh tries to escape this by saying that to Christian thought the scene could not be laid in a palace, and the best substitute therefor is the temple. But if the influence was as conscious as this supposes it would have been better to transfer the scene, if not to a palace, at least to some noble house. Another parallel is that both were led by supernatural power to the scene of their act—the Buddhist flying through air, Simeon coming into the temple "in the Spirit." The vast difference between the two should be plain without being pointed out. One is reported to have wrought a miracle of transportation; the other acted, though under a divine impulse, naturally. Again, it is pointed to as a parallel that both of those aged men lifted up the child. But anyone who has ever seen an old man fondling a child has seen him perform that act though he never heard of Buddhism. It appears to be a kind of natural or instinctive act of affection. Another story in which parallels are found is that of the temptation in the wilderness, where Jesus is said to have been with the wild beasts. But, as a matter of fact, Buddha is not said to have been with the wild beasts. It is related that a black steer, which was a previous form of existence of the Buddha, by the magical power of friendship gathered about him lions, tigers, and other wild animals. The

Buddha, when he reached human incarnation, had no such experience. Besides, one story is related to show the power of a friendly spirit, the other to emphasize the desolateness of the region of Christ's temptation. As to the appearance of the devil in human form and holding converse with men, it is so much like other earlier Jewish representations that the supposition of dependence upon India for the idea is wholly unnecessary. There is nothing, then, in these two most important alleged parallels to suggest the literary dependence of the Christian stories upon Indian literature, at least so far as our canonical gospels are concerned. When one considers the mass of Buddhistic legends it is wonderful that there are not more points at which parallels can, by diligent effort, be discovered.

Johannes Kunze. That the deity of Jesus Christ is not given up by the critics of Germany, as so many in this country ignorantly affirm, is made plain in the case of Professor Kunze. He is quite of the modern school in his views of Scripture, and he has broken with many of the old Lutheran doctrines, but he holds fast to the deity of Jesus. In his book, Die ewige Gottheit Jesu Christi (The Deity of Christ), published by Dörffling & Franke, at Leipzig in 1904, he gives us a srong argument. He raises the question, "Why do we ascribe deity to Jesus?" He rejects the old-time proof from the Scriptures alone, affirming that as long as the religious conviction of the deity of Christ is deduced solely from the biblical testimony of the Old and New Testaments that conviction is too dependent upon outward evidence and lacks, therefore, the indestructible basis necessary to faith. We can believe in Christ only because of Christ. Having thus renounced the old orthodox method of proof, he turns his attention to the Ritschlian doctrine. Ritschl's application to this subject of his theory of value-judgments Kunze rejects as a mere attempt to escape the real difficulty; for, as he well says, if one believes in the divinity of Christ that belief results from the divinity itself as productive cause and sufficient ground. Once more, he repudiates the method, which, though it differs somewhat from the Ritschlian, is so closely connected with it, of regarding Christ as divine because of the effects of his operation upon us. He says that the operations of Christ upon us are conditioned by what he is and by what we accordingly hold him to be. The belief in the divinity of Christ depends upon what he makes himself to be, though, of course, from what he is in such a way as that we can see that he is what he claims to be. The question therefore is, first, concerning the claim of Christ, and, second, concerning a reality in him which supports and confirms his claim, which reality, however, is first set in its true light by the claim. In working out this claim and the corresponding reality Kunze depends not alone on the synoptic gospels, but also on the gospel of John. "The highest sayings of Jesus concerning himself as the Son of God, as reported in the fourth gospel, do not, except in the case of the utterances relative to his preëxistence, go beyond those reported in the synoptics." Kunze thinks that the divinity of Christ thus proved is entirely consistent with his perfect humanity. Such a statement indicates that we have an *a priori*

conception of the relation between divinity and humanity which we can apply to such a personality as Jesus. Kunze disclaims any such conception and declares that we know the divinity and humanity to be united in Jesus, because we have experienced it in him. The humanity does not merely exist side by side with the divinity, but in the most intimate relationship. This humanity is the result of his own divine act springing from his infinite love. This coming in the flesh is in accordance with his own divine will. The preëxistence of Christ and his miraculous birth are not two parallel but contradictory and mutually exclusive theories in explanation of the unique religious character of Jesus, but each demands and conditions the other. The miracle of the birth of Jesus corresponds to the miracle of his resurrection. Nothing but the divine sonship of Jesus as divinity qualifies and justifies the man Jesus to represent man before God and to take upon his shoulders the load of human sin. The conclusion of all is that the recognition of the absoluteness of Christianity depends upon the recognition of the eternal essential deity of Christ. It is plain from this whole discussion that in one form or another the great majority of the theologians of Germany feel bound to recognize the divinity of Christ, in a practical way, at least, even though not in the same way theoretically as Kunze does. But it is also plain that whatever difficulties we may see in Kunze's theory it is superior to the less frank and open way of those whom he opposes.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Politische Ethik und Christenthum (Christianity and the Ethics of National Life.) By Ernst Troeltsch. Göttingen, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1904. This little book, like so many of the smaller German books, is an essay read, previously to its publication, to a miscellaneous audience. The author distinguishes four types of application of ethical ideas to the state in the present day: First, the ethics of liberal culture, according to which the civil state is regarded solely as a means of advancing intellectual culture. Second, the ethics of nationalism, according to which the eager sacrifice of the individual for the benefit and honor of the Fatherland is recognized as an ethical-political duty. Third, the ethics of the democratic principle which seeks to secure recognition in the state for the idea of the ethical right of the human personality. And, fourth, the ethics of the conservative principle which, on account of the actual and historically developed differences among men, holds the relation of authority and subordination in state and society as indispensable. Christianity is not by nature a social but a private ethical principle. Indirectly, however, Christianity has significance for associated life. This is shown by its relations to the above-mentioned types of political ethics. The principle of nationalism has, indeed, nothing whatever to do with Christian ethics. On the other hand, the idea of the civil state as the servant of culture hangs closely together historically with the Christian demand of the freedom of the church and of conscience from the state. Christianity also has intimate connection with the ethical principles both

of democracy and conservatism. It is bound to the democratic principle by its recognition of the absolute worth of the human personality; and with the conservative principle by its thought of submission to God's natural world-order. But both in the democratic and conservative systems the Christian ideas are amalgamated with foreign elements. The idea of the Christian personality according to which the equality of all persons before God is religiously grounded is amalgamated in the democratic ideal with an individualism which springs from ideas of natural right historically connected with Stoicism, and which construes the independence of the individual simply as an outflow of his natural constitution and a natural equality of all individuals. The Christian idea of resignation to God's natural world-order is amalgamated in conservatism with a tendency to deify all ancient authority and to perpetuate existing conditions. But though mixed with the foreign ideas Christian ethics can be extricated from them. When that is done the following Christian principles emerge: the service of the state in the interest of the ideal world, the worth of the human personality, and resignation to the natural and historical world-order. These Christian ideas do not, indeed, exhaust the subject of social ethics. The state still has its own ethical idea of nationalism, loyalty, and national honor, which arises out of its very nature and not out of Christianity. But this purely political ethics can be deepened and enriched by means of the political principles involved in Christian ethics. The author defines the central idea of Christianity as the simplification and perfecting of the personality in love to God and in the practice of a divinely intended brotherly love. He then proceeds to deny that the Christian contributions to political ethics flow out of this central idea. But if this brotherly love be rightly understood it furnishes the basis for a political state of an absolutely perfect kind; and it is the only principle which does furnish such a basis. In proportion as this truth is recognized, not denied, will the state take on its final form.

Zur Dogmatik. Sieben Abhandlungen aus der Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche (Dogmatics. Seven Articles from the Journal for Theology and Church). By Julius Kaftan. Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1904. While in one sense these articles do not constitute a unitary whole, they are so related to each other and to the general subject of theology as to form a continuous treatise. Some portions of the book will be of general interest. Kaftan finds the source and authority of the Christian's knowledge of God not in the inner experience of the individual Christian, but in the external historical revelation. In this respect he can claim, as he proudly does, to be the representative of orthodoxy in a sense in which the so-called Confessionalists of the nineteenth century are not; since they, following the Romanticists and pietists, found the criterion of their ecclesiastical faithfulness in the emphasis of the older dogmas. The certification of the objectivity of the contents of our faith can be secured alone in faith and through faith which knows and seeks no other objective support for the truth than the revelation of God to which it is related and out of

which its contents are developed. In using such language he makes the break, on principle, with every form of intellectualism. According to this the way into the kingdom of higher truth is not that of intellectual research, but through the activity of the ethical will, according to the gospel, the reformation, and Kant. This system of idealism Kaftan calls voluntarism. Not only does Kaftan in this book oppose intellectualism in theology, but also many other supposed sources of theological truth. For example, the method represented by Frank, according to which the faith is held to be deducible from the contents of one's inner experience and the assurance of faith, is repudiated by him as inherently self-contradictory and contrary to sound principles of reasoning, as capricious and impossible. In the same way and for similar reasons he rejects the systems of Hermann, Schlatter, and Cremer. The writer of these lines can agree with Kaftan in his condemnation of the methods of the intellectualists and of Frank, in his use, or rather misuse, of experience; but it is difficult to see how the Bible, or, as Kaftan puts it, revelation, can be made the sure source of Christian doctrine without some reason outside of the Bible itself. And if the relation of inner experience to that reason is ignored there seems to be left only the capricious choice of the dogma that the Bible is the source of religious truth. In other words, Kaftan seems to fall back on unsupported dogma for his support. With regard to the Trinity the author holds that it is an integral part of the doctrine of God, and not an appendix. In other words, the doctrine of God includes the doctrine of the Trinity. Equally positive is the relation to Christology, which is really the doctrine of the deity of Christ. Concerning the first of these two important doctrines Kaftan holds with Luther in his explanation of the second article of the creed in his Larger Catechism, that it can only be understood by an evangelical comprehension of the lifework and person of Christ, and of the saving work of the Holy Spirit. As to the second, Kaftan declares that to give up the deity of Christ is to give up the absolute and final character of Christianity. But when he makes this doctrine dependent upon a knowledge of the ascended Lord it becomes necessary at once to point out that our conception of the ascended Lord can be correct only as we give it concrete content in accordance with the portrait of Jesus in the gospels. In another respect Kaftan is quite satisfactory. He refuses to consider, as is so customary in these days, Paul as a dogmatician. It is high time that Paul be treated once more with the consideration he deserves. It is utterly incredible that one who lived, preached, and wrote so near the time of our Lord, and while the majority of the personal disciples of Jesus were still living, should have misrepresented the gospel of Christ seriously without contradiction.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

A Crisis in the Mission Work of the Moravians. The latest report of the Moravian mission work, that for 1903, shows that the income was 1,811,893 marks, and the expenditures 1,900,188 marks. This shows a deficit of considerable size; but together with the deficit carried over

from the year 1902 the total is 223,338 marks. But the worst feature is that ever since 1892 each year has exhibited a deficit. Furthermore, as far back as 1879 the income ceased to be equal to the expenses, although from 1879 to 1889 the deficit was made good by bequests over and above the regular sources of income. Since 1892 these bequests have either been lacking or insufficient. Until 1902, however, the deficit was always made good. Since then even this preventive of debt has failed. It is needless to say that this state of things has given occasion to much criticism of the management. It is equally needless to say that the bad management, if there has been any, is due to the prosperity of the work in mission lands.

Seventh-Day Adventists in the German Army. That this body of Christians is represented at all in Germany will surprise many. But they are there, and in no inconsiderable numbers. One of their number in the army recently fell under discipline because of his refusal to perform the ordinary service on Saturday, his holy day. His captain pointed out that religious grounds did not excuse a soldier from obedience, according to German law. At length he was tried by a military court, which imposed upon him the minimum penalty of forty-three days' imprisonment. He appealed, and undertook to prove that in various places the Bible names Saturday as the holy day, and not Sunday. His appeal was denied by the superior military court, but he was advised by them to apply to the emperor for pardon. His pastor claimed that the young man had acted without advice from him. Such cases are not infrequent.

Odium Theologicum from a New Quarter. The possibility of a reversal of the present order of things is seen in the following incident: Herr Otto, of Göttingen, was proposed for a new professorship in the University of Basel. Some time prior to this he had been called to a professorship in the University of Breslau, but had been objected to on the ground that he was too liberal. When proposed for Basel he was objected to on the ground that he was too conservative. It is the first instance in which the progressives have ever pursued the tactics of the conservatives, and it is to be hoped that it will be the last. Bigotry ought to cease when the progressives join the majority.

A Sane Educational Provision. In Prussia a regulation is in force relative to religious instruction in public schools which is certainly an improvement on the ideas of many. Most people think that where religious instruction is given those who do not wish their children taught as the teacher believes should be required to take the responsibility of withdrawing their children. But this regulation requires those who belong to a denomination other than that of the teacher to make formal request if they wish their children instructed, and if no such request is properly made the teacher is obliged to exclude the children of such parents. The advantage of such a policy is plain and might help to the solution of some of our difficulties here in America.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Contemporary Review (London and New York) maintains its interest and popularity. Noticing recently Miss Mary F. Sandars's Life of Balzac, the Contemporary says: "In studying his puzzling character we can never be sure that we have the real Balzac; for he seemed so many men in one and all of them abnormal." Balzac said of himself: "I have the most singular character I know. I possess, shut up in my five feet eight inches, all possible incoherences and contrasts. In short, nothing astonishes me more than myself. I end by believing that I am only an instrument played on by circumstances." But his life shows that he played his own instrument with dominant will, with tremendous force and fire. Balzac was an instance of the slow and late development of literary genius. His attempts at composition in youth and early manhood were complete failures, as was also the case with Hazlitt. Both are encouraging examples of "Try, try again." Balzac tried to write verse, and failed. Then he tried to write novels, but his latent powers refused to stir, and it was long before he succeeded in developing any indications of his marvelous future literary achievements. He would have lived and died unknown, an utter failure, though full of mighty unaroused gifts, but for the indomitable courage and dogged persistence with which he toiled grimly on at his purpose. He trained himself to toil until his power of continuous labor became prodigious. When in the full swing of composition he would work fifteen hours a day, and sometimes sit up all night for a week at a time, as Edison is said to have done. Balzac is one of many inspiring examples of "clear grit"—of what great things can be done by a man who is determined by infinite labor to work out his purpose or die at it. If the purpose is a worthy one, there is no manlier or more glorious way to die. The inglorious tragedy of the world is the enormous waste of great gifts and noble abilities slumbering in men who never rouse them. "I am not gifted," says the lazy man; "it is not my fault, but the favoritism of the Creator who distributes talents as it pleases him." And in thousands of cases sheer indolence and want of ambition simply let great talents sleep until they rot. There is reason for saying bluntly that examples of this are numerous in the ministry. "Stir up the gift that is in thee" is the text illustrated and enforced upon us by Balzac and Hazlitt and a host of other men of will and industry who tried, and tried, and tried again, and who never gave up, but lived and died trying. Now, they did it for an earthly prize, but we for a heavenly. Wherefore, beloved, let us stir ourselves and provoke one another to good hard work and see what will come of it. Let us wake up and buckle down. Balzac died at fifty-one, when he was near to finishing his greatest work, the Comédie Humaine. In the midst of his illness he calculated that six months were needed for the completion of his task. Could the doctor promise him that length of time? There was no answer to this

searching question, but a shake of the head from the pitying doctor. "Ah, I see quite well that you will not allow me six months. Well, at any rate, you will at least give me six weeks? Six weeks with fever is an eternity. Hours are like days . . . and then the nights are not lost." Again the doctor shook his head, and Balzac once more lowered his claims for a vestige of life. "I have courage to submit," he said proudly; "but six days, you will certainly give me that?" Balzac pleaded pathetically, almost as though he thought his interlocutor could grant the boon of longer life if he willed to do so. The doctor managed to tell his patient that everything must be done to-day, because in all probability to-morrow would not exist for him; and Balzac cried in amazement, "I have then only six hours!" fell back on his pillows, and spoke no more. That was a great death for a man to die, his whole heart in his work, bent on his business, unwilling to quit, mentally all alive when the body was in dissolution, his spirit erect in the saddle, holding the reins and digging spurs into the sides of his intent. In such manful fashion this valiant rider, galloping fast and breathing hard, went out of sight over the hill beyond which lie the eternities. A brave and worthy spectacle, stimulative to all such survivors as are capable of the moral thrill.——The same issue of the Contemporary contains an interesting paper by W. H. Griffin on "Early Friends of Robert Browning." Among these early friends are Joseph Arnould, Alfred Domett, Henry F. Chorley, William Young, and Christopher Dowson, all men of racy quality, generous nature, and brilliant parts. Browning described Arnould as "An Oxford Prize Poet, which is good, but also what is even better, a noble, admirable, dear, good fellow." His poetic talents were not mean, but his high conception of what poetry should be made him resolve not to run the risk of "adding another to the metrical prosers of the day." He gave himself to the study and practice of the law with that tenacity of purpose which had won his university victories. Ten years out of college, to the inquiry of a classmate, "What's old Arnould doing among his musty books?" he replies: "Breakfast at eight, law office at nine, there among codes and text writers and reports till six, then dine, back again in law office in evening at eight, home by eleven, bed by twelve. That's it without a particle of falsehood or exaggeration —twelve hours a day hard drudgery. . . . Briefs don't come in nearly fast enough yet to occupy a decent portion of my time, so by way of employing my time I am scraping together a small tractate on the Law of Marine Insurance. When it is finished I shall cease to be merely the unknown, insignificant Arnould, and become 'Arnould on Marine Insurance." The "small tractate" grew on his industrious hands into two volumes of over seven hundred pages each, which were welcomed by capable judges, when published in 1848, as "one of the best law books in the language," taking rank as an authority in Germany and America as well as in England. On finishing it, in 1847, Arnould wrote to a friend: "At last my Treatise is going to press. I hope it may get me business. It certainly has made me lean and sallow and somewhat gray." (He was a little past thirty.) When its merits became known, it also made him *Sir* Joseph Arnould. His friendship for Robert Browning speaks in numerous letters.

To Domett he wrote: "Nothing can exceed Browning's kindness. He is indeed a true friend. He has an energy of kindness which never slumbers. He is a noble fellow—his life so pure, so vigorous, so simple, so laborious, so loftily enthusiastic. It is impossible to know and not to love him." We are told that Browning never breathed the atmosphere of adulation among his friends. They were outspoken in their criticism, but he seemed really grateful for it, even when it was severe; saying, "Now, this is what one wants; how few there are who will give you this." Henry Chorley always took a pardonable pride in having perceived Browning's power from the first. In 1833, when he first read "Pauline," he at once recognized, as he said, "the print of a man's foot in the sand." Also, when Elizabeth Barrett's "Romaunt of Margret" appeared, he spoke of it as an "appearance of a strange, seizing, and original genius." Robert Browning had a vexatious experience with Macready about "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," and also with Charles Kean about "Colombe's Birthday"; and in his disgust at their delays and promise-breaking, he wrote to Dowson, "The poorest man of letters I ever knew is of far higher talent and principle than the best actor I ever expect to know." The following is Arnould's account in a graphic letter of the events which led to Browning's disappearance from England: "I think the last piece of news I told you of was Browning's marriage to Miss Barrett, which I had then just heard of; she is, you know, or else I told you or ought to have told you, our present greatest living English poetess. She had been for some years an invalid leading a very secluded life in a sick room in the household of one of those tyrannical, arbitrary, puritanical rascals who go sleekly about the world, canting Calvinism abroad, and acting despotism at home. Under the iron rigor of this man's domestic rule she, feeble and invalided, had grown up to eight and thirty years of age in the most absolute and enforced seclusion from society, cultivating her mind to a wonderful amount of accomplishment, instructing herself in all languages, reading Chrysostom in the original Greek, and publishing the best metrical translation that has yet appeared of the Prometheus Bound; having also found time to write three volumes of poetry, the last of which raised her name to a place second only to that of Browning and Tennyson among all those who are not repelled by eccentricities of external form from penetrating into the soul and quintessential spirit of poetry that quickens the mold into which the poet has cast it. Well, this lady, so gifted, so secluded, so tyrannized over, fell in love with Browning in the spirit, even before she saw him in the flesh—in plain English, loved the writer before she knew the man. Imagine, you who know him, the effect which his graceful bearing, high demeanor, and noble speech must have had on such a mind when she first saw the man of her visions in the twilight of her darkened room. She was at once in love as a poet soul can only be, and Browning, as by contagion or electricity, was no less from the first interview wholly in love with her. This was now some two years back; from that time his visits to her have been constant. He, of course, wished to ask her of the father openly. 'If you do,' was her terrified answer, 'he would certainly throw me out of the window, or lock me up for life in a

darkened room.' There was one thing only to be done, and that Browning did, married her without the father's knowledge, and immediately left England with her for Italy, where they are now living at Pisa in as supreme a state of happiness as you can fancy two such people in such a place. The old rascal father, of course, tore his beard, foamed at the mouth, and performed all other feats of impotent rage; luckily his wrath is absolutely idle, for she has a small independence of some £350 per annum, on which they will, of course, live prosperously. Browning is a glorious fellow. O! I forgot to say that the *soi-disante* invalid of seven years, once emancipated from the paternal despotism, has had a wondrous revival, or rather a complete metamorphosis, walks, rides, eats, and drinks like a young and healthy woman; in fact, *is* a healthy woman, a little too old for Browning; but, then, one word covers all—they are in love, and love lends youth to everything." Sir Joseph Arnould graced the judicial bench, and was eminent in India as a judge. During his ten years at Bombay there were only three appeals from his judgments, and in all three cases of appeal his decisions were upheld. The natives honored his birthday by presenting one another with sweetmeats. One of his judgments gave great satisfaction to the party of reform in one of the more important Hindu sects, cleared the moral atmosphere, and elevated the level of the law. The following was part of his decision, after a trial of twenty-six days in the case of the Maháráj, delivered April 21, 1862: "It is not a question of theology which has been before us. It is a question in morality. The principle for which the defendant and his witnesses have been contending is simply this: that *What is morally wrong cannot be theologically right;* that when practices which sap the very foundations of morality, which involve a violation of the eternal and immutable laws of right, are established in the name and under the sanction of religion, such practices ought, for the common welfare and in the interests of humanity itself, to be publicly exposed and denounced." The people of Bombay circulated this passage from Arnould's decision on a leaflet printed in letters of gold.

The London Quarterly Review for July contained a richly varied list of strong articles, none of them more brilliant, scholarly, or discriminating than the extended review of Professor J. A. Stewart's recent volume on The Myths of Plato, by Dr. Davidson, the editor. Concerning the method of teaching by myth, and its use and influence in the education of mankind, Dr. Davison says: "It is far removed from the system of 'allegorizing' which has done so much mischief in the history of interpretation. Bacon, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, tells us that, upon deliberate consideration, 'my judgment is that a concealed instruction and allegory was originally intended in many of the ancient fables.' Nothing of the kind. The stories of Cassandra and Narcissus, of Prometheus and Cupid and Psyche, are not 'fables,' neither do they contain that abomination, 'concealed instruction.' Philo made a similar mistake when he called the story of Eden 'fabulous nonsense,' interpreting it of

'terrestrial virtue in the human race,' just as he refines away the stories of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to mean no more than 'virtue acquired by learning, innate virtue, and virtue acquired by struggle.' The seer is a seer because he sees visions which in and of themselves move and sway and purify the beholder, bringing him into contact with truth, which no scientific methods can reach, and which the artificial 'moral' drawn from a story altogether fails to convey. We are not intended to go behind the picture. But has the picture no meaning? Ask the question of the artist, if you would exasperate him to the utmost. The picture *is* the meaning. Tennyson, when asked to interpret the Idylls of the King, and to say whether the three queens with King Arthur were Faith, Hope, and Charity, was justly angry. 'I hate to be tied down to say, *This* means *that*, because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation.' Once when Schubert had played a sonata, a bystander exclaimed, '*Wunderschön!* What does it mean?' The artist played the music over again. 'That is what it means,' he said. Let a myth be a myth, a living plant, not a dried and etiolated specimen in a herbarium. As Professor Stewart says: 'The responses of the oracle are not given in articulate language which the scientific understanding can interpret. . . . Their ultimate meaning is the feeling which fills us in beholding the visions; and when we awake from them, we see our daily concerns, and all things temporal, with purged eyes.' Wherein lies the secret of the ability to achieve this end worthily and well? Who can say? In what lies the magic of the best poetry, the few immortal lines that cause the eyes to fill and the heart to overflow, that charm the ear and change the very atmosphere we breathe? In what choice of words, what melody of tones, what linked sweetness of phrase, what subtle suggestion of epithet does the secret lie? Turn to Wordsworth in his inspired moments, or to the well-known lines of Keats:

> "'Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
> The same that ofttimes hath
> Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.'

If critics object that the familiar charm of poetry is a subject very remotely connected with the influence of myth, we cannot agree, and we must refer them to Professor Stewart, who shows how the Mythus, like all the best poetry, produces its characteristic effect by inducing 'an atmosphere of solemn feeling, spreading out into the waking consciousness which follows.' Later on he says: 'The Universal of Poetry is that which does for the poet's interesting story or picture what knowledge of the Good does for the objects of conduct: it is οἷον τὸ φῶς, as it were a Light, in which they are bathed and altered—an atmosphere of solemn elemental feeling through which we see the representations of Poetry, as we see the presentations of social life, its claims and temptations, through the medium of the Sense of Duty. To feel of a sudden that there is

surely an eternal world behind, or within, the temporal world of particular items, is to experience the κάθαρσις which Poetry effects in us.'" It is rather of the myth as a mode of teaching that Dr. Davison writes than of the substance of Plato's myths; and he says little of their flaws and failures, or of the pagan superstitions and follies by which they are darkened and encumbered, or of the glimpses of higher light which have caused Ackermann and others to find "a Christian element in Plato." But he says: "This heathen philosopher strove in vain after that which may be attained by the Christian child. He longed for spiritual truth and beauty and righteousness such as no mere philosophy has ever been able to impart, but which One who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life has brought near to the children of men—not to the wise or prudent, but to the humble and meek."——Another most interesting article in the July London Quarterly is on Byles's Life and Letters of Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, an odd, forceful, and fascinating character doing his lifework in an out-of-the-way place on the wind-swept northeast coast of Cornwall, faced with black, forbidding rocks, towering cliffs, and mighty seas. Of his situation Hawker himself wrote: "Severed from the World and all Friends except by my Rooks and Daws; twenty-five miles from a bookseller or a town, with neither train, mail, nor road, nor even carrier nearer than that; and only fastened to the far world by the fiber of the Daily Post, granted by Lord Lonsdale as a special favor to my loneliness. But then I have the Severn Sea for my lawn; and cliffs as high as the Great Pyramid build me in." For forty years he rarely was outside of his parish. He says: "At Morwenstow I found myself the first resident vicar for more than a century. . . . So stern and pitiless is this iron-bound coast that within the memory of one man upwards of eighty wrecks have been counted within a reach of fifteen miles, with only here and there the rescue of a living man. My people were a mixed multitude of smugglers, wreckers, and Dissenters of various hue. A few simple-hearted farmers had clung to the gray old sanctuary of the church and the tower that looked along the sea; but the bulk of the people, in the absence of a resident vicar, had become the followers of the great preacher of the last century who came down into Cornwall and persuaded the people to alter their sins. [He refers to John Wesley.] . . . Here, like the Kenite, I 'built my nest upon a rock,' and here my days were to glide away, afar from the noise and bustle of the world, in that which is perhaps the most thankless office in every generation, the effort to do good against their will to our fellow men. Mine was a perilous warfare. If I had not, like the apostle, to 'fight with wild beasts at Ephesus,' I had to soothe the wrecker, to persuade the smuggler, and to 'handle serpents' in my intercourse with adversaries of many a kind. Thank God! the promises which the clergy inherit from their Founder cannot fail to be fulfilled. It was never prophesied they should be popular, or wealthy, or successful among men; but only that they should 'endure to the end,' that 'their generation should never pass away.' Well has this word been kept!" Hawker's personal appearance was striking, and his dress unique. He abominated black clothes, and the funereal aspect they gave the clergy. He wore a long

purple coat, a fisherman's jersey, into the side of which was woven a small red cross as a mark of the Lord Jesus, to mark the entrance of the centurion's cruel spear, and a reddish, wide-awake beaver hat, and Hessian boots. He carried a cross-handled walking stick—his "pastoral staff"—not unlike a wooden sword, and from a buttonhole dangled a broad carpenter's pencil, an allusion to Him of Nazareth. When chaffed on his extraordinary attire he said, "At all events, brethren, you will allow me to remark that I don't make myself look like a waiter out of place, nor an unemployed undertaker." He held a daily service in his church, generally all by himself, offering prayers for his people; of whom he said, "I don't want them here; God hears me, and they know when I'm praying for them, for I ring the bell." At the beginning of his career he always preached from manuscript, and once, when a large number of his sermons had collected, he had them burnt. A clergyman reproved him, since such sermons in a printed form might have been productive of much good. "My dear C.," he replied, "I had all the ashes spread over a turnip field, and I assure you there was not a single turnip more in that field than in any other!" He cherished some of the pious legends of old, as, for example, the story that the willows of the water courses, prior to the death of Christ, grew upright, but that after their rods had been taken to scourge the Lord Jesus they drooped evermore in memorial grief; and that other story that during the forty days and forty nights the Lord Jesus went like thought from land to land—glided, as angels glide, all round the earth and wheresoever he foresaw in his omniscience that there should afterward be a church built and consecrated, there he paused the sole of his foot and hallowed it. "What a thought," said he, in a Morwenstow sermon, "to think that here the arisen Lord once stood still, and looked along the Sea, and made Benediction with the print of the nails on this most Blessed ground." In loneliness, in his own dim chancel, he held high converse with all the company of heaven, and there all difficulties were removed by divine intervention. There—in his own words—he would "kneel, walk, or sit and meditate, close the eye and send out a Spiracle of Research from every pore. Gradually in such an atmosphere every fine fiber of the Soul brightens like the gossamer—Saint Mary's silk—upon the grass, and becomes a Ray—hence knowledge and reply." He was a bigoted and intolerant Churchman, and the London Quarterly says: "If to him John Milton was a double-dyed thief of other men's brains; and Samuel Wilberforce a man of snailjuice and sugar; and Tait, by the wrath of God, archbishop (if Tait was ever baptized, 'the exorcisms were omitted'); and Dean Stanley, a Socinian infidel; and Pusey, woolly brained, with spasms; and Tennyson, once a religious man, but not now, being a Maurician; and any total denier only a boundless Protestant—then we are not surprised to learn that Hawker held that John Wesley corrupted and degraded the Cornish people, found them wrestlers, caused them to change their sins, and called it conversion; and that the witness of the Spirit, as taught by Wesley, was 'a spasm of the ganglions'; and that Spurgeon was a sower of tares in God's field; and that Moody and Sankey were sorcerers; and that the nether mill-

stone is softer than a sectary's soul; and that dissent was the outlet to carry away all defilements from the face of the Holy Mother Church. His antagonism to Dissenters was of early date. A companion pointed out to him, when a boy, that some one had written 'Satan' on the door of the Wesleyan chapel at Stratton. 'No doubt he did it himself,' said young Hawker; 'it is no uncommon thing for a gentleman to put his name on his own front door.' He once asked a Dissenter at Morwenstow why his co-religionists were shy of coming to him about the funerals of their relatives. 'Well, sir,' was the reply, 'we thought you objected to burying Dissenters.' 'Not at all,' said Hawker; 'I should be only too glad to bury you all.'" And yet this Anglican priest of mediæval mood and mind, who in his last illness entered the papal church, was a great personality, a tender, human-hearted man, who said: "What pleasure can there be on one's deathbed to remember a fine discourse or the applause of a multitude in comparison with the delight of peace-bringing and loving-kindness to the Poor in Spirit whom the Master loves?" A young farmer of Hawker's parish, when dying, in the spirit of Mrs. Wesley, bade his friends sing as they carried his body from his house to his grave; and the vicar of Morwenstow wrote upon it these touching and triumphant verses:

"'Sing from the chamber to the grave!'
Thus did the dead man say:
'A sound of melody I crave,
Upon my burial day.

'Bring forth some tuneful instrument,
And let your voices rise:
My spirit listened, as it went,
To music of the skies.

'Sing sweetly while you travel on,
And keep the funeral slow:—
The angels sing where I am gone,
And you should sing below.

'Sing from the threshold to the porch!
Until you hear the bell:
And sing you loudly in the church,
The Psalms I love so well.

'Then bear me gently to my grave,
And as you pass along,
Remember 'twas my wish to have
A pleasant funeral song.

'So earth to earth, and dust to dust!
And though my flesh decay,
My soul shall sing among the just,
Until the judgment day.'"

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Walk, Conversation, and Character of Jesus Christ, Our Lord. By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 340. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, net, $1.50.

Thirty-five Sabbath evening addresses, by one of the most pithy, searching, and strengthening preachers of this generation. He feeds himself on the Bible and on the quaint, rich, marrowy old divines, and has himself an incisive art of getting at the inner meat of the meaning of Scripture. "The sincere milk of the Word" is the phrase which rises to mind as we lay down this nutritious volume. Its style and method are partly the Scotch-English expository. Sometimes the expository preacher is too microscopic, breaks the Scripture into syllables, and overmagnifies the very particles and atoms; sometimes he thinks he gets out of the text what he really has read into it; but Dr. Whyte's studies are not too expository, and in them we find nothing that seems to us unwarranted by, or inharmonious with, the Bible teachings, except now and then a Calvinistic twist. They are not cast in sermonic form, but have variety, spontaneity, and surprise. A characteristically rich and illuminating meditation is the first one, which is on the words, "The express image"—or, as the literal Greek reads, the character—"of his person"; character—the distinguishing quality, the inmost nature, out of which come all words and actions. "The whole of the four gospels are written in order that we may have before us the character of Jesus Christ, both for our justifying faith in him and for our sanctifying imitation of him. If you had been born and brought up in the same house with the Child Jesus, what do you think you would have remembered most about his childhood character? What express image of him would you have carried away with you in after years? Cicero as a schoolboy had such talents and character, and his schoolfellows told such wonderful stories about him in their homes, that their parents used to visit the school less to see their own children at their lessons than to see the wonderful young Cicero of whom they were constantly hearing. Well, suppose you had been at school with the young Christ, what would you have told your parents about him, and about his ways and words, every night when you went home from school? Suppose you had been a carpenter working in the same shop with him, in what do you think he would have differed from all the other workmen? Or suppose you had been a guest in the same house where he was a guest, what would you have noticed and remembered in him different from the other guests? Different from John the Baptist, for example? Christ's character, which was the same as the very nature of the Father, came out vividly in every movement, look, tone, meaning. You never could meet him on the highway, nor stand under the same tree with him till a shower passed over, nor spend five minutes in his society anywhere, nor hear him talking to a multitude, nor watch him going down the street, without catching sight

of the express image, the clear-cut character of the Father in him, so that you would go home and tell your kinsfolk that you had seen something divine—had had a glimpse of the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The study of the young Christ "about his Father's business" begins thus: "The forty-ninth verse of the second chapter of Luke's Gospel should be printed in letters of gold a finger deep; for that absolutely priceless verse preserves to us the very first words ever recorded as falling from the lips of our youthful Lord. Those words tell us, among other things, that it was on the occasion of his first passover that the Holy Child first began to realize who he was and on what errand he had been sent into this world." Dr. Whyte, after explaining the force and bearing of Christ's words to Joseph and Mary, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" proceeds in this faithful fashion: "Both Joseph and Mary were speechless as soon as the Holy Child let them see how full of folly their conduct had been and how much they had misunderstood and hurt him. They had treated him as if he had taken the passover much too seriously. They found fault with him for his devotion to his Father's business, and uttered aloud before the whole temple their grievance and complaint against him. They said it till the astonished doctors heard them, that he ought to be at home in Nazareth by this time, attending to his tasks there. The passover lamb had been slain, they said, and its blood had been sprinkled on them and on him for another year; let him come away home then like all his kinsfolk and acquaintances, and not be lingering here. And now, if we look close, we will see ourselves in all this as in a glass. For we are like Joseph and Mary. We also treat our Redeemer as if he had been religious overmuch in the dreadful business of our redemption. We treat him and his redemption of souls as if he had taken us and our sins far too much to heart—almost as if he had made himself a martyr by mistake. They did him the first wrong that week by supposing that he was in that home-hurrying company; and then they still more wronged and wounded him by the places in which they sought him; but, above all, by their not seeking him first in his Father's house and about his Father's business. And many of you are wounding your Redeemer and your Judge in the very same way every day. Yes, every day; for every day he is about his Father's business with you. And if he is, how do you think your way of spending your days looks to him? Either he is beside himself, or you are. Either he has thrown himself away, or you are throwing yourself and your life away. Either his blood-shedding for your sin is all a misunderstanding and a mistake on his part, or you are making the most tremendous mistake that ever a madman made. I tell you to your face that you are wounding your Redeemer in his tenderest part, for you are treating his sin-atoning blood as if it were a much overdone thing, and a thing that nowadays some of you as good as repudiate; it is a thing to explain away, and to dissolve all doctrinal and confessional and pulpit connection with. Yes, I tell you with truth and certainty before it comes to pass that one astonished, wounded, and offended look from

your Judge, one glance of the wrath of the Lamb at your present conduct, will freeze your very marrow on the great Day of Account, and make you curse the day that saw you born. Old Andrewes prayed day and night, 'In that dread and awful day, rescue and save me, and let me never see a look of anger on my Judge's face.'" The address on the words, "About thirty years of age," closes thus: "'I often take a turn up and down in my old unregenerate state,' says a great saint. Let us all join him in that. Let us often go back over our past years—how many are they now? And let us stop and recall where we were at such and such a year, and what we were doing. Let us go back upon all the way that the Lord our God led us all those wilderness years, to know what was in our heart, and to know whether we would keep his commandments or no. And if the retrospect fills us with a great remorse, then let us go back, as we have done to-night, to our Redeemer, and take his holy and God-pleasing life and lay it over against our own sinful and God-condemned life. And let us keep constantly doing that until the peace of God shall drive all remorse and dread out of our hearts forever; and till he is made for us, not peace of conscience only, but wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. For it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell, till as many as believe in him are complete in him." The latter part of the address on "The Lamb of God" is an adoring meditation on the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea—O Lamb of God, I come"; and on the words, "Without one plea," this is the comment: "If I had even one good and sound plea, you may depend on it I would plead it. But I have not one. I have no excuse, no self-exculpation, no gloss or varnish for my sin. If I had, I would plead it like Adam: it was the woman did it, was his plea; it was the serpent, was the woman's plea. I did not think that one blow would kill him, pled Cain. The wine was red, and it gave its color to the cup, and it moved itself aright, pled Noah. I was faint with hunger and the pottage was so savory, pled Esau. The woman was very beautiful to look upon, pled David. They all had, or thought they had, their one plea. But I have no excuse, no plea why God's judgment against my sin should not be executed speedily. My mouth is stopped. I remember and am confounded, and shall never be able to open my mouth any more, said the prophet. But when we have no plea; when our mouth is stopped; when we are confounded and condemned; then these two pleas are put into our mouth, 'Without one plea, but that thy blood was shed for me, and that thou biddest me come to thee.' Thy *Blood*, O Lamb of God, and thy *Bidding!* These are now my *only*, but my *prevailing*, pleas. With these two pleas I come boldly to the throne of grace, knowing that I shall not be put to shame or turned away." Dr. Whyte's book is more nourishing than our extracts indicate. And we say again as we leave it, "The sincere milk of the Word."

Burden Bearing, and Other Sermons. By JOHN RHEY THOMPSON. 12mo, pp. 261. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

More worth and weight, more force and fire, more real stuff for seventy-five cents it would be difficult to find. Genius more genuine and

brilliant than Rhey Thompson's our church has not seen in our day. Sermons more powerful than these are not easy to find. Brain and heart are equally weighty in them. They are not the sort which lose in print the power they had in utterance. They do not cool into dull ashes, but remain burning hot with eternal meaning. Those on "The Credibility of the Resurrection" and "The Theistic Basis of Immortality" are masterly marshalings of Christian evidences. All these sermons show the intensity of Rhey Thompson's intellectual and emotional life; all of them were molten and forged in the white heat of an electrical incandescence. No man is more capable of testing reality and knowing when he finds it than an acute sufferer whose brain power is not disabled but intensified by his disease. Suffering strips away delusions and leaves the sufferer alone with grim, hard facts. In agony of body and anguish of spirit for years, Rhey Thompson knocked at every door in the universe inquiring for Truth and Reality. He was not in any mood to be trifled with; he would not be put off or imposed upon or evaded; his intellect was keen, his demand was peremptory. He was absolutely certain that he *found* Truth and Reality. What they are, and where they are, and why he feels sure of them, is written somewhere in these fifteen sermons. We make bold to say that all the information contained in all the bulky volumes of Congressional Reports are worth less than the contents of this small book. It holds the seed-corn of imperishable civilizations, liberties, prosperities, and dominions. His illustrations are from life, and show how close this intense preacher kept to the common human lot. In the sermon on "The Greatness of Love" is this: "A young man goes into a lawyer's office to study law. What does the wise old lawyer tell him? 'Sir, the law is a jealous mistress, and if you wish to succeed you must give yourself to it with great earnestness and enthusiasm.' You must *love* what you are going to do in order to succeed at it. This is true in the study of nature. Who finds out the secrets of the butterfly? The lover of butterflies. Tyndall loved glaciers and the lofty Alpine heights, and he found out all that could be known about them. Who discerns the truth in flowers? The lover of flowers. Who finds out about the animals? Cuvier, the lover of animals. Who develops the science of ornithology? Audubon, the lover of birds. Wherever we go with a great tide of affection, the secrets yield themselves up to us. If a man loves the stars well enough to devote his life to studying them, he gets the secrets of the stars, as Copernicus and Kepler did. Now, in the religious life, a man whose whole religious being is under the influence of love will find the saving and guiding truth quicker than any other man. There are some important technical questions that the theological professors can answer; there are some questions concerning the Bible on which I would seek light from the theological seminary; but for practical wisdom, for the wisdom to live by, work by, suffer by, and die by, I would rather go to some elderly woman who had raised a large family of children in patience, meekness, and love, and I would sit down by her side, and get more useful wisdom in half an hour than I could get from books and schools in a week. Practical wisdom is acquired by looking at duty through the eyes of love, and the soul is

never so open to truth as when the heart is rich in love." . . . "There are some men who consider themselves elected to manage everything connected with the church on 'business principles.' I am weary of that phrase. There is a church on Commercial Avenue, Trade Town, managed strictly on business principles; they managed a poor shoemaker, who had been an exemplary disciple for years, back pew by pew, until finally they managed him out of the door. There was a church on Gold Place, Stock City, managed on business principles, and they finally succeeded in managing one of the noblest and saintliest women in it into the last seat in the rear gallery. Business principles are well enough in their way and place, but they must not be substituted for love in the church. Tell me not that the spirit of commerce, trade, and manufacture, as I see it in the world about me, is the spirit of Christ. It is much oftener the spirit of the devil! The Cross stands for love, not for 'business principles.'" Under the text, "The God of all comfort," is this: "Here we are in the presence of something more than a skillful Manipulator of plastic matter, or the decorative Artist of the azure dome above us, or the Framer of the worlds, or the Mechanical Engineer of the universe, or the relentless Punisher of disobedient men, or the Vindicator of abstract moral order; we are in the presence of a Heart, an ocean-like Heart that sends out the tides of its love everywhither, a Heart that throbs with love, a rescuing Heart, a cleansing Heart, a solacing Heart! As a fountain of water in a waste of arid desert to the traveler whose lips are burning with thirst, so are these words to countless thousands of fainting and famishing souls. They are like the gentle caress of a mother in the hush of eventide when her child is weary, impatient, fretful. They are like rest after weariness, peace and hope after trouble and doubt." Under the text, "The Pure in Heart Shall See God," is this: "In my second year in the ministry I boarded with a coal miner. He was not a man of books nor an abstract thinker. He rose very early in the morning and went off to the mine, and did not come out of that dark hole in the earth until four o'clock in the afternoon; and then he dragged himself to the house more dead than alive. If that man's only means of ascertaining whether he had a heavenly Father had depended on his time and ability to study out the great theistic arguments, he would have been without God and without hope in the world. Nevertheless he knew God as few men have ever known him. He so impressed me with his life of love and faith in God that often in the evening I would go down into the family room and ask him to pray; and, though his hands were grimy with his hard, dirty labor, he did know the way of access to God, and often he brought my heart such a vision of the divine as gave me strength for many a day. The purehearted man shall find God, not the man of much learning or great reasoning powers, unless he has the pure heart also." After the death of Henry Ward Beecher both the New York Times and the Sun editorially mentioned John Rhey Thompson as a man fit for the vacant pulpit of Plymouth Church. He died at fifty-two, and no braver, more unutterably pathetic life has been lived among us. For many years he appeared in the pulpit like a ghastly, tottering corpse, electrified by a brain-battery of extraordinary power.

Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals. By FREDERICK MORGAN DAVENPORT, Professor in Sociology at Hamilton College. 16mo, pp. xiv, 323. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

In this book the author admits that the principle of revival is essential to the development of the race, but he takes a very unfavorable view of the modern cyclone, stampeding methods and manifestations of evangelistic effort so called. He deplores the preponderance of emotionalism over rational processes, and regards many of the movements and effects of revivalism as delcterious and belonging to a primitive, crude, and undeveloped state of mankind. On this he devotes some chapters to a study of phenomena among the North American Indians and the American negro, but his induction would have been more rational and satisfactory if he had also described emotional activity and expression among other heathen races. Much space is given to the consideration of the part taken by Methodism in religious work, and on the whole a rather favorable view is taken. Of course he refers to such as Wesley, whose Journal is one of the best products of the time, Whitefield, Lorenzo Dow, J. P. Durbin, and Peter Cartwright, no novel being more interesting than his autobiography, and he quotes from Methodist authorities like the Western Christian Advocate, J. M. Buckley, Professor Coe, and H. P. Hughes. Rightly, Methodism is regarded as a prominent and perhaps the least vulnerable factor in the revival movement. To Wesley largely is attributed the English social evolution of the eighteenth century. He was possessed of the supreme practical sense of the Anglo-Saxon race. "Jonathan Edwards had a saving measure of it, but John Wesley had it in abundance." He never renounced reason, and was not himself of an emotionalist cast, being wholly devoid of humor and of the imaginative faculty, but his personal influence over individuals and an audience was overwhelming. He was of more value to the community than to the church. "It is due to this capacity for what has been happily called 'the statesmanship of salvation' that the movement which he inaugurated presents the aspect not of an injurious recoil, but rather of a great purifying force working steadily for the evolution and regeneration of society." The author describes at some length the Scotch-Irish revivals in Kentucky and of their kin in Ulster, Ireland, and follows with a chapter on the awakening originating with Edwards. The tremendous intellectual strength of this latter preacher is acknowledged, although he throws logic to the winds in his effort to arouse conviction. Reaction followed this revival storm, of course, but it is hardly fair to attribute subsequent indifference in New England to the awakening. It followed partly as a protest against extreme Calvinistic teaching and the rigid Puritanism that were associated with the movement. Finney is more favorably considered, though his work is attributed to some extent to his personal magnetism and his appeals to the emotions of fear. Moody is credited with being a past master in hypnotism, and the author can hardly explain why the evangelist in his later years turned his attention to educational methods, unless he noted that there were comparatively few accessions from his converts to church membership.

Professor Davenport's views may be represented thus: Many of the converts are affected with nervous instability. The psychological "crowd" is governed rather by emotion. Action is affected by the constant repetition of an idea. The ignorant, uninfluential, and inconsistent are usually first reached in a revival campaign and the more reliable elements of society afterwards, but in Finney's later career merchants, lawyers, and physicians were the first to receive his message. Conversion is accomplished by suggestion and immediate "self-surrender" (often perhaps to the revivalist rather than to God). One man was required to give up his will and with it his study of Greek. Many extravagances result from the unwarranted sacrifice of personal judgment. Some preachers warn against the intellect, losing sight of the fact that "a truly rational life is profoundly passional life." Much of revival is regarded as "religious effervescence and passional unrestraint," the result of a "psychological distemper." This kind does not produce moral reform. By the use of a map of the State of Kentucky the writer shows that lynchings were more frequent in Logan County and surrounding regions just where the revival accompanied by "the jerks," trances, and other striking phenomena originated. This review is somewhat extensive, but the subject is of the greatest interest to Methodism. No one can deny that there has been a check in the number of conversions, in the aggressive progress of our church, owing perhaps as much to the fact that the material susceptible to former methods is much reduced as to the decline of evangelistic fervor and efficiency. Conversion, "the climax of the unselfing process," is to be regarded as a normal event to be expected soon after the age of puberty. Revival as such will probably be always necessary, but the value of the professional evangelist has been in many times and places overrated, and, as Professor Davenport suggests, some who have posed as the most highly sanctified have been diseased or undeveloped votaries of religion. System must be persistently pursued in the religious housing of the children. Jerry McAuley is quoted as saying that none of the converts in his famous Water Street Mission were saved permanently without a good mother. The revival will be known by its fruits rather than its roots, and if there may have been decline in churchgoing there has been no decline in morals. Methodism has shown itself equal to every emergency. Too much dependence must not be placed on the spasmodic campaign for accessions. If the majority of the emotional type are still in this fold, the body is so large as to embrace many whose reason and judgment will lead to a steady and reliable increase of the church in numbers and that which pertains to intelligent, practical godliness. Methodism must yet remain in the front ranks of aggressive evangelism and not neglect to offer the gospel in its fullness to those—a constantly diminishing number, let us hope—who, unfortunate in previous religious environment, will only be rescued by special, extraordinary, and heroic efforts. The need for moderating excessive emotionality and too exclusive reliance on special revival efforts was mostly in the past. To-day a marked revival of aggressive evangelistic activity is spreading visibly in communions hitherto less given to such activity than is Methodism.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton. Recorded by ISABEL MOORE. Crown 8vo, pp. 458. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.

Laurence Hutton writes, in a few lines of introduction, that the words in this book were all talked by him in his Princeton home, Peep o' Day, then recorded by the note-taker, and afterward revised and corrected by him. Walcott Balestier wrote in the Guest Book of that home: "To Laurence Hutton, who finds the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality." A host of congenial spirits were gathered under his roof by the gracious welcome of that warm hospitality. Of them, and of others like them, Hutton talks in his charming fashion, making us feel ourselves to be of that choice company, listeners and lookers-on. He says John Hay once told him that while listening to a dull sermon from a preacher whose doctrines did not wholly please him, it suddenly occurred to him, apropos of something the preacher said, that, after all, it may be that saving a little child and bringing him to his own is better business for men or angels than loafing around the Throne. And out of that fragment of suggestion were cut the Little Breeches which will not soon wear out. In the same way, it was in church that some sentence of a long, impromptu prayer put the idea in John Hay's mind that perhaps in the end Christ will not be hard on a man that died for men. And on this idea was reared the famous figure of Jim Bludso, who, when the Prairie Belle was burning on the Mississippi, stayed at his post in the flames and held "her nozzle ag'in' the bank till the last galoot was ashore." John Hay's experience in church suggests that nothing is more stimulating and suggestive than listening to preaching and prayers, and no place more favorable to wide, clear, and tranquil thinking than in church. If all the ideas and mental visions that have visited men while sitting in church were taken away, the intellectual life of Christendom would be sadly depleted and impoverished. Not only is the mind often put into condition for clear and fertile thinking by a church service, but frequently the influences of the place have a peaceful, quieting, and cooling effect on the spirit, so that a rested feeling results rather than weariness. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, once told the writer of this notice that a larger number of fretted, chafed, and overstrained business men would attend church regularly if they only knew the real restfulness of a church service and how much of repairing, healing, and sweetening it could do for a tired or fevered or embittered man. Hutton tells of the gentle and affectionate nature of Edwin Booth. An old friend of Booth's had a little daughter born on Booth's birthday, and Booth playfully called her his "twin." Whenever their common birthday came around they exchanged greetings and some little souvenir. When Booth was fifty-six and the little girl was four, a modest bunch of violets went from her to him, with a card bearing this: "Dear Mr. Booth. We are sixty to-day. Your Marjorie." Hutton tells a touching story of an old uncle of his, as follows: "An old ex-sailorman lay dying in his bed in Scotland on Christmas eve some years ago. He had run away to sea when he was a lad of ten; he had worked his way up by slow degrees from cabin boy to captain

before he was thirty; he had commanded a brig sailing from Dundee to New York for a decade or so; when a modest fortune was bequeathed to him, he retired from the merchant service, married a wife about his own age, and settled down to live on shore. In his eightieth year he went back to Scotland to end his days in his native land, and on Christmas eve, as I said, he lay dying quietly in his own bed. Except as an occasional passenger he had not known the sea for almost half a century; but in his final moments his sea life all came back and took possession of him. He had been lying semiconscious and silent for hours; the nurses had gone off for much-needed rest, and the old sailor was sleeping peacefully by the side of his old wife, his feeble old hand in hers. Suddenly he raised himself to a sitting posture, put his hand to his old gray head, pulled his forelock in respectful salute, and in a loud, firm voice he reported himself, in the regulation form, to the officer on deck, saying, 'Come on board, sir.' Then for some minutes he gave orders and obeyed them. He 'manned the foretop.' He 'put her helm hard astarboard.' He hauled sheets, he sang sea songs, and then, as he fell back on his pillow, he cried, 'Belay all!' Then turning to the old wife, his old hand again in hers, he murmured, gently, 'My ship's in port, Bess, but she's going out with the tide. I can't take you with me on this voyage, Bess, but you'll find me waiting for you on the shore, Bess, when you come over!' And, saying this, he died." Hutton tells us a bit of unwritten history in the life of George William Curtis, who told it to Hutton. After Curtis had been with Harper & Brothers a long time, he was offered the position of editor in chief from another magazine publisher at a salary double what the Harpers were paying him. He showed the letter to one of the founders of the house of Harper, with the remark that he had decided not to accept the offer, but felt that the Harpers ought to know of the matter. Mr. Harper replied about as follows: "Don't decide rashly, George. This is a great compliment to you, and a serious matter. Take the letter home with you and sleep over it a night or two, and talk it over with Mrs. Curtis. We don't want you to go, but we can't afford to keep you at the handsome sum this other man is offering you. Think it over carefully and let me know your decision on Monday morning." On Monday morning Mr. Curtis laid upon Mr. Harper's desk the unsealed letter containing his polite refusal to the other publisher to accept the offer. "Is this final, George?" asked Mr. Harper. "It is final. I have been with you a long time; I've been happy here; you've been good to me; I feel that I belong *here;* and I cannot go." Mr. Harper made no reply, but, as Curtis turned to go up to his editorial room, Mr. Harper overtook him, led him to the countingroom, and said to the cashier: "Dating from the first of January last Mr. Curtis's salary is to be increased one hundred per cent." Curtis's voice used to break when he told that little story to his friends. At Princeton, on the occasion of the inauguration of Dr. Woodrow Wilson as president of the university, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed was one of the guests of the institution. He marched calmly and majestically in the procession with the other dignitaries, duly capped and gowned; but he utterly refused to wear the bright-colored hood to which he was entitled,

because he said it would make him "look like a Knight of Pythias." Hutton tells how H. C. Bunner, when in London, left Saint Paul's Cathedral in disgust, because upon the monument to Cornwallis there was every allusion to that person's worth and valor and victories, but no reference to the fact that he had surrendered his sword to Washington at Yorktown. In Westminster Abbey, Bunner rebelled at the great number buried in the abbey who were nobodies but mere princes or royal dukes. In the Poets' Corner, however, he felt impressed at being so near the mortal parts of so many really immortal men, and his air was subdued and respectful. His friend, seeing this, said to him: "You see, there are some good and great Englishmen, after all." "Yes," responded Bunner, "there are three classes of Englishmen whom I can endure—the Irish, the Scotch, and the dead." When Joaquin Miller was in London he quite shocked an Englishwoman, who was praising Tennyson, by saying, "Yes, Tennyson is a dear old peanut." Frank Stockton told of an old negress who said she had "one foot in de grave and de udder one shoutin' glory hallelujah." A certain lady, once when her physician called to see her, sent down word that she was too ill to see him. A young lady was expressing great admiration for Sir Walter Scott's works. A listener asked how she liked Ivanhoe, and she thought it "just lovely"; he inquired if she enjoyed The Lady of the Lake, and she said it was "perfectly sweet." Then the rogue said, "And what do you think of Scott's Emulsion?" and the fair young innocent replied, "O that is the best thing Scott ever produced." Laurence Hutton tells how, when he was on the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine, he received from an old acquaintance a bulky package of manuscript with a note saying in effect: "You are in the Harper Ring; you have got your wife in the Harper Ring; you have got Harry this and Lily that into the Harper Ring; and I don't see why you don't get *me* into the Harper Ring too! Now I am sending you a couple of articles as good as anything the Harpers generally publish. Please see that they are published and get me into the Harper Ring!" Hutton chanced to have on his desk, at that very time, four official notes from the four editors of Harper's Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Young People, each note declining an article which Hutton himself had contributed. Hutton's only reply to his old acquaintance, who wanted Hutton to get him into the Harper Ring, was to put those four notes from the four editors into an envelope and send them to the aspiring gentleman who was so anxious to secure the help of Hutton's powerful influence. The notes proved that Hutton, though he was then and had been for years on the editorial staff of the Monthly Magazine, was not "in the Harper Ring"; and he says (and he ought to know) that there never was any Harper Ring—no admission by means of a "pull," but only by merit, sheer merit. Hutton says John Fiske used to tell of calling once at the residence of George H. Lewes and finding George Eliot sitting on the floor, with hammer in hand and her mouth full of tacks, putting down the dining-room carpet. This is how Charles Reade characterized one of George Eliot's books: "Daniel Deronda is a wind-bag. To use the words of Milton, it is 'bulk without spirit.' It is a bungling, ill-constructed story,

with an ignoble heroine and an unmanly hero and a lot of romantic, greasy Jews that the Anglo-Saxon despises, varnish them how you will. It is a dreary waste of words, leaving on the mind not one really powerful situation, not one new or salient idea, not one great lesson of virtue, wisdom, or public policy. It is given a lining of a pretentious kind, and its verbosity will land it in the trunkmaker's shop in two years at farthest." Sweet are some of the amenities between rivals in the same trade, whether of letters or of something else! Hutton tells how excited John Fiske was the night he first arrived in London. He could not consent to go to bed, and at two o'clock in the morning the two started out for a walk; nothing but questions from Fiske, with answers from Hutton. "Laurence, what stream is that?" "The Thames, my boy." And Fiske stood and stared at it in silence. "What are those buildings over there?" "The Lambeth Pottery Works, and Lambeth Palace beyond." And again Fiske stood silent and gazed. On they went, and Hutton showed him the window of Whitehall Palace out of which Charles stepped to his execution; and farther along the church of Saint Margaret, in which the body of Sir Walter Raleigh lies. "And that big building beyond?" asked Fiske. "John," said Hutton, "that is the Poets' Corner end of Westminster Abbey." And Professor John Fiske literally ran toward the building, as if afraid that the pile which had been there so many years would not wait until he reached it. When he had stood gazing on it in long, reverent silence, he clutched Hutton's arm and said, "I want to go home now." And neither of them spoke another word until next morning at breakfast. Hutton repeats the Latin motto in John Fiske's library at Cambridge: "Work as if you were to live forever; live as if you were to die to-morrow." In this fashion, of things grave and gay, is Laurence Hutton's library chat made up. Hutton was a man with a genius for friendship, born for comradeship; and in that Princeton library coteries of choice spirits met for many *noctes ambrosianæ*. The genial master of that hospitable house has now "become a guest on high."

Parables from Nature. By MRS. ALFRED GATTY. 2 volumes, 16mo, pp. 288, 276. New York: Imported by The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

We commend Mrs. Gatty's Parables to all our readers who may be unfamiliar with them. That they are not new books is no reason why they may not be noticed here. What our readers want to know is the books that are worth having. This pocket edition contains thirty-seven parables which illustrate Scripture texts and truths by facts from Nature. They are most helpful, stimulating, suggestive, and illuminating; good for the minister's study, or the college student's shelves, or the young people's library, or the family book-table. They are rich with lessons, arguments, and collateral proofs worth everybody's attention; as interesting and comprehensible as Æsop's Fables, and as serious in purpose as Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Their titles only hint at their varied character: "A Lesson of Faith," "The Law of Authority and Obedience," "Knowledge Not the Limit of Belief," "Training and Restraining," "Wait-

ing," "A Circle of Blessing," "The Law of the Wood," "Daily Bread," "Motes in the Sunbeam," "Red Snow," "Purring When You're Pleased," "The Master of the Harvest," "The Deliverer," "Inferior Animals," "The General Thaw," "Night and Day," "Kicking," "Cobwebs," "Imperfect Instruments," "Birds in the Nest," "Consequences," "Ghosts," "The Universal Language," "These Three," "Unopened Parcels." The only one short enough for us to quote is possibly the poorest of all, and is really no fair sample of their average quality and value; yet it may convey some idea of their general style and method. It is entitled "Seesaw." Here it is: "The felled oak in the corner of the timber yard lay groaning under the plank which a party of children had thrown across him to play seesaw upon. Not that the plank was so heavy even with two or three little ones sitting on each end, nor that the oak was too weak to hold it up; but it seemed such a petty use to be put to. The other half of the tree had been cut into beautiful even planks some time before, but this was the root end and his time had not yet come and he was getting impatient. 'Here we go up, up, up!' cried the children, as one end of the plank rose toward the sky; 'I shall rise to the tree tops—no! to the church steeple—no! to the stars!' Or, 'Here we go down, down, down!' cried those on the other end of the plank, 'away to the ground—no! right through to China—no! out at the other side. Ah! steady there, keep still, you stupid old log!' This reproachful exclamation was because the plank had swerved, not the tree. And so the game went on; for the ups and downs came in turns, and the children shrieked with delight, and the poor fallen tree groaned loudly all the time. 'And am I to lie here, and bear not only their weight but their unjust blame, and be called stupid and be told to keep steady, when it is they who are giddy and not to be depended on? And am I to be contented, while they do nothing but play pranks and enjoy themselves?' said the fallen tree; but he said it to himself, for he did not know which to complain to—the children or the plank. As he groaned, however, he thought of the time when he was king of the woods, where he had grown up from the acorn days of his babyhood, and it broke his heart to be so insignificant now. 'Why have they not cut me into shapely planks like the rest?' continued he, angrily; 'I might then have led the seesaw myself, as this plank does which rests so heavily on my back. Why have they not given me the chance of enjoying myself like him, up in the sky at one end, down on the ground at the other, full of life and motion? The whole timber yard, except myself, has a chance. Position and honor, as well as pleasure, are for everybody but me. But I am condemned to stay in a corner merely for others to steady themselves on and play upon, uncared for and despised and made a convenience of—merely that. O miserable me!' Now, this groaning was so dreadful it woke the large garden snail in the grass close by, whose custom it was to come out from his haunt under the timber yard every morning at sunrise, and crawl round and round, over the felled oak tree, to see the world come to life, leaving a slimy track behind him on the bark wherever he moved. It was his constitutional stroll, and he had continued it all the season, pursuing his morning reflections without interruption, and taking his nap in

the grass afterwards as regularly as the days came round. But napping through such loud lamentation was impossible, and so the snail began to crawl once more up the side of the felled oak, turning his head from side to side, and extending his horns to find out if possible what was the matter. But he could not make out the trouble; so he made inquiry of his old friend, the tree trunk. "What is the matter, do you ask? groaned the oak, 'you who can move about and act independently whenever you wish; you who are *not* left a helpless log as I am, the scorn and sport of my own kith and kin? Yes, the very planks that balance themselves on my body and mock me by their activity have probably once hung on me as branches, drinking in life from the life I gave. O miserable me! Despised and useless!' Now, there may be plenty of animals to be found with more brilliant abilities and livelier imagination than the snail, but for gravity of demeanor and calmness of nerve who is his equal? And if a sound judgment be not behind such outward signs, there is no faith to be put in faces or appearances. Accordingly, Sir Helix Hortensis—so let us call the snail—made no answer at first to the wailing of the oak. Three times he crawled slowly round it before he spoke. And he listened and looked, and looked and listened, while the children went on shouting and the plank went on seesawing, and the motionless tree went on groaning; and as he looked he considered. 'Have you anything to say to me?' at last inquired the oak, who had had long experience of Sir Helix's wisdom. 'I have,' answered the snail. 'You don't know your own value, that's all.' 'Ask the seesawers my value!' exclaimed the prostrate tree, bitterly; 'one up among the stars and the other pounding the earth! And what am I doing meanwhile?' 'You are holding them all up, which is more than they can do for themselves,' muttered the snail, turning around to go back to the grass. 'But—but—stop a moment, dear Sir Helix—the giddy seesawers don't think that,' argued the tree. 'They are all light-minded together, and haven't sense enough to think at all,' sneered the wise snail. 'Up in the sky one minute, down in the dust the next. Never you mind that. Everybody can't play at high jinks with comfort, luckily for the rest of the world. Sit you fast, do your duty, and have faith. While they are going flightily up and down, your solid steadiness is what supports and saves them all.'" Had we room, we would like to transcribe here the more important parables which illustrate and support such texts as "If a man die, shall he live again?" "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come;" "Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us?" "But now they desire a better country;" "Canst thou by searching find out God?" "Train up a child in the way he should go;" "We know that all things work together for good;" "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait;" "Freely ye have received, freely give;" "Let every one of us please our neighbor for his good;" "They also serve who only stand and wait;" "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" "Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord," etc. One parable, entitled, "The Master of the Harvest," has for its text the words of Jeremy Taylor: "That which thou dost not understand when

thou readest thou shalt understand in the day of thy visitation: for there are many secrets of religion which are not perceived till they be felt, and are not felt except in the day of a great calamity." Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature should be generally known.

Poverty. By ROBERT HUNTER. 12mo, pp. 382. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth $1.50.

The main objects of this volume are to define poverty and to estimate its extent in the United States; to describe some of its evils; to point out certain remedial actions which society may wisely undertake; and, finally, to show that the evils of poverty are procreative, and that the workers in poverty are giving to the world a litter of miserables whose reclamation is almost impossible. The author believes that even in fairly prosperous times no less than ten million persons in this country are underfed, underclothed, and poorly housed. This is not a scientific or exhaustive study, endeavoring to deal with all the conditions, causes, and problems of poverty, such as Mr. Charles Booth has approximated in his study of London. This is rather a personal narrative, telling of things seen by one man while living among the poorest of the working people, and among the most degraded elements in several cities of this country and abroad, his knowledge being gained while at work in a variety of movements intended either to diminish the number of dependents or to ameliorate the conditions of poverty. As a whole, this book has one aim, namely, to show the grievous need of certain social measures calculated to prevent the ruin and degradation of those working people who are on the verge of poverty. The chapters deal with "Poverty," "The Pauper," "The Vagrant," "The Sick," "The Child," and "The Immigrant." Emphasis is placed on the infectiousness of consumption and the frightful havoc of "The Great White Plague," as it is called, in the abodes of poverty. Here is a typical picture: "'Breath—breath—give me breath.' A Yiddish whisper, on a night of April, 1903, from the heart of the New York Ghetto. At No. 18 Clinton Street, back in the rear tenement, a young Roumanian Jew lay dying of consumption. I had brought in a Jewish doctor. With every breath I felt the heavy, foul odor from poverty, filth, disease. In this room ten feet square six people lay on the floor packed close, half roused from heavy sleep and staring at us dumbly. Two small windows gave them air from a noisome court. The other room was only a closet six feet by seven, with a grated window high up opening on an airshaft eighteen inches wide. And in that closet four more were sleeping, three on a bed, one in a cradle. 'Breath—breath—breath.' The man's disease was infectious; and yet for three long weeks he had lain there dying. From his soiled bed he could touch the one table where the two families ate; the cooking stove was but six feet from him; the cupboard was just above his pillow; he could even reach one of the cradles where his baby girl lay, staring and frightened. His wasted body was too feeble to rise; too choked and tortured to lie down. His wife held him up while that Yiddish whisper came over and over again in that stifling and stenchful closet, but soon with a new and fearful and pitiable meaning: 'Breath—breath—breath.

Or else kill me; O kill me!' When able to work, he had had in the daytime no air but the close, heavy, foul air of the sweatshop from six in the morning till ten at night. Sometimes he had worked till eleven. And late in the night, when he left his hard labor, at an hour when other workmen are sleeping, he would come in through the filthy court, and sink exhausted on the floor of that dark closet six feet by seven, to sleep if he could. This was his home. On through the winter he had worked in the sweatshop, infecting with his disease the garments he sewed, in order to buy coal and bread for his wife and three little children. His bitter, losing struggle is ending. 'Breath—breath—breath,' he whispers, gasping. In a few minutes all is over, and his destitute family to-morrow will be without even the poor shelter of that dark filthy hole. His case is the case of hundreds of thousands of the poor and the sick and the dying in our towns and cities." The conditions in which they live and die make Jacob Riis say, "You can kill a man with a tenement as easily as with an ax." The worst and most colossal crimes are social crimes, not any crime that one poor little individual can commit. Ruskin put his scorn of England's bitterness into powerful words; and for one reason or another, America deserves them as much: "A *great* nation does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing the evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder, and then for a couple of years have its own children murdering and being murdered by thousands and tens of thousands. Neither does a *great* nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts, and allow its bankrupts to steal their thousands with a polite bow; and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors 'under circumstances over which they have no control'; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China seas selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering toward the Chinese the common highwayman's demand of 'Your money *or* your life!' to 'Your money *and* your life!' Neither does a *great* nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by filth-fever and rotted out of them by dunghill plague for the sake of sixpence extra per week to its landlords, and then debate with driveling tears and diabolical sympathies whether it ought not piously to spare and nursingly cherish the precious lives of its murderers." On account of the injustice and cruelty involved in some of the inequalities existing among men, and on account of the perversion of democratic institutions, pessimistic apprehensions prevail in many quarters, and Professor Franklin H. Giddings, one of our most distinguished sociologists, says: "We are witnessing to-day, beyond question, the decay—perhaps not permanent, but at any rate the decay—of republican institutions. No well-informed man in his right mind can deny it." For ourselves we reject the pessimism of Professor Giddings's statement. It simply cannot be true. Terrible abuses exist, but potent influences are at work for the amelioration of deplorable conditions. That in this land of opportunity the poor are, as a rule, growing poorer is not true. Never in any country were so many poor people rising out of penury into comfort, and many of them into comparative wealth, as in this country in these very years.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones. By G. B.-J. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. 369, 372. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $6 net.

The wife of this distinguished artist prepared these large volumes in the six years succeeding his death in 1898, at the age of sixty-five. A more complete, satisfactory, or readable presentation of the man and his life could not reasonably be asked for by his fondest admirers. Burne-Jones was one of the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters, the Romanticists of modern English art, of which Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the central figure, and to which belonged Holman Hunt, Millais for a time, and William Morris, with William Bell Scott and Ford Madox Brown, essentially identified, and Theodore Watts-Dunton as one of the best interpreters of the work of the school. No more engaging or worthy figure appeared in this circle than Burne-Jones, of whom W. Burkitt Dalby says: "His great purpose was to bring to bear upon the lives of men, for their redemption and uplifting, the spiritual forces so grandly symbolized in his renderings of the scenes of Christian history, allegory, and apocalypse. Were we to consider the artist as prophet, Burne-Jones would figure as Ezekiel, rich, like his prototype, in spiritual imagination, full of pained recognition of the sinfulness of man, and yet firm in assurance of the ultimate victory of the Spirit within him." Corroborative of this are these words of Burne-Jones himself: "I can never think of collective humanity as brethren and sisters; they seem to me 'Mother'—more nearly Mother than Mother Nature herself. Do you ever think of this poor old woman our mother, trudging wearily on and on, and swear by all your gods that she shall yet go gloriously some day with sunshine and flowers and chanting of her children? To me, this weary, toiling, groaning world of men and women is none other than Our Lady of the Sorrows. It lies in you and me and all the faithful to make her Our Lady of the Glories. Will she ever be so? Will she? Will she? She shall be if your toil and mine, the toil of a thousand ages of them that come after us, can make her so." Of the particular note struck by this artist in the symphony of the Pre-Raphaelite school of modern art, Mr. Dalby says: "In the special quality in the Romanticism of Burne-Jones is its note of sadness, arising, as Ruskin thinks, from 'a deeper sense of the tremendous outer forces which urge us than of the inner impulse toward heroic struggle and achievement.' The Burne-Jones woman is ideal in grace and purity, in tenderness and elevated sensibility; but there is in her always an *arrière pensée*, a sense not only of the romance of life, but of its questions and difficulties. In the work of Burne-Jones the range of subject, as in that of Rossetti, is immense, and runs over similar lines of choice; but there is all the difference between his genius and that of his master that there is between the Gothic and the Florentine spirit. He is much more sophisticated, though no more elaborate. He is, therefore, more touched with the stress and strain of modern life, and invests his Danaës and Sybillas, his Arthurian knights and maidens, and even his saints and angels, with something of the wistfulness and questioning of his own era. There is trouble also in many of Rossetti's ideal faces; but their pain is a cosmic

emotion, as in 'Pandora' and 'Astarte'—some great world question, not the ache of modernity. By his early education in Birmingham and his life at Oxford, as well as by his entire devotion to scholarship beyond the period of life when most of them had got well forward in artistic production, Burne-Jones was brought much more than some of his *confrères* under the influence of modern culture. Yet he is never other than a true Romanticist, both in his choice of subjects and in his distinctive and inimitable style. Peculiar as that style is, it is the outcome of absolute loyalty to Nature; though in his imagination the facts of Nature were selected and combined, and then transmuted into works of art which excited the questioning wonder of their first beholders and the admiration and despair of his brother artists—works in which Nature herself becomes Art and Life and Thought." Whoever wishes a personal acquaintance with the Pre-Raphaelites, to meet them and to hear them talk, and learn to know them well, may find them in these two large volumes. Here, too, we meet John Ruskin and his noble old father, and read many of their views and feelings, freely expressed in friendly letters to the Burne-Joneses: also various other people of kindred circles and sympathies in life —Browning, Swinburne, the Rossettis, William Morris. A pure, aspiring, idealizing, highly sensitive, delicate, yet sturdy and earnest, set of men were these Pre-Raphaelites and their friends. Whatever may or ought to be said of their art—and of that we claim to be no judge—all critics, whether favorable or adverse, must agree that the men themselves were gentle folk and belong by Nature to the blood-royal of the human race. One of Burne-Jones's admiring friends and patrons was Mr. William Graham, member of Parliament from Glasgow, of whom it is written: "Keen man of business though he was, simplicity and devotion of soul were as evident in him as in any cloistered monk. His face was that of a saint, and at times like one transfigured. He had an inborn instinct for paintings that was marvelous. His eye was so keen that Burne-Jones said he knew good work even when it was upside down. Once this faculty enabled him to see at a glance from the top of an omnibus that in the front room of a little house he was passing there was a picture worth looking at: so he got down off the omnibus at once, knocked at the door, found the picture good enough to buy, and carried it home." His library at Grosvenor Place was filled with treasures he had gathered. He liked to sit by the hour and watch Burne-Jones paint, and once when this artist showed William Graham a newly finished picture, it was painted so much to Graham's mind that he went up to it and kissed it; which touched the artist as no words could. The life motto Burne-Jones adopted for himself was, "If I can"; which meant a strenuous purpose to do his best, to put his ability to the utmost test in all the work Providence gave him to do. His footprints on the earth left no stain, his art did not besmear the walls of the world, and his life went hence like a strain of music. The biographical and autobiographical literature of the past ten years in Europe and America has been extremely rich and fascinating. Not the least interesting and inspiring of the list are the lives of such Pre-Raphaelites as Rossetti, Millais, Morris, Watts-Dunton, and Burne-Jones.

The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries. By ADOLPH HARNACK, Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin and Member of the Royal Prussian Academy. Translated and edited by JAMES MOFFATT, B.D., D.D. Vol. I. Pp. xv, 494. London: Williams & Norgate. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $3.

Ficker of Halle opens his notice of this book in the Theol. Rundschau (Tübingen), March, 1905, pp. 110-112, in these words: "Harnack's Mission is decidedly the most significant, most instructive, the most interesting publication in the history of Antenicene Christianity which we have received in the last years." The judgment of Ficker is not extravagant. We have here a book by one whom many account the greatest church historian since the death of Neander, a book which sets that historian out in the most pleasing light, in which his advanced theological and critical views play a minimum part, and in which his amazing knowledge of the early church, his power of combination, his literary skill, his candor, industry, and Christian spirit play a very great part. Harnack's object is to answer the question, Why did Christianity conquer the Greco-Roman world? He answers this with German comprehensiveness, considering all the factors which contributed to the result. One need but compare Gibbon's famous chapter with the careful scholarship, breadth of treatment, and inner sympathy (but a sympathy always held in check by an historian's respect for facts and candor in stating them) of this work to see what an immense distance we have traveled. We shall give here one or two of Harnack's results, forbearing extensive treatment; for the best compliment to a great and rich book like this is a brief statement of its merits so that the reader may get as quickly as possible into the fertile pasture for himself. One of his most interesting chapters is that on the Gospel of the Saviour and of Salvation, in which he treats of the saving power of Christianity on the body as well as on mind and soul. He shows how widespread was the cult of Æsculapius, the god of medicine, and what a formidable opposition it offered Christianity. The reader will find here much to supplement the statement of Professor Faulkner in this REVIEW, March, 1902, pp. 292-295. The gospel had a tremendous activity in healing diseases and casting out demons, this last being often the curing of epilepsy and other nervous and brain disorders. But when Origen was confronted with similar cures by Æsculapius and his physicians he replies that such things as these are among the lesser works of the gospel, and that this curative power in itself is neither good nor bad (Against Celsus, iii, 25). A great chapter is that on the Gospel of Love and Charity. This side of the gospel made a powerful appeal, and was without doubt one of the chief reasons for its success. An interesting point is that on the church as a labor union. The church recognized that every Christian had a right to a livelihood, and not only so but admitted its obligation to secure it either by furnishing the destitute work or by maintaining him. For those able to work, say the so-called Clementine Homilies, provide work; and to those incapable of work be charitable (Ep. Clem. vi, 8). So Cyprian assumes that a theatrical employee who throws up his position may be frugally maintained till he finds decent work. In the wide reach of their charitable aims all ancient churches were institutional

churches. Harnack justly thinks this social work of the church was of great importance. The church was a "refuge for people in distress, who were prepared to work. Its attractive power was consequently intensified, and from the economic standpoint we must attach very high value to a union which provided work for those who were able to work, and at the same time kept hunger from those who were unfit for any labor" (p. 219). This whole chapter is one of the most informing discussions we have read for many a day. Who were the first missionaries? The apostles, prophets, and teachers, who are to be distinguished from the local presbyters or bishops, and who had a very large activity. Their mission was to the church as a whole, to strengthen and instruct it and enlarge its borders, and they were looked upon as those appointed by God. Harnack well says that the notion that the regular preachers in the first churches were elected by the different churches is as erroneous as the notion that they had their office transmitted to them through a human channel of some kind or other (p. 427). They were charismatic persons endowed by God for their work and directly sent by him, though controlled more or less by the local church where they happened to be working, to whom they were in a certain sense responsible. Harnack emphasizes the missionary power of the moral lives of the Christians, as well as the fascination of their heroic dying. Both were attractions of immense significance to those pagans who were open to such a noble appeal. With all the learning and interest of this book the reader must remember that the author takes a free attitude to the New Testament, and occasionally the reviewer found reason for emphatic dissent. For instance, it is absurd to say (pp. 40, ff.) that Jesus had no idea of his universal mission, and it can only be maintained by the favorite Ritschlian or rationalistic method in dealing with the sources, namely, arbitrarily cutting them to pieces according to the preconceived views of the critic. Even the semi-Ritschlian Moffatt has to protest against throwing out passages like Mark 13. 10 ("and the gospel must first be preached unto all the nations"). (See the Hibbert Journal, April, 1903, p. 581.) Of course, Harnack dismisses Matt. 28. 19, 20, although that passage is a logical summing up of Christ's life, death, and teaching. The translation is admirably done; it is as though the Berlin professor were writing in English. Three or four times we noticed an awkward use of the word "fall" where "is" is more in accordance with our idiom: "It now falls to be considered." One of the most valuable features of the book is its copious quotations from the original sources, and most readers—how many college graduates can read Greek and Latin with ease?—will thank Heaven for the lucky suggestion of the English publishers that these citations be translated. This adds to the price and size of the book (which is printed in fine, open type), but it is an inestimable boon to ninety-nine out of every hundred readers. We think Harnack's briefest but most appropriate of all dedications, "*Meiner Mutter*," might have been retained. The charitable work of the churches in early centuries, set forth by Harnack, has lessons for modern Christianity, and shows that the church is the power best qualified to solve the problems of labor and of poverty.

With the Pilgrims to Mecca. The great pilgrimage of A. H. 1319; A. D. 1902. By HADJI KHAN, M.R.A.S. (Special Correspondent of the London Morning Post), and WILFRID SPARROY (Author of Persian Children of the Royal Family). With an introduction by Professor A. VAMBÉRY. 8vo, pp. 314. London and New York: John Lane. Price, $3.50 net.

We confess to a slight curiosity as to who the author of this rather pretentious, though not very important, book may be. Hadji Khan is obviously a pseudonym, and Professor Vambéry assures us that the author also "calls himself Haji Raz (the mystery Haji)," a statement which does not add much to our enlightenment, though we may be pardoned for a slight smile as we read it. The book pretends to give an account of the pilgrimage to Mecca, but it is almost ludicrously padded, and the real kernel is small indeed. Eighty pages, comprising Part I, are devoted to "A Persian Pilgrim in the Making," wherein we are told a number of things that have no direct bearing on the pilgrimage at all, such, for example, as a discourse on the "Aspects of Social Islam" and "Persian Sufiism—Persian Shialism in Its Relation to the Persian Passion Drama." Part II is entitled "The Story of the Pilgrimage," and fills pages 81 to 254, which is the only part of the book of any value; and Part III, "Meccan Scenes and Sketches," pages 255 to 298, possesses little interest or novelty; and the book concludes with a curious disquisition on the Slave Market in Mecca, by Mr. Sparroy. The publisher informs us that the "book is illustrated from photographs taken by the Hadji, a proceeding upon his part by no means orthodox, and involving some personal risk." This last statement is nonsense. There is not one single photograph in the book the taking of which would subject anybody even to a passing wave of resentment, much less a personal risk. We plead guilty to have taken many in various parts of the Orient such as "An Egyptian Grocer," page 268; "An Arab Sheykh of the Town," page 296; "Disembarking at Jiddah," page 248; and "Pilgrims at Jiddah," ib.; "An Egyptian Coffee House Frequented by the Poor," page 160. There are only three pictures in the entire book which purport to represent anything in Mecca itself, and these are entitled "Mussah Street at Mecca," "Water Carriers of Mecca," and the "Sherif of Mecca in His Uniform." Not one of the three is of any interest whatever. If anybody buys this book in the hope of securing some pictures which really portray that interesting city and its pilgrim life he will meet a woeful disappointment. The serious student of the pilgrimage must still turn to the great book of Snouck-Hurgronje, Het Mekkansche Feest, which contains some illustrations that really illustrate. Why did not the Hadji secure permission to reproduce a few? They would make his dull pages interesting. One thing only in the volume has interested us, and that is the half-veiled skepticism of its author. He makes a bold show of his piety here and there, but in the main he seems bored with the ceremonies and more than doubtful of their value. We are well acquainted with the books in which skeptical Christians have recounted their visits to Palestine, but a skeptical Moslem upon the Haj is a quite new sensation. His revelations are not of sufficient weight to make it worth while to veil his true name in a "mystery."

MISCELLANEOUS

Told in the Gardens of Araby. By IZORA CHANDLER and MARY W. MONTGOMERY. 12mo, pp. 230. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents net.

These are old tales told in the far East by Oriental story-tellers, and never translated into English until now. The literal translation was made by Miss Montgomery, a native of the Orient, familiar with Turkish and Arabic, who has done some critical work on the Historians' History of the World. That first very literal rendering has been put into good literary form, into graceful poetic prose, by Mrs. Chandler, without losing the true spirit and mood of the Orient. The thirteen pages of her Prelude show that she, too, has been in the Orient and loves it. These stories about "The Beautiful Girl Who Had Her Wish," and "The Beautiful One Who Did Not Have Her Wish," and "The Crying Pomegranate and the Laughing Bear," and "The Bird of Affliction," and "The Crystal Kiosk and the Diamond Ship," and "The Emerald Roc," and "The Water-Carrier," older, probably, than the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, are full of wonders and miracles of Oriental fancy. From title-page to "The End," this book is Oriental in tone and color and atmosphere. It smells of musk and sandalwood. It is full of tinkling fountains, and palm trees, and genii, and princes, and dragons, and lovely maidens, and magicians. Mrs. Chandler's style in her Prelude and in her mellifluous rendering of Miss Montgomery's translation is almost as purely and perfectly Oriental in temper and tone and form as the tales themselves. She must have eaten hasheesh and dyed her fingers with henna before she took up her pen for this work. The volume is unique among the publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

The Cyclopædic Handbook to the Bible. An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture. By the late JOSEPH ANGUS, M.A., D.D. A new edition, thoroughly revised and in part rewritten by SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D., author of Handbook to Grammar of Greek Testament, etc. 8vo, pp. 832. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $2 net.

For half a century Angus's Handbook of the Bible has been esteemed by Bible students as an almost indispensable aid to the study of the sacred Scriptures. Of the scholarship displayed by its learned author no doubt has ever existed. Absolute accuracy in the detailed information crowded into every page of the goodly volume attested his patient, untiring research throughout the realms of the literature first of the Bible itself and secondly of the unnumbered treatises bearing upon the text of that inspired Word. The last half of the nineteenth century, however, while it has neither added to nor taken from the canon of the Holy Scriptures, has brought to light a vast amount of information bearing upon these Scriptures that remained hidden from our sight prior to the dawn of that period. It is the province of the Cyclopædic Handbook to the Bible to place this information within the reach of the Bible students of to-day. Compressed into this one volume is a digest of all the scientific, archæological, and critical information that is requisite for a clear understanding of the Book of books in the light of modern scholarship, and as such we can only commend it in the highest terms.

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1905

ART. I.—PREACHING THE EVANGEL

EVERY man who is preaching the evangel is an evangelist. There is no reason why a peripatetic should monopolize the name. In the New Testament sense the evangel is the good news that the whole Book promulgates. First a Messiah, a world deliverer, foretold and expected, unto whom all the prophets testify: the Son of God become the Son of man, who shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law of whose kingdom and glory there shall be no end. We have not sufficiently exalted the King and his kingdom. We have not believed strongly enough in his present and ultimate triumph. We look about and see evil in our high places. All men seem to be selfish, and evil practices corrupt the good. How will it all end? If we have any doubt let us get back with the fearful whom Gideon could not use. We have no place in the ranks, for we shall fight the fight of the half-hearted and fill the place of a better man. If you preach that the world is to wax worse and worse, and after all our preaching the world is to fret away the borders of the church, do not call that message an evangel. Church history proves that the ages when that doctrine has been most preached have been followed by spiritual declension of the most serious sort. Preach a victorious, not a defeated, Christ—a world leader who is mounting steadily and irresistibly to the high places of human hope. The cry of defeat never stirs like the shout of victory. The first note in the evangel must be the note of unconquerable faith. People need to know that Christ is not dependent upon their poor

suffrages. They need to get their eyes open to his matchless power. He is Creator, and he shall be Judge. What we thought will make no difference as to the facts at the last assize. We do so much pleading, and we assume so much of the "eternally feminine," that it needs, for the stirring of men who have blood in them, the bold, strong presentation of authority and power. Hear Christ saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." He not only claimed it for himself, but he showed men that he was King by right of his royal nature. So Pilate said when he saw him in his deep humiliation. A diadem was on his brow that shone through the matted thorns and that shines to-day with ever-increasing splendor. All art and literature, all moralities and philanthropies, hail him King—the unmatched Galilean; he the power of every righteous throne; he the menace of every evil man and method, hastening them to their own undoing and waiting in patience till the world shall own him King of kings. Stand the Man of Nazareth against all other men and gods, and marvel at the measureless altitude of his uplifted head. Bring the dusty pilgrims who have sought through all the ages for the Universal King that they may bring their homage. Hear them say, "We have seen his star and are come to worship him." Turn the light on him. Let critics cavil, let pessimists wail, there is one sufficient answer: it is the "crystal Christ." Let us thunder out the climax of that first pentecostal sermon: "Let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye crucified, both Lord and Christ." The second note in the evangel is the humiliation of Christ. I see my own great want by the length of the chain let down to reach me. It is when I measure myself with the Christ of the cross that I see how miserable and undone I am, and it is then that I am most persuaded of his Kingship. If my lost condition was such as to send this royal soul to the cross for the love he had for me, it ought to break my heart not to make my answer a quick and glad "I will!" You need not tell me I am a sinner. I know it when I look at him. If he is the measure of a man, O wretched man that I am! I have seen hundreds who said, "I am as good as other men," and they sat unmoved to all my appeals, but when they were minded to go with me to the cross,

and let me show them him who hung upon it, then there was no more spirit in them, and they said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Now we are at the heart of the evangel. Here is good news indeed. Preach it as if it were. Let ours be the joy which the messenger has when he bears the pardon of a governor to the condemned. Let ours be the haste of one who fears he comes too late; and let every word declare the abounding delight of one who carries life to those who were dead. Dawson quotes Dr. Burton as saying in his Yale Lectures: "It has been the sin of my life that I have not always taken aim. I have been a lover of subjects. If I had loved men more, and loved subjects only as God's instrument of good for men, it would have been better and I should have more to show for my labor under the sun."

There are two things which must characterize the preaching of the cross: First, a man must himself be crucified. Not simply that he has known an hour when his earthly ambitions were nailed to the cross, but rather that he shall daily prove himself to be the self-less man—one who counts not his own life and ease dear unto himself. Men speedily find out that he is ready to be sacrificed for them, and when the world sees the marks of the nails in the palms of the church it will be no longer faithless but believing. The second, and irresistible, force of the evangel is in the heart tone that thrills it. If you do not care for men, and "care to care," you cannot speak the word with power. You are a hireling and the sheep are not yours, and they know it. It is the voice that has laughter and tears in it that moves men's souls, and it does it because it is the voice of human sympathy. That is the note which the weary world misses in so much that is said from the pulpit. Years spent in college and seminary in gathering information about the history of the church and the Book lead unconsciously to the exalting to the first place of matters purely erudite. It is enough to humiliate the scholar to find by actual experience what a small part the things he has learned play in the work he is called to do. They are not without great value, but they gain that value when relegated to the place they ought to occupy—that of helps and not ends. I have seen the soldiers in Fortress Monroe at their round of daily toil. As I passed through the schoolroom

I found them busy with ballistics. I saw great curves and found them applying the principles of algebra and trigonometry to their trajectories; but a little later there was the booming of cannon, and I found that the men who drew curves in the morning were proving them in the afternoon by actual experiment. They were actually doing the thing which would be required of them in the thick of the fight. It is a thousand pities to have men teach divine gunnery who have never made a successful shot against the enemy. There is no immediate danger that our theological students will know too much, but there is a very imminent danger that their knowledge will be theoretical rather than available. In the present crisis of the church the most important chair in our schools is that of practical theology, and the man to fill it is the one who has shown by years of success that he knows how to do the thing he is set to teach. We ask our young men to be masters in revival work. Who shall instruct them in that most important part of their ministry? Certainly not the man who knows so little about the practical details of such work that he is as helpless in a revival as a landsman in command of a man-o'-war.

I have said that it is the heart note that rises above every other in the proclamation of the evangel. Only the man with the yearning soul is of any account with the evangel. If he can sleep nights and be content days, whether men heed his message or not, it proves that he has a stony heart. Whatever outward perfections he has they are those of a marble statue and not of a living man. Why are we not burning with the zeal that consumed our Master and sent him to nights of prayer and Gethsemanes of anguish? Is it our faith or our practice that is at fault? Do we believe men are lost and that Christ alone can save them, or is it that men are conscious that our lives are too indolent and our lips too impure to sound so high a note? How insidious are the foes of a minister! Is he trimming his sails for some official port? What a miserable voyage he will make! Has he ambition to be known as a great preacher by critics of the form of things? How soon he will lose the power of his message! Does he seem to say, "Look at me and see how scholarly I am"? Then his critics will go out as from any other performance, and the spiritual will say, "There

was no cross and no Easter, and we saw but a little man where we hoped to see Jesus only." How sloth cuts the nerve of him who brings the evangel! If he has a corner in the study, or hides on the sofa, have at him! You two cannot occupy the same pulpit. Do not dawdle. Be in dead earnest, or the fine, subtle power of your ministry is ended. If you have the heart note its expression will be direct and genuine to the last degree. How many preachers are conscious of one vocabulary for use in the pulpit and quite another which they use in daily intercourse, in the questions which they discuss with men and the revelations which they make to their friends of their purposes and desires! It was said of Henry Clay that he made his friends with one vocabulary and lost the presidency with another. We wonder now that such bombastic high-flown sentences, full of sheer buncombe, passed for great speeches a century ago. Our age will have none of them. It knows that the language which a man uses when he talks about the things which interest him in daily life is the language that reveals the man. I listened in the courts to a man pleading for the life of his client, and I marked the words he used. Every one the shrine of a thought. Every one so simple that the most unlettered man in the jury knew its meaning. His message swayed him. He felt that it was life or death that day, and the dread alternative was in the venture of his speech. What a lesson for him who pleads for souls! What an impertinence our sesquipedalian words really are in the sight of God and of thoughtful men! If one thinks that simple, soulful words are easily spoken, and that they are the sign of lack of preparation, let him try to use them, and he will discern his mistake. The great masters, and not the tyros, are the men of simple speech. Just in proportion as one's theme fills the soul of the cultivated man will his presentation of it become powerful. "It is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn." Then, too, we are quite inclined to talk of our spiritual attainment in superlatives. We must use a smaller vocabulary or get a larger experience. The age is a direct one. It is the age of small books, of short addresses, of thirty-minute sermons—"with a leaning to the side of mercy." When a man talks as if he meant it, his soul flashing

out at his eyes, his words throbbing with deep concern, art and method forgotten in the tremendous sweep of the evangel over his own soul, then men are likely to listen and to come again. Preaching is the art of persuasion in its highest form, and nothing that gives power with men is alien to it.

Some objections to the continuous presentation of the evangel in the form which men call revivals ought to be met. There are two methods with which every minister should be familiar: The first is sometimes called "a perennial revival." That doubtless means a constant condition of spiritual alertness in which it would be in perfect harmony with the spirit of things for one to make profession of his purpose to lead a Christian life. It goes without saying that this is the normal condition of every Christian church, but something more than this is necessary if the church is to do its greatest work in any community. A certain intensity which is the result of cumulative thought and effort is necessary to bring the church to its highest efficiency and the community to the realization of its need. The concentration of the entire strength of faith and effort upon a particular case produces marvelous results. It is the bringing of stick to stick and fire to fire for a great conflagration. Nothing can be more reasonable and philosophic than special and protracted revival services. It is the plan adopted to push any great reform. It is the method of every political campaign. There is a power in it that is a wonder even to those who have most used it. But it must be pressed with holy daring. It must not stop short of victory. Many a pastor has been defeated because he dared too little. A week of such services may be apparently fruitless, but we have never known, in our own experience, a month to pass without a great victory. The energy which will make a month gloriously successful will be of comparatively little effect when spread over a year. The preacher of the evangel in such a service must himself be under the power of the Holy Spirit. He will be consumed with the zeal of his great task, and being so aroused will be able to stir those with whom he consorts. There will be little objection to overcome on the part of worldly officials when their pastor's heart is afire. The aroma of prayer will be about him, and all men will take knowledge of him

that he has been with Jesus. The conditions must be peculiar that do not call for at least a month of special revival services in every church. If that should transpire in Methodism it would be worth a hundred thousand souls through the stretch of her vast borders. Of course it will be said that such method is mechanical and forced, and, equally of course, such a remark will reveal lack of experience in the one who makes it. God is always ready. It is his people who are waiting. The air is full of Pentecosts which have never come down because there was no resting place for the cloven tongues. The thoughtless may talk of working up an interest, and such a work of grace is called a "man-made revival," but we have always found God ready to honor the work of men done in harmony with his will as revealed in his Word. It is a fair question to ask whether the man-element is more apparent in the stagnation of a dead church or in the efforts which make it possible for God to crown the work of faith with his sanction and abundant blessing. The preacher of the evangel must first commune with God until he gets the burden of souls upon him. He must be in love with the souls for whom Christ died and count everything secondary to the winning of them. It is not enough to please men. It is not enough to stir them. They must be *won*. It is the only test of our ministry, the test of its spiritual power.

There is truth in the words we hear from honored sources: "Evangelism is bringing the evangel or gospel into contact with the unsaved, and it is for contact, not conversion, that the church is responsible." But that statement of the truth is so partial that it is responsible for many a failure. Men have taken refuge in it from the result of a nerveless and half-hearted deliverance of the truth. God only can bring final deliverance to the soul, but until we have trodden the path toward the Promised Land to where the brine of the Red Sea is flying in our face we have no right to stand still and wait his power. For preachers who have eyes to see a new day is dawning. The signs of the times are blood-red in their intensity, and no man who has any fitness to wear the prophet's garb or exercise his function can fail to heed them. Why is it that men like Hillis and Dawson are taking up Burton's lament as to the aimlessness of their past ministry, and are going to halls and

parks and other strange places to preach the evangel? These men are liberal enough and literary enough not to be classed with literalists and fanatics. They will tell you that they have seen a vision and heard a call, and they must be true to them or cease to preach. The critics have had their day and done their work. Some of them have labored to good purpose, and our children will build tombs for some whom we have stoned. The foundations of our faith, unmoved by scientific and philosophical pickax, seem stronger now than ever. But just now we are not talking much about critics—high or low—nor are we constrained above measure by either scientific or theological narrowness. Bishop Hall said, centuries ago, "The most useful of all our theological books would be one with the title De Paucitate Credendorum," of the fewness of the things necessary to be believed. This, in substance, the people are saying to us to-day. They do not give first place to sermons on the puzzling books of the Bible. They are satisfied that they have been the victims of some religious pettifogging. They have found out at last that the interest of the book of Jonah does not lie in the anatomy of the whale or the time it would take a fish to make chyme and chyle of a prophet. It finds the lesson of the book is as fresh as its own last pang of conscience. It is in a single sentence: The man who runs away from God and duty will eternally get into trouble, and he who repents, though he has no more light than a heathen, will find the mercy of God. This new evangelism was not born in the pulpit nor in the homes of the ministry but of the common people, and in that it followed in the footsteps of every great reformation from the days of Savonarola to those of Evan Roberts. One of the marvels of it is that men whom we have called liberals, or something worse, have been among the first to heed the message. They have stopped reading literary essays and have gone to preaching with tears in their voices. They have left their pulpits and preached from the tail of a cart. They have renounced the scholarly ease of one essay a week and have counted it a joy to preach bareheaded in the market every day and have said, in holy abandon, "What's the use of dying of bacilli when one might die of hard work?"

Nowhere is the changed attitude of the ministry more apparent

than in Greater New York. It was in some respects the greatest day the city ever saw, religiously, when in the early summer scores of preachers, many of them from the first pulpits, so-called, in the city, gathered at noon, by permission of the city authorities, on the steps of the City Hall to inaugurate a great movement to reach the people during the summer in the streets and parks. All opposition seemed to melt away. Enemies and critics of the movement became friends, and the city opened all her streets and squares to the proclamation of the evangel. Thousands of men gathered every Monday thereafter on the steps of the Custom House, in front of the Stock Exchange, and elsewhere, and incalculable good was done. Men who had not heard the gospel since they were children were moved to come back to the faith of their youth, and the whole city was moved by the spectacle of the men who are preaching to the wealth and culture of the city and to crowded churches coming to stand on the street corner like any humble servant to entreat men to come to God. All summer this work has gone on, in tent and public square, to the blessing of the entire city and the salvation of many. The people are asking us to preach the evangel with the simplicity, self-denial, and heartfelt fervor which I have indicated. They ask bread and will not be satisfied with a stone. What led most of us to preach was a passion for the souls of men. Has the passion cooled? One of our bishops recalled before our preachers' meeting the thrilling experience of his call to preach. He showed himself to us kneeling in the melting snow in an agony of prayer, and asked himself tearfully if he was willing to do the same thing now. Come back to the old love by way of the closet; come back to the old joy by way of the same old cross; preach the old evangel, which is ever new, and preach it with a loving heart, and the world, which has been cold to you, will crowd once more to listen.

Whatever the professors may say, the sermon which God and angels call great is the sermon which greatly does the thing for which every sermon should be preached.

C. L. Goodell.

Art. II.—EMOTIONAL VALUES IN RHYTHMIC FORMS

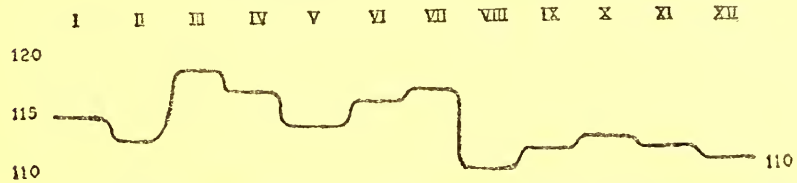
The church has a great heritage in its hymns, and we ought to guard them jealously, make use of them freely, and, if possible, retain the inspiration that gave them birth. A well-known writer on psychology, whose premature death cut short one of the most prominent of careers, in a work upon æsthetics divides life into three sections: religion, morality, and art. Remarking on the inroads that modern exact science has made upon the conventional foundations of the first two, religion and morality, he finds it striving to reduce art to a subordinate place among the playthings of life, rather than the realities. The richest and highest of all the arts, poetry, it would treat in this patronizing way, as if, finally, it were not serious. Now, hymnology is not only in the domain of religion, but also of art. It is æsthetic in a concentrated fashion or it is nothing. Consequently, in any appeal made to the thinking man to resist the overweening claims of science, the apologist ought to make full use of the theme of consecrated hymns. Hymns are at the very heart of true æstheticism and real art. Keats was right when he said that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Our hymns are so, superlatively. We come into conscious life singing them; departing saints leave this life with the sweet music in their ear. One of the glorious elements in true æsthetics is the universal unselfish appeal present in a thing of beauty; it is open to all to enjoy, and loses nothing of its power to bring pleasure by the abundance of its bounty. This is also a great fact in religion, which is love in its highest form; it gives, and grows fuller and greater in the giving. As hymns are both religious and æsthetic they have a double share of this attribute. I believe that poetry and prose differ as essentially as psalmody differs from sermonizing.

It is conceded by thinkers that we have not yet arrived at a consistent basis for the treatment of rhythm in verse. So far most that has been done has been of a tentative kind, with little agreement among investigators as to the final distinction between poetry and prose. The fact of a disputed frontier territory, however, in no way throws doubt on the distinctness of the two realms.

This will easily be admitted. But it is always best to have, if possible, no disputed frontier at all; and to this position I believe we are coming. Now, the difference is at bottom a psychological one, the appeals of prose and poetry being radically different. Prose may masquerade as poetry, and poetry may vapor as prose; but there is an instinctive feeling of poaching or usurpation when either enters the realm of the other. The department of experimental psychology has but recently asserted itself in the scientific world, and to it we must look for additional light on this disputed subject. Historical students of poetry have been offering suggestions drawn from their investigations, but these investigations are to be supplemented by the experiments of the experimental psychologist made up on the rhythmic human frame. The most suggestive remark that I know of regarding poetry in its fundamental constructive aspect is that of M. Souriau, found in his Théorie de l'Invention and quoted by Professor Gummere in his excellent and learned work, The Beginnings of Poetry: "One loves to feel the idea bending and adjusting itself to the rules of verse, and the verse yielding to the demands of the idea." We know that as soon as a poem is fairly started it is harnessed in a way that a prose theme refuses to submit to. Its ideas are so far at the mercy of the emotional possibilities and limitations of the particular verse structure chosen. It is as if a man should jump on horseback and receive the additional power and possibilities that come from using the qualities of a noble animal; but at the same time he must surrender numerous other liberties so long as he remains in the saddle. Much the same conditions of interest are present in horsemanship as are referred to in M. Souriau's statement. An accommodation results that is the more admirable the better are the adjustments and sympathy between horse and rider. Sometimes the steed allows the rider a minimum of caprice. For instance, in the sonnet the rules laid down are so rigid that the performance is almost like a circus feat. But in other cases the rider can change his gait at will. A good many years ago I became aware of such a subtle change of gait, to keep up the analogy of the horseman. The lines seemed to trot or gallop, like a horse and rider, with the particular emotion. This modification was present in lyrics where

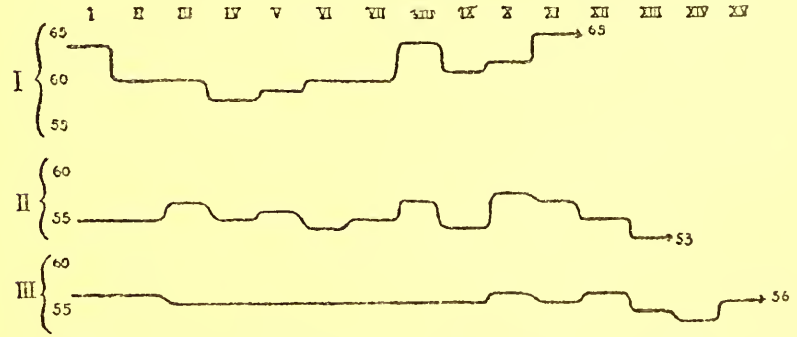
the triple rhythm was plentifully sown with trochees or iambs. Now, these variations were not admitted capriciously; they could be foreseen, and in all cases accounted for, wherever the poet was evidently master of his art. Some of the most striking results I embodied in a paper to be found in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The whole investigation lets the inquirer into the peculiarities of the mental make-up of the writers. Browning is always constructive from the ethical side; he has a distinct *terminus a quo* and another *terminus ad quem*. Or, to speak in terms of physics, his movement is parabolic. The curve of "Abt Vogler" is particularly interesting. It proceeds from a meridian line, soars up, descends, rises to less height, and then comes down to earth again; to "the C major of his life."

BROWNING'S "ABT VOGLER"



The third stanza of "the pinnacled glory" reaches 118 syllables; in the eighth stanza, where the glory is "Gone! and the good tears start," the syllables fall to 109. The "C major" of this life is at 110.

TENNYSON'S "THE MAY QUEEN"



The first mood, ending in a stanza of 65 syllables, represents exhilaration; the second mood, ending with a stanza of

53 syllables, represents depression; the third mood, with its final 56, represents submission, or resignation.

Tennyson is never parabolic in his movement; that is, he does not rise, soar, descend, and then recover himself, finally landing on a farther shore. He proceeds from mood to mood, seeming to carry the reader from one atmosphere to another. His "May Queen," instead of continuous progress, has three phases of a distinctly emotional kind. The three treatments are three artistic presentations, suggesting three pictures, his usual "cameo" work.

The verse form of the "May Queen" is seven-foot iambic with free anapestic substitution. If we allow one anapest for each line this will give an average line of 15 syllables and an average stanza of 60 syllables. The first part is set in a mood of ebullient happiness, and will naturally contain an excess of anapests; the average stanza contains 61.27 syllables. The second is in a mood of the most poignant sadness and is naturally contractive; average, 54.66 syllables. The last part deals with resignation and religious hope; average stanza, 56.07. The maximum stanza is the closing one of the first part, having almost a pirouetting movement:

> "So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
> To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year.
> To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
> For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

It is the repetition of the opening stanza with the addition of the initial "So." Mayor, in his English Versification, is in doubt whether to call this "So" an extra syllable—a catch—or to allow for eight syllables. I much prefer the first explanation. Note the tremendous drop from this 65 syllable stanza to the 55 syllable stanza with which the melancholy second part begins. It is a conscious or unconscious artistic device of a very effective kind:

> "If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
> For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year.
> It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,
> Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me."

Unconscious, I would call it. The intrusion of any triple, pirouetting movement into the last two lines would spoil the whole artistic effect.

In Evangeline the poet Longfellow has chosen a stanza which admits of expansion and contraction at will. An examination of the different paragraphs will show that the variations follow the line I have indicated. Recently I made a detailed examination of Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea with remarkably successful results. The most interesting case is where the mother, in chapter ii, is describing the incidents of the fire which seemed to bring unmixed disaster to her household. The first part of her story is in contractive lines, giving a line below the median; but where she comes to describe the happiness that supervenes, beginning "Da erhob ich mich eilend," it changes at once to the upper or expansive division; that is, if we take fifteen syllables as the median line for the hexameter verse the first half of her tale is 15 *minus*, the second 15 *plus*. The pear tree comes twice into the narrative—once with sad associations, mother and son in grief: and once with happy associations, Hermann leading back his loved one. The first description is in lines that have a 15 *minus* average line; the second has a 15 *plus* average line. Goethe's hexameters are translated into English hexameters, which I read with an inquisitive feeling, to find if the translator had been conscious of this law. The translation proved to be wholly without any such manifestation of language sympathy. The lines flew up into the expansive division where the mood was sadness, and were much less expansive where the mood was cheerful or exhilarating. I had expected this, for it would have taken a miraculously good translator to reproduce this delicate feeling tone into another language, with so many other elements to take care of in the process.

I think it will be found that Longfellow has failed to inject this quality into his "Miles Standish," which is not a part of himself like Evangeline. But this feeling tone manifests itself remarkably in his popular lyric, "The Bridge":

I

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church tower.

II

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

III

And, far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

IV

Among the long black rafters
The waving shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away,

V

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The seaweed floated wide.

VI

And like those waters, rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

VII

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

VIII

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

IX

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

X

But now it has fallen from me;
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

XI

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

XII

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

XIII

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro—
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

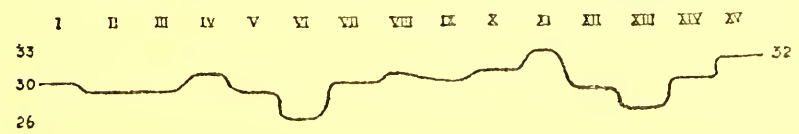
XIV

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,

XV

The moon, and its broken reflection,
And its shadows, shall appear
Like the symbol of love in heaven
And its waving image here.

The emotional progress of the poem is as follows: a pleasant descriptive opening in the normal phase of emotion; then sad reminiscence; then a grateful revulsion; then sympathetic sadness; then an optimistic close—coming perhaps a little too abruptly to satisfy the logical connection. The stanza the poet has chosen for the conveyance of his thoughts is singularly elastic. With an anapestic basis it allows of free iambic substitution, so that its variation in syllables fluctuates between 26 and 33. Any stanza, therefore, containing more than thirty syllables is above the average, while any below twenty-nine is below the average. The progress, numerically estimated, is given in the following chart:



A very careful examination of similar meters has proved to me, as I said, that a poet always choses a minimum of syllables to express sadness, or deep moral conviction, a maximum of syllables to express physical or intellectual elation, and an intermediate number to convey a neutral condition. A glance along the accompanying graphical line of syllabic rise and fall will show how closely Longfellow has kept to this law. When his "eyes were filled with tears" the stanza is down at 26 syllables, but when the exhilaration of the odor of the ocean brine comes to refresh him the stanza value is up at 33. The pathos of life is present to him in "the long procession" of restless youth and subdued old age, and here the stanza sinks to 27. He ends optimistically, and the closing is expansive at 32. The expansive factor all through is the ocean. After I had made the line mechanically I studied its fluctuations with some interest. Why did IV and VIII bulge? I asked myself. They are the only two stanzas before X and XI—which are to be taken together—containing a reference to the ocean. At stanza X his burden "is buried in the SEA." Brought up at the sea-shore, bred and born with the ocean breezes in his nostrils, he is always happy in recalling its fragrance. It is his "Lost Youth," bright with

> "The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
> And islands that were the Hesperides
> Of all my boyish dreams."

"The sea-tides tossing free," "The beauty and mystery of the ships and the magic of the sea," were constantly in his thoughts. This is the clue to the interpretation of "The Bridge," the spirit-restoring effect of happy childhood memories. The "waving" described in verse IV is a message of love, and it properly recurs with this significance in the closing stanza. Considered in this way, the graphical line so mechanically constructed is instinct with meaning and gives vertebrate unity to the lyric.

The measuring of syllables in lines and stanzas, giving us an arithmetically expressed norm for different kinds of verse, we get from classical poetry. If we say that our civilization is a compound of three great elements—the Hebrew, the Graeco-Latin, and the Teutonic—then neither the first nor the last of these literatures

had such an arithmetical norm. Hebrew poetry with its balanced sentences had neither a standard line or stanza, nor had it rhyme. Teutonic literature, although some have credited it with an original tetrameter line, had alliterative poetry that submitted to no such arithmetical restriction. With the meeting of North and South, however, of Roman and Teuton, came stress in measured lines and the phenomenon of rhyme as a serious element in literature. It was then, I believe, that the tetrameter line asserted itself as a poetical norm for the new poetry.

An investigation of the Latin hymns of the church in the ages when Ambrose of Milan, himself a native of Trèves, and his successors were converting the Northern peoples to Christianity will show that practically all are couched in the tetrameter form, trochaic or iambic. The marriage between North and South could take place on no other arrangement, for a return was thus made to the organic mood of the rhythmic human frame. Four pulse beats are translated into four stresses, and then follows the respiration. I am far from denying that there are other rhythms in the human body besides the pulse and the breath, but none is nearly so compulsory. That they move together has been brought out in a series of experiments made by MM. Binet and Henri, of Paris. The relation is practically one to four.

My previous investigations had shown me that intense moral conviction manifesting itself through verse demanded the simplest kind of rhythmical structure; here thought dominates the verse form and bends it into rigid simplicity. There is no curvetting or pirouetting. Never in history had cultured men made it so definitely their end to change the minds of others as when the Roman missionaries went forth to Christianize the rude peoples of the North. Baldwin, in his criticism of Groos's "Play of Animals," is right in stating that there is a final quality in art that play does not explain or throw light upon—the outreach to the conviction of truth. Rhythmic form and rhyme among Northern peoples gained their distinctive character when, in the early missionaries of the Latin Church, the outreach toward conviction of truth became a passion. Historians remarking upon the conversion of the Teutonic peoples state that it was effected first of all by the hymns of

the church. Now from the "Lucis largitor splendide" of Hilarius (353) to the "Jesu, dulcis memoria" of Bernard of Clairvaux, this remained the standard meter, seldom departed from; and it has continued in modern times in the doxology of Ken, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," in Watts's "When I survey the wondrous cross," in Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and in Toplady's "Rock of Ages." To-day, when meters are tested in the psychological laboratory, the lines of "Rock of Ages" come out: four stresses, four pulse-beats; one line, one respiration. And so with others of the same kind.

Readers will be surprised to find how many of our most cherished hymns, especially those of deepest trust and experience, employ this simple four-beat measure. Take the two famous theistic hymns, Addison's "The spacious firmament on high" and Holmes's "Lord of all being, throned afar," or what are known as the "Jesus hymns" so dear to the Wesleys—such as Zinzendorf's "Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit," translated by John Wesley into "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness," Cowper's "Jesus, where'er thy people meet," Frances Ridley Havergal's "Take my life, and let it be," or Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am, without one plea." The mere aspiration-hymns are not so fond of it: "Lead, kindly Light," "Nearer, my God, to thee," even "My faith looks up to thee"; for yearning is not so strong and vital as conviction. We may then say that, if the outreach to the conviction of truth is at the heart of all that is highest in æsthetics, hymn-writing records the fact. Oliver Wendell Holmes's theory, expounded in a short paper found in the volume entitled Stray Pages from an Odd Volume of Life, in which he finds in Scott's romantic verse a poetical norm, ought therefore, I think, to be modified. It seems to be necessary to go back to a time when religion made verse its handmaid and Christian hymns had their birth.

James McLain Bruce

Art. III.—SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

We of to-day, proud of the achievements of our own civilization, are fond of speaking of the centuries preceding the Renaissance as the Dark Ages, as if ignorance and darkness were their chief, if not only, characteristics. Modern scholarship, however, is beginning to show more and more how vast was the influence exerted by those centuries on the world's history, and men are coming no longer to regard this period of transition with contempt or condescension, but with ever-increasing interest and oftentimes with genuine admiration. Few centuries have been more fraught with potentiality if not with accomplishment than the twelfth and thirteenth. If was then that arose the free imperial cities all over Europe, the development of which gradually undermined the whole structure of Feudalism and laid the foundation of constitutional government. It was then that the almost fabulous number of great cathedrals were begun which have been the admiration and amazement of mankind, and which we of to-day often find it difficult to keep even in repair. It was then that the sister arts of painting and sculpture began their upward progress toward perfection, leaving all along their triumphant pathway those works which are among the priceless possessions of mankind. But the most potent influence of these epoch-making centuries was in the profound stirring up of men's hearts, the deep revival of spiritual religion, which swept like a mighty tidal wave over Europe and which shook to its very foundations the hierarchical system of the Roman Church. We are apt to look on the Reformation as a sudden outbreak of evangelical religion, as the sole work of a few men—Luther, Zwingli, Calvin. But when we examine more closely the genesis of that movement we find, here as elsewhere in the human and natural world, that there are no cataclysms, but that all great movements have been preparing for centuries, "broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent." If we cast a bird's-eye glance over the history of Western Christianity we see two distinct influences at work: the one objective, the other subjective—on the one hand, the upbuilding of the stupendous

structure of the Roman Church, with its complicated hierarchy, its claims of universal overlordship, and its scholastic theology: on the other hand, we see, from the days of the apostolic church to the present, the stream of spiritual, personal, evangelical religion flowing down the centuries, sometimes pure, sometimes mixed with mysticism and strange superstitions—for the most part hidden, though at times broadening out beneath the open sky—but never flowing full and deep until after the Reformation.

The essence of what we now know as Protestantism existed—in many respects mingled with other things, it is true—throughout all the Dark and Middle Ages, almost always, however, under the stigma of heresy; it is found in the conduct if not in all the teaching of the Cathari, who, in addition to the Manichæan doctrines of the good and evil powers, believed in living lives patterned after Christ; it is found in the Albigenses, who had the same doctrines as the Cathari without their Manichæism, and who were destroyed by that most iniquitous of all crusades, instigated by Saint Dominic, promulgated by Pope Innocent III, and carried out to the bitter end by Simon de Montfort; it is found in the Waldensians, the Poor Men of Lyons, who sought to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven rather than on earth—lived lives of poverty, went about preaching the doctrines of pure religion, cheerful under persecution, dying joyfully at the stake for their opinions. All these sects fell under the ban of the church, their followers were stigmatized as heretics and suffered persecution and martyrdom. Their doctrines, however, lived after them, not only to reappear, purged and purified, centuries later in the crucible of the Reformation, but carried on by their contemporaries in the bosom of the church itself. The essence of the Franciscan religion is that of the Waldensians, joined to loyalty and obedience to the Roman Church. The predecessor of Saint Francis was just as much Petrus Waldus, the Poor Man of Lyons, as Fra Gioachino de' Fiore, that mystical monk living high up among the mountains of Calabria.

In the year 1209 a vast army under Simon de Montfort passed like a destructive fire over the beautiful hills and valleys of Provence, sent by Pope Innocent III to extirpate heresy by fire and sword. Villages were burnt, fields laid waste, flourishing cities

besieged, captured, and destroyed; thousands and tens of thousands of men, women, and children were slain. On February twenty-fourth, of this same year, a young man twenty-seven years old was present at the celebration of mass in the little chapel of Santa Maria della Porziuncula, a mile or two from the Umbrian city of Assisi. The gospel for the day was from the tenth chapter of Matthew, and as the young man heard the familiar words: "Go, preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give," a new light broke into his soul; he felt that he understood the will of Christ to him-ward as he never had done before. "Immediately," says Saint Bonaventura, "with great joy he cried out, 'These are the things which I wish and desire with all my heart and with all my mind;' whereupon he straightway loosened the sandals from his feet, cast away his wallet and his staff, and began to go about calling upon all men to repent." Yet this scene, so striking, so fraught with consequences for the Roman Church—nay, for the whole Christian world—was on the part of Saint Francis of Assisi only the climax of a long period of seeking after God if haply he might find him. The story of the conversion of men of great religious genius is always an interesting one, whether it be Martin Luther, rising to his feet halfway up the Santa Scala at Rome, crying, "The just shall live by faith;" or John Wesley in the little room in Aldersgate Street listening, with heart strangely warm within him, to the reading of Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans; or Martin Boehm, founder of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, kneeling beside his plow in the fertile fields of his Pennsylvania farm. No less interesting is the story of the conversion of Saint Francis. Born at Assisi, in 1182, the son of wealthy parents, he had lived a wild and careless life; had loved rich garments, banquets, gay companions, and seemed little destined to become one who should induce other men to incur voluntarily and cheerfully the privations of poverty. There are certain definite steps in his conversion from the world to Christ. In 1202 war broke out between Assisi and Perugia; a battle was fought in the plain between the two cities, and Saint Francis was taken prisoner, remaining in Perugia a year.

Although he spent this time cheerfully, singing, and not lamenting, yet he must have had plenty of opportunity to reflect on the frivolity of his early life. After his release and return home he suffered a prolonged and serious illness. When he was convalescent he left the house one day, leaning on a cane, to look out over the beautiful Umbrian plain, which he had seen so often with joy and pleasure. But somehow or other, as he stood there that day, he felt that a change had occurred. All that exquisite beauty of a spring in Umbria, the flowers, birds, blue sky, the level plain dotted with towns and villages and the amphitheater of hills on the horizon, left his heart cold and melancholy. The time had come to him, as it came to Wordsworth, six hundred years later, as it comes to all men through sickness, sorrow, or the creeping steps of age, when, although the

> "Rainbow comes and goes
> And lovely is the rose,
> And waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair
> And the sunshine is a glorious birth—
> Yet we know, where'er we go,
> That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

From that time on Saint Francis could not rid his heart of a deep feeling of discontent and sadness; a yearning for something, he knew not what, haunted his soul. He tried to drown the feeling in pleasure; he resumed his intercourse with his gay companions, was present at their banquets, and took part in their brilliant cavalcades. He joined the troops of Walter of Brienne, who was making an expedition to Naples in the interest of Pope Innocent III, but after extensive preparations, and after he had gone a few miles, he had a vision—what it was we know not—and returned to Assisi. He began to seek lonely places, spent hours in prayer and in wandering through the fields. One day in the little ruined chapel of Saint Damian, about half a mile from Assisi, it seemed to him as if the Christ on the crucifix spoke to him demanding his soul, his life, and his service. His heart melted within him; as the quaint mediæval Latin of his biographer has it: "Ab illa hora vulneratum et liquefactum est cor ejus ad memoriam dominicæ passionis." Another day, while on horseback, he met a leper, and, obeying a

natural impulse, he turned away; but almost immediately, being filled with remorse, he came back, gave the leper what money he had, and kissed his hand. He now gave up all his worldly pleasures, renounced his heritage, sold his fine clothes, wandered about in rags, was looked on as mad by his former companions, became an object of derision on the part of the children, and, hardest of all, was repudiated, beaten, and insulted by his father and brother. But in return for this he had a heart full of love and joy unspeakable; as he went through the woods one day he broke out singing—he had a strong, sweet voice, we are told. Some robbers, attracted by his songs, came up and asked who he was. "I am the herald of a great King," he said. They took away his cloak, flung him into a ditch filled with snow, saying, "Lo, there is your place, poor herald of God." But during all these varied experiences he had not yet found his true home and vocation in this world. And so it was that the scene in the chapel of Saint Damian, on that day in February, 1209, formed the climax of his religious development. From that time on he spent his life in the service of others, preaching, caring for the sick, helping the poor, converting sinners. In such a life chronological records have but little place. The true events or crises are the facts connected with the man's character and influence. We can sum up all that we need to know of outward events in few words: his birth in 1182; his imprisonment in Perugia in 1202; his final conversion in 1209; his visit to Rome and the oral confirmation of his First Rule by Innocent III; the journey to the Holy Land and his colloquy with the Sultan of Babylon; the gift by the Benedictine monks of Mount Subasio of the little chapel of the Porziuncula, which from that day became the headquarters of the Order; the journeys through Umbria and Tuscany, preaching and converting; the rapid increase in the number of his followers; the dissension in regard to the observance of the Rule which saddened the last years of his life; his reception of the stigmata in 1224, and his death on October 4, 1226. This, in brief, is a summary of the outer facts of his life.

Above the high altar in the lower church at Assisi is a picture by Giotto representing the marriage of Saint Francis to poverty, the most touching of all the frescoes of that wonderful building.

In it we see a woman, thin and ragged, holding out her hand to Saint Francis, to whom she is united by Christ. Before her a boy is casting stones, another points a long rod at her in scorn, while a dog is barking at her feet. This picture illustrates the ruling passion and most significant feature of the life of Saint Francis: his humility and his abnegation of those things—riches and honor—for which all men are struggling. He required in his followers the same things he required in himself: to sell all they had to feed the poor, and then, in lowliness and humility, to beg or work for the simple food necessary to existence. The patience and meekness of Saint Francis in this life of self-enforced privation and suffering are almost unexampled. No word of complaint ever escaped his lips; nay, the greater the privation and suffering the greater the joy he felt. His ideal of happiness is well expressed in that oft-quoted story from the Fioretti which tells us how, walking one day from Perugia to Assisi with Fra Leone, he said that happiness did not consist in reputation for holiness, nor in the working of miracles, nor in universal knowledge, nor in the gift of prophecy, but in receiving insults, rebuffs, beatings, and hardships of all kinds, with humility, gladness, and love. "Write down, O Brother Leone, that this is perfect joy." This constant spirit of cheerfulness and joy was one of the most striking things about his character. Always and everywhere, in the hut of the poor, in the palace of the rich, in the dens of those outcasts of mediæval society, the lepers, he wore a sweet and smiling face. In his Rule he made joy a part of Christian duty, and often rebuked his followers for being melancholy. "My brother, why this sad face? Have you committed sin? That concerns only God and yourself. Go and pray. But before me and your brothers always wear a mien full of holy joy. For it is not proper when one is in the service of God to wear a sullen and morose countenance." These words remind us involuntarily of that scene in Dante's Inferno where the souls of the melancholy are plunged beneath the surface of a gloomy marsh. "There is perhaps nothing," says Ruskin, speaking of this passage of Dante, "more notable than the profound truth couched under the attachment of so terrible a punishment to sadness or sorrow." "I do not know words that might with more

benefit be borne with us and set in our hearts against the minor regrets and rebelliousness than these simple ones:

> "'We were once sad
> In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
> Now in these murky settlings we are sad.'"

What Dante taught in his symbolic vision Saint Francis taught by his own example. In this constant joy of his, his dislike to grieve others by his own sorrows, we have one phase of another of his most striking characteristics—his exquisite spirit of courtesy. This he showed all his life long by example and precept. In the Fioretti we read how he said to a noble cavalier who desired to become a member of the Order, "Know, dearest brother [carissimo fratello], that courtesy is one of the attributes of God, who gives his sun and his rain to the just and the unjust through his courtesy; and courtesy is sister to charity, which extinguishes hate and preserves love." The method of Saint Francis was not like that of the minister I once heard, who proclaimed from the pulpit, "I'd break any man's back if I could save his soul." We might linger longer over these minor traits of Saint Francis, his perfect tact, his irenic spirit, his mansuetude—that quality so little known to-day that even the name is obsolescent, if not obsolete. But all these are dimmed by the greater glory of the one overwhelming passion of his soul in its triple form of love for man, love for nature, and love for God. No man since the days of the Saviour had a heart more overflowing with love; it was the great feature of his character, the motive of all his actions, the secret of that invincible attraction which he exercised over all men—nay, over all animals, if we may believe the many stories told of him. He loved the rich as well as the poor, and not merely the poor as well as the rich. After the sanction of the First Rule by Innocent III, in 1209, he sent his followers forth to preach, two by two, and among other things he said to them, "Let peace be still more in your heart than on your lips. Give to no one occasion of wrath and scandal. Invite everybody to benignity, concord, and union. Take care not to judge and despise the rich who live in luxury and wear soft raiment, for God is their Lord as well as ours." But yet Saint Francis looked upon the poor and sick and needy as his peculiar

brethren. Those who have had a glimpse of the horrors of leprosy, that awful plague of the Middle Ages, and the cruel measures taken by the well to protect themselves from contamination, the outlawry, the wooden clappers, the lazar-houses, will need no greater proof of the devotion and charity of Saint Francis than his constant service of these poor outcasts of humanity. Not his the selfish pleasures of those hermits, far up among the lofty hilltops of Italy, who passed the long days and longer nights in prayer and contemplation, acquiring thus a state of mystic ecstasy. It is true that he had a love for contemplation, and was often tempted to spend his life in this exercise, but at the same time he had another impulse toward the suffering world about him. To him as well as to the poet could be applied the lines of Matthew Arnold:

> "Two desires toss about
> The poet's feverish blood;
> One drives him to the world without
> And one to solitude."

"Go," he said to his followers, "go, and teach [Ite et docete]. It is not for our salvation that God has called us in his goodness, but also for the salvation of the people." His love for men showed itself in his constant effort not only to relieve their physical sufferings and needs, not only to cheer and comfort their spirits, but to lessen the evils of clashing interests, civil discord, and war. Then, as now, there was discord between the rich and the poor; then, as now, there were grave social problems to settle. Saint Francis approached all these problems in a spirit of love and brotherly kindness. In 1210 he intervened between the barons and the peasants in the country about Assisi and persuaded the lords to sign a charter granting freedom to their serfs; in 1220 he exhorted the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Bologna to peace; and when, shortly before his death, a bitter contest broke out between the bishop and the magistrates of Assisi he composed a new stanza to his Cantico del Sole on the blessings of peace and sent his friars to sing it to the warring parties.

Still another way in which the love of Saint Francis showed itself was in the making of many friends. An invincible attraction seemed to draw all men unto him; those who were rich, like Ber-

nardo da Quintavalle, common people like Fra Leone—*il pecorello di dio,* as he affectionately called him—poets like Fra Pacifico, noble lords like the Count of Chiusi, high church dignitaries like the Cardinal Ostiense—later Pope Gregory IX—all these became his intimate friends, drawn to him by his strange magnetic influence. Of all his friendships, however, none is more attractive than that for Santa Clara of Assisi. We catch a glimpse of this sweet girl-saint in the Fioretti, and in her own legend we read how when only sixteen years old she, the daughter of a noble family of Assisi, heard Saint Francis preach; how the words struck deep into her heart, and how, confirmed in her determination by him, she gave up the world to devote herself to God and to suffering humanity. It was a strange, picturesque sight, that night of the nineteenth of March, 1212, when the young girl, fleeing her father's house, was received by Saint Francis in the Porziuncula, and amid blazing candles and burning incense was tonsured and consecrated to the service of Holy Poverty. From this time on to the death of Saint Francis a genuine friendship existed between the two; yet their relations were marked by such perfect tact that no breath of suspicion has ever sullied the memory of this unique love of saint for saint. He wrote to her, counseled her, and from time to time visited her in the monastery of Saint Damian, where she had founded the Order of Clarissines. On one occasion a feeling of great discouragement came over him, a doubt as to the usefulness of his teaching and preaching. The temptation came to him whether it were not better to retire from the world and give himself up entirely to contemplation. So he sent Fra Masseo to Saint Clara asking her to pray God to show him what to do. And she answered: "Thus saith the Lord, that you should say to Saint Francis that God has not called him into the world for himself alone, but that he should bear fruit of souls, and that many through him should be saved." And Saint Francis, hearing this, rose up with great fervor and said, "Let us go, then, in the name of the Lord," and so started out, filled with the Spirit, not knowing whither he went. It was on this occasion that, his heart overflowing with love and tenderness toward all God's creatures, he preached the sermon to the birds near Bevagna, of which we shall speak later.

One of the most beautiful chapters in the Fioretti tells how Saint Clara ate with Saint Francis at Santa Maria degli Angeli; how before the meal began he spoke of God so sweetly that the company forgot to eat, and sat there rapt in ecstasy. And, remaining thus with eyes and hands uplifted toward heaven, the men of Assisi and the country round about saw a great light streaming from the windows of the church and, thinking it was a fire, ran thither to put it out. But on arriving they found that there was no fire, and, entering in, they saw Saint Francis, Saint Clara, and all the company sitting silently about the table with eyes uplifted, a still smile upon their lips, and a soft light hovering above their heads.

It has been said that a genuine love for nature is characteristic of the modern spirit, being practically unknown to the ancients and to the Middle Ages. This is true to a certain extent, at least so far as art and literary expression are concerned. I doubt, however, whether many people of to-day have a more genuine love for nature in all her forms than had the Poverello of Assisi. It was not æsthetic or artistic, but, like his love for mankind, it was universal, full of tenderness and artlessness, applying not only to animate but inanimate nature, to brother sun and sister moon, as he quaintly called them. One of the rubrics in the Speculum Perfectionis, written by Fra Leone, reads as follows: "Of the singular love Saint Francis had for water and stones and trees and flowers." He loved all kinds of plant life, and in the same book we read how he made the gardener of the monastery plant sweet-smelling flowers, that in their season they might invite those who saw them to praise God. "Omnis enim creatura dicit et clamat Deus me fecit propter te, homo." Dante had the same thoughts in mind when he wrote that passage in the Earthly Paradise where he describes a beautiful lady slowly walking over the green meadow, singing and weaving garlands of flowers in her hands, and, on being asked by Virgil why she sang, referring him to the words of the ninety-second psalm: "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works"—"A passage," says Ruskin, "the most important in regard to nature love in the whole circle of poetry; for it contains the first great confession of the discovery by the human race that their happiness was not in themselves and that their labor was not

to have their own service as its chief end." Saint Francis had a personal love for all animals, for the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea. Only one kind of animals incurred his dislike, the ants, "because," says Fra Egidio, "of their excess of prudence in gathering and laying away stores of grain." Nor can we blame him much, for frugality and thrift are useful qualities, but one could hardly call them lovable (at least not in others). It does not surprise us that, with his poetic nature, Saint Francis was especially fond of birds. On that day when Saint Clara encouraged him to go on, and he had started out with renewed courage and joy, he came upon a flock of birds near Bevagna, and as they flew about him he preached to them as follows: "Little birds, ye are much beholden toward God your Creator, and in every place you ought to praise him. You should thank him for your warm covering, and for the air which he has given you to live in; that, neither sowing nor reaping, you are fed by him; that he gives you the mountains and the valleys for your refuge, and the high trees to build your nests in, and the rivers and fountains to drink in. Wherefore, little sister birds, since God loves you so much, beware of the sin of ingratitude and forget not to praise him." Probably Saint Francis was the first man in history to have the thoughts of the rights and comfort of animals which have culminated in our day in the formation of the Audubon Society and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We are told in the Speculum Perfectionis how he wished to persuade the emperor to make a special law to the effect that at Christmas time men should provide well not only for the poor, but for the domestic animals, that they cast grain on the roads for the birds, and that no man should be allowed to take or kill the larks or do them any harm. No wonder that this love for animals was returned. We are told of hares and rabbits who sought refuge in the folds of his dress, of the sheep who lifted their heads and nodded as he passed by, of the birds who gathered around him and ceased their songs at his request and listened as he preached to the multitudes. One beautiful touch is given by Saint Bonaventura in his description of the death of Saint Francis, where he tells us how "those birds which are called the larks, who love according to their nature the light of day and hate the darkness, on

the night when Saint Francis passed away from this life gathered in great numbers on the roof of the house where he was and for a long time went about singing and showing signs of joy and festivity, rendering testimony to the glory of the holy father who so often had taught them to praise their Creator."

The deepest spring of love in the heart of Saint Francis, however, was for God. From that source sprang all the rest. It was not so much mystical, or sentimental, as practical; it did not manifest itself by brooding over his own feelings or over the problems of theology, but was simple and childlike, a personal yearning after Him whom he took as his model. In the early days of his conversion he could not think of the sufferings and love of Christ without being deeply moved. He was found wandering in the fields one day, weeping bitterly, and, on being asked why, said, "I weep for the passion of my Saviour." We are told that often during the celebration of mass he would be so absorbed by contemplation that it seemed for very sweetness that his soul left his body, having thus through religious exaltation the same experience that Wordsworth had so many centuries later when in his mystical contemplation of nature he fell into

> "that serene and blessed mood
> In which the affections gently lead us on
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body and become a living soul."

The leading motif of the Fioretti is the resemblance between Saint Francis and Christ. There we are told that he had twelve disciples, he fasted forty days, he preached from a boat to the multitude gathered on the seashore, he wrought miracles, changed water to wine, healed the sick, restored sight to the blind, drove out devils. But in his character, far more than in these legendary outward things, did he resemble his Master. All men who have studied his life—rationalist historians like Renan, learned German theologians like Ritschl, emotional souls like Sabatier—are agreed that no man ever came more near to the character of Christ than Saint Francis. His gentleness, his serenity and sweetness of spirit, his perfect tact, his deep compassion for all suffering humanity, his

need of prayer, his discouragement, his yearning for communion with God from time to time, his practical application of religion, his mingling with the crowds in the market place, his simple appeals to their hearts—all these things and many more make the life of Saint Francis a true imitation of Jesus Christ rather than the cold, inaccessible heights of that famous manual of monastic austerity written by Thomas à Kempis.

The climax of this love for Christ came when, in the autumn of 1224, he received the stigmata in La Verna, the hermitage in the valley of the Arno given to him in 1213 by the Count of Chiusi to be a place of prayer and contemplation. For, in spite of the constant labors of Saint Francis among the people, he loved contemplation as much as any of his monastic predecessors who, forgetful of the great mass of suffering mankind, spent their lives in this selfish kind of holiness. All along the pathway of his life are scattered the places where he retired from the world from time to time. During his later years he especially loved La Verna, a steep, precipitous mass of rock rising a thousand feet above the surrounding country, far up among the head waters of the Arno, affording from its forest-clad summit a beautiful view, on the one hand, of Romagna and the March of Ancona, with the Adriatic Sea on the horizon; on the other hand, Umbria, Tuscany, and far away the faint blue streak of the Mediterranean. "Auf dem Berge is Freiheit," sings Schiller, in the Braut von Messina, and men of all ages have found a calm peace in high altitudes. In Italy throughout the Middle Ages nearly every mountain had its hermitage consecrated to the still worship of God. Saint Francis, who loved nature in all her forms, had especially in his heart the "longing for the everlasting hills," the *desiderium collium æternorum* spoken of in the book of Genesis, and often when discouraged, sick in body and mind, troubled and disturbed with the quarrels and bickerings which saddened his last days, his thoughts must have wandered to the high, thin air of his beloved La Verna.

It was in the fall of 1224, two years before the death of Saint Francis. He was sick and frail, suffering from a complication of diseases, almost blind. He yearned once more to see the hermitage of La Verna, set out with three companions, and after long efforts

finally succeeded in reaching the summit of the hill. Here he remained for five or six weeks, spending literally days and nights in solitude, prayer, and contemplation. Early on the morning of the fourteenth of September—it was the feast of the exaltation of the cross—Saint Francis was engaged in earnest prayer when suddenly he saw a seraphic figure with six wings descending from the sky and flying toward him. As he looked he saw the figure of a man nailed to a cross within the wings, and all at once his heart was thrilled with unspeakable joy while his body was full of piercing pains. When the vision had passed away he found in his hands and feet dark excrescences having the appearance of nails. It is not my business here to discuss the authenticity of this event. Professor Mozley says that, whatever the nature or cause of the marks on the hands and feet of Saint Francis may have been, the testimony as to their actual existence is irrefutable. They were seen and believed in by men in all ranks of life, from the humble friar to Pope Gregory IX, who in the hearing of Saint Bonaventura definitely declared that he had seen the stigmata with his own eyes. At all events, they form in legend or history the climax of a career of transcendent piety. From that day forward Saint Francis felt that his end was not far off. He left La Verna a few days after, and as he and his companions reached the place whence one gets a last view of the mountain and hermitage he dismounted, knelt, and said: "Farewell, mountain of God, in which it has pleased him to dwell. Remain in peace; we shall never see each other again."

In the summer of 1225 he spent four or five weeks at the monastery of Saint Damian, cared for by Saint Clara. He was very weak and almost blind, yet the kindness and love of those about him and his own perfect trust in God kept him free from sadness and discouragement. It was under these circumstances that he composed the Cantico del Sole, that outburst of joy and exultation of a soul touched by the beauty of the natural world and full of worship for God. One day, after a long conversation with Saint Clara, he sat down at the table to eat his frugal meal. But almost immediately he fell into a sort of a trance, and on coming to himself he repeated the stanzas of that song; not all the stanzas, however, for the last was not composed until nearly a year later. It

was under the following circumstances: The doctor had tried to keep from him the serious nature of his disease, and said, when Saint Francis asked him one day how long he had to live, "O, this will all pass away some day, please God." Whereupon Saint Francis said quaintly, "Doctor, I am no cuckoo bird, that I should be afraid of death." "Then," said the doctor, "you cannot live beyond the first days of autumn." At these words Saint Francis extended his hands, and with an expression of joy shining in his face and trembling in his voice he cried, "Praise unto thee, my Lord, for our sister, corporal death,

> "From which no living man can escape.
> Woe unto those who die in mortal sin;
> Blessed is he who lives according to thy holy will,
> For the second death cannot harm him."

It was the evening of the fourth of October, 1226, one of those long twilight evenings of Italy when the glow of the setting sun lasts almost till midnight in the deep blue of the sky. The world of Umbria, mountain and valley, river and plain, as they lay beneath the stars, was full of beauty and peace and holy quiet. Saint Francis, lying on a bed of ashes, surrounded by his brethren, was dying. He blessed them all in turn, as they stood around him, friends and brethren who had been with him from his youth. He asked to have read the Cantico del Sole and then the thirteenth chapter of Saint John, beginning with the words, "Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." The friars, in tears, knelt in a circle around the bed of ashes, praying in a low voice. His last words, according to Saint Bonaventura, were from the one hundred and forty-second psalm, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make supplication," "and saying these words," continues Saint Bonaventura, "that most holy soul separated from the body and was received into the glory of eternal life."

The next day the body of Saint Francis was carried to the Church of Saint George, borne by two monks and two magistrates and followed by an immense crowd, stopping on the way at the

convent of Saint Damian that Saint Clara and her sister nuns might gaze for the last time on the white, upturned face of their spiritual father. He was buried, at his own request, on a hill to the east of Assisi where criminals were executed, and known as the Hill of Perdition. When he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX the name was changed to the Hill of Paradise. To-day a magnificent double church rises above the mortal remains of him who in his lifetime had scarcely a roof to cover his head.

Of the works of Saint Francis we have but little: his two Rules, his Last Will and Testament, a few letters, fragments of sermons, and the Cantico del Sole. As a preacher he was probably one of the most successful the world ever saw. His method, however, was extremely simple. Preaching for him was, to quote his own words, but a distribution of the gifts he had received from God. His sermons were not marked by dogmatism or learning, but consisted in the exposition of the gospel, the development of the Lord's Prayer, the story of the Passion of Christ, and calls to repentance, all presented by a heart full of pity, love, and tenderness. Whenever he would enter a city the bells would ring; people would leave their work and come forth in vast crowds to hear him preach. We have but few extant sermons, but that one given at the time of the Chapter General held at Assisi, when more than five thousand monks were present, may be taken as a type of all the rest. As a text for his sermon he took these words: "My sons, we have promised to God great things, but God has promised to us still greater. Short is the pleasure of this world; the pains that follow are eternal. Little are the pains of this world, but the glory of the other is infinite." And on these words preaching very devoutly, he fortified his brethren and inclined them to obedience toward holy church, to brotherly love, to pray God for all men, to practice patience in adversity and moderation in prosperity, to keep peace and concord with God, with men, and with their own conscience. "And," he said in conclusion, "I command you all who are here present not to be anxious what you shall eat or drink, or concerning any of the things that are necessary to the body, but to apply yourselves to prayer unto God, for he careth for you."

The most famous of his works is the Cantico del Sole. We

have already seen how it was written, in the year before his death, while he tarried with Saint Clara at the convent of Saint Damian. Renan calls it the "most complete expression of modern religious sentiment." In it we find revealed many features of the character of Saint Francis—his joy and cheerfulness, his love for man and nature and God.

"Praised be thou, O Lord, by all thy creatures, especially brother sun
Who rises and shines through thee,
And he is beautiful and radiant in his splendor:
A fit symbol, Most High God, of thee.
Be thou praised, O Lord, by sister moon and the stars,
For thou hast made them to shine in heaven,
Beautiful and bright and fair.
And be thou praised, O Lord, for brother wind and sister water, for brother fire and mother earth, who supports and nourishes us and brings forth fruits and flowers of a thousand hues."

Rude and in some respects uncouth as these lines are, they are yet of great importance as the first genuine religious poem in the Italian language, as well as for their influence on later poets. Those who have read the magnificent eulogy of Saint Francis in the eleventh Canto of the Paradise of Dante need no elaborate proof of the love of the stern-eyed scourger of the wickedness of his times for the Umbria saint, all gentleness and love. The influence of Saint Francis on the arts of painting and architecture would merit lengthy discussion at a proper time. The magnificent double church erected over his body at Assisi, with its frescoes on the life of the saint by Cimabue, Giotto, and a score of others, gave a death-blow to the old conventional Byzantine school which till then had ruled the whole Western world. The movement toward a more natural style of art begun by Cimabue was followed out by Giotto, and to-day the cultivated traveler turns his steps to those monuments dedicated to the glory of Saint Francis—the Church of Assisi, Santa Croce at Florence, Saint Anthony and the Madonna dell' Arena at Padua—as toward the cradle of modern Italian art. The chief influence, however, of Saint Francis is through his life and character. Of him it could not be said that his "good was interred with his bones." It seemed as he went through Umbria and Tuscany, preaching and converting, as if the early evangelistic days

had returned. Everywhere he was followed by crowds. In 1217 the number of his followers, according to Saint Bonaventura, amounted to five thousand. They were drawn from all ranks of society; nobles, lawyers, poets, robbers, one and all left their former life, sold all they had, to give to the poor, and followed him. From Italy the movement crossed the Alps and spread over Germany; it swept over the plains of France, crossed the English Channel, and entered England, everywhere welcomed by the common people if not by the clergy and monks. Among his most famous disciples we may mention John of Parma, at one time Minister General of the Order, the mystic with the angelic countenance, always gracious and always smiling, so gentle that the birds would come and build their nests upon his desk; Saint Bonaventura, historian, theologian, and poet—the Doctor Seraphicus, as he was called; Duns Scotus, the forerunner of modern philosophy; Roger Bacon, the forerunner of modern experimental science. But the most interesting of all his followers was Jacopone da Todi, that brilliant, rich, and noble young lawyer the story of whose conversion is so full of interest: how one day at a public show a scaffolding gave way, and his wife, young and beautiful, was killed; how on taking her up it was found that beneath her rich garments she wore a hair shirt in token of penitence; how from that day Jacopone became a changed man, wandering about in poor clothing and by his eccentric conduct was looked upon as half crazy; how on being requested by a relative one day to carry two fowls to his dwelling he carried them to the family tomb, and, on being rebuked, replied, "Where is your dwelling if not here—where you shall live forever?" how, bitter to his enemies, his heart was filled with love toward God and man; how, wandering in the field one day weeping and being asked why, he said, "I am weeping because Love is not loved;" how he became widely known as a poet, chiefly as the author of the beautiful Latin hymn "Stabat Mater dolorosa"; and how at midnight on Christmas in the year 1306 he died, singing the hymn

> "Jesu nostra fidanza,
> Del cor summa speranza,"

as the monks in the neighboring chapel were celebrating mass. But the influence of the character of Saint Francis was exerted not only

indirectly but directly. The little collection of epic stories in the fourteenth century, half legend, half history, Wahrheit and Dichtung, as Goethe would have called them, has kept for after ages the image of that gentle saint, humble and patient, yet kind and courteous, renouncing all earthly riches, knowledge, and glory, yet full of tact and common sense, his heart filled with the triple love for God, for nature, and for man. Who can estimate the influence of such a man on a church full of formalism as was that of Rome in the thirteenth century? The Catholic historians tell us, more than one, that had it not been for Saint Francis the church would have fallen into ruin; that the vision of Pope Innocent III, who saw the Lateran ready to fall and upheld by Saint Francis, was an image of truth. Who can estimate his influence on the private lives and character not only of Catholics but of Protestants, from the thirteenth century down to the present?

But, after all, the lesson of his life is that a man may be happy and useful though poor; that a man *should* be gentle and kind, though rich and powerful; that sweetness and light are as great a force in the world's history as physical strength or intellectual acumen; that only by detaching our hearts from the entangling love for wealth and power and pleasure can we enter on the path of true virtue and true happiness. The times have changed, indeed, since then, the monkish ideal has gone forever, but the essence of the teaching of Saint Francis is the same now as then:

"Die alte Schale nur ist fern,
Geblieben ist uns doch der kern."

"The old shell only 's passed away,
The kernel is the same to-day."

We find this spirit exemplified in Abraham Lincoln, statesman and dreamer, wisest among his fellows, yet tender-hearted, compassionate, simple, and true; in von Döllinger, the great German theologian, "the most learned and the most lovable man in Christendom"; in Friedrich Ratzel, so recently dead, referred to by a colleague as that "profound investigator with the mind of a poet and the heart of a child." We need not imitate or even approve of many things said and done by Saint Francis, but we cannot withhold our admiration for his life as a whole. Nor should we be accused of false sen-

timent in holding up that life as a model in many respects to the youth of our own time. For would we not call that man wise and fortunate who while doing his work from day to day, in the shop, on the farm, in the courts of law, or the halls of Congress, was free from merely selfish ambition, sought to comfort and help the weak, was full of genuine love for God and man, and who throughout it all was cheerful and serene?

A few weeks ago there died in Brooklyn a business man whose life was a shining example of just these things; who after a short though active career had acquired not only an influential position and a large fortune, but the love of all sorts and conditions of men. At his funeral there was sung as a hymn a poem which he himself had loved for many years—a poem written by Sir Henry Wotton, the courtly favorite of James I, the friend of Izaak Walton, a man noted for his graciousness, his kindness, and his wisdom. It sums up those features of the Franciscan ideal which apply to our own times:

"How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

"Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

"Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend.

"This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing yet hath all."

Oscar Kuhns.

Art. IV.—THE GOLDEN AGE OF HEBREW LITERATURE

Bible readers have for many centuries believed that the age of Solomon produced a group of literary works which no other period of the Hebrew people has been able to equal. Some of them, altogether aside from their religious character, and judged solely by their literary values, have not been surpassed by any age or any tongue. Occasionally an unusual genius will appear, illuminating the sky like the star of the evening. But here is a whole constellation of seven stars, every one of the first magnitude; a pleiades to rival the sun. These monumental works have an individuality so distinct as to forbid the idea of their birth in a single mind, yet are enough alike to suggest their origin in a single age. Their philosophic breadth, their world-wide sympathy, the brilliant but somewhat artificial finish of their rhetorical forms, the breath of Nature which quivers in multitudinous figures of speech, the tone of melancholy which vibrates in sighs and longings for the ideal—not so much from out of the sense of sin, as in David, or of disaster, as in the prophets, as from out of the languor of world-weariness—all these features indicate that these works are of a single age, unique in its character, the golden age of the Hebrew literature. Until very recent times this has been the undisturbed view of the Bible-reading world. Modern criticism, however, has greatly shaken the faith of many thoughtful readers as to the authorship of these books, and he is bold indeed who adheres to the traditional view simply on the ground that it has not been questioned until recent years. He who believes that a change of view as to the author or date of any particular book of the Bible destroys in any measure its sanctity or authority is perilously near to that species of Pharisaism which in the worship of the altar is oblivious of the truth that is there enshrined. It is from no fear of spiritual disaster arising out of a variation from the old-time view that we adhere to it for the present. Philological considerations are by no means final in fixing the date of a book. The ablest experts, such as Ewald and Hitzig, reach most contradictory conclusions concerning the time and authorship of the ablest works Professor

Cheyne, in discussing the authorship of the second portion of the book of Isaiah, says the critical question will mainly depend on other considerations than purely linguistic facts. Concerning another portion of that book he says its true meaning will rest less with the critic than with the heart and judgment of the Christian. We are led by historical, literary, and spiritual considerations to the belief that it is at least safe to hold to the traditional collocation of the Solomonic literature till we have a more convincing argument to the contrary.

At no period in the history of the Hebrew people were the conditions so favorable for the highest intellectual stimulant as during the reign of David's son. It was an age of peace after many years of almost uninterrupted war. Jerusalem was the capital of a wide empire extending from the Euphrates to the Gulf of Akaba. The wealth of all lands was pouring its treasures into Palestine. It was the time of commerce, science, and art. The outlook was never so world-wide as then. The people were far more cosmopolitan than now, when in their world residence they remain intense separatists. At that time they were taking broader views of humanity than ever before or since. Foreign women, foreign words, and foreign ideas, as well as foreign customs and goods, were imported into Israel. Perhaps never in all history did the world nations so powerfully affect the Hebrew thought as at that time. Moreover, the enlargement of the sacred service after the pattern of the Levitical legislation, before it had become a deadly routine and an occasion of political sacerdotalism, was a stimulant to a wider than provincial thinking. Furthermore, Solomon himself was an intellectual genius of the very highest order whose wisdom awakened the curiosity of distant nations. We can hardly conceive of such a personality occupying, as did he, the most conspicuous place of influence and not vitalizing the intellect of his own people. Just as the music of a powerful piano will set the strings of other instruments to singing, so a single towering mind in any community awakens kindred geniuses which otherwise would slumber in dreams that never become realities. Raphael's genius electrified Correggio's soul and made easy for him the way of true art. Great scholars, musicians, painters, historians, scientists, preachers, have

come in groups. This may be explained by two things: a favorable environment, and some mighty creative spirit who comes into the age a surprise, unaccounted for and unaccountable, a gift of God. So came Solomon after the wars of David had ceased. The time was never so favorable for purely intellectual pursuits, and at that moment the master spirit was there to call the latent intellect of the country into activity. We know that there were gathered in his court scholars, writers, poets, historians, scientists, the brightest ornaments of the realm. Some of them are named: as Chalcol, Darda, Ethan, Heman, and others. The reason these names are not more familiar, and the reason that others do not appear, is the custom of the time to attribute every great achievement of the nation to the king. He wrought the peace, the wealth, the literature. All the works of lesser men were accepted as the product of his genius, and in one sense this was actually so; he inspired it. The light of the planets is the reflection of the central luminary.

In an analysis of the literary values of that age we would name, first of all, *elaborate artistic finish*. If the highest art resides in form rather than in idea there are probably few literatures which offer such models of pure art as we find in this age. In Job and Canticles, in Ruth and the Korahitic Psalms, and also in the two psalms that are attributed to Solomon, there are everywhere present the features of artistic workmanship, a love for the beautiful for beauty's sake, found nowhere else in all Hebrew writing. Contrast the Korahitic psalms with the others of our Psalter, and this feature of art is specially apparent. David's psalms are the outgushing of the heart's deepest personal passion, giving to them the freshness and wild freedom of nature. His verses roll on like the rhythmic breathings of the sea, harmonious even in the disorder of its tossing spray. The psalms of the Maccabees have the true ring of the hero heart of that stern age. Many of the other psalms were formed mainly for doctrinal or liturgical uses and consequently are painfully mechanical. Solomon's age was near enough to that of David to feel the original pulse of his genius, and yet far enough removed to aspire for the perfect polish of a more cultured age. The psalms of that time are wrought with an exquisite finish which reminds us of the literature of Sophocles and Pindar. They may be lacking

in the enthusiasm and passion of David's song, but they have a charm like that of a statue, as pure as it is hard and cold. As an illustration take the forty-sixth psalm. Dr. Abraham Coles, who was both an eminent Hebrew scholar and a superb poet, translating this psalm, has transferred the elaborate Hebrew art into an equally elaborate English verse. One cannot read the English version without noting the artistic finish, as a Hebrew scholar would note it in the original. Of course we understand that the Oriental verse moves along lines of motion and form diversely, unlike that of the Greek from which we have borrowed our ideals, but in these verses it is evident that the passion and the lessons of the poem are made subservient to beauty of expression. The useful and the true are not the primary purpose. The carbon and the corundum are forgotten in the crystalline beauty of the diamond and the ruby:

"God is our refuge and our rock,
Our help in tribulation—
Therefore we will not fear the shock
That moves the world's foundation.
Let mountains be
Sunk in the sea;
Its waters roar
And shake the shore—
Our hearts shall ne'er be shaken."

There are those who contend that that is the supreme purpose of poetry; that its rank must not be determined by its intellectual content, but solely by its beauty of expression, in the perfection of which the soul lies in exalted calm and takes its largest vision; the nearer it comes to music, which has no articulate statement, the higher its rank. But we contend that there is nothing so beautiful as the true; and he who can so state the true as to make it pulse with its own deep sentiment, with the least possible suggestion of artificiality, comes nearest to the first rank of poetry. The soul of truth is music itself, which quivers and soars and breaks away from all mechanical forms. Art in literature was a feature of the Solomonic age.

Another prominent feature of the intellectual activity of that age, and one which has impressed itself upon its literature, is *the philosophical spirit*. Men were seeking the unity of all things.

Under the leadership of the great king they were studying "trees, herbs, beasts, fowl, creeping things, fishes, and minerals." The literature of that time was filled with figures and comparisons drawn from these fields of knowledge in variety and abundance that are unique in Israel. Men were not only seeking the final cause of things in the material world, but also of the movements of the soul and of the conduct of God himself. This feature is so strongly stamped upon the pages of Job as to compel us to place that sublime poem in this age. It certainly is a Hebrew product; for no other people has ever exhibited the genius of holiness and the monotheistic aspiration which breathes here in every line. We cannot locate it prior to Solomon; for, altogether aside from the archaisms and rugged simplicity which characterize the more ancient products of the Hebrews, both of which are absent from this poem, there is ever present a liberality of view and complexity of anxious thought which were hardly possible in the Arcadian days of the Lord's people. Nor can we place it after the exile. To do so would be like assigning Homer to modern Greece. Such pure Hebrew was hardly possible in a decadent age. In addition to that the returning Hebrews brought with them from the exile a new idea of a good man's suffering which the author would certainly have introduced into his theodicy had he lived at that time, namely, vicarious suffering. He would have made either Elihu or Jehovah himself unfold this vast conception which later found its fullest achievement in the cross. To place this work prior to the exile yet some distance from Solomon, when sacerdotalism was the force that dominated the thought of Israel, would be an anachronism most difficult to explain. Unable to find any other time in Israel's history when the conditions were exactly favorable to the product of this great poem, and finding, moreover, that the soil and atmosphere of his reign were just such as this rare plant required, we are content to believe that the time of Solomon was the time of its appearance.

A third feature of the age which its literature voices is *satiety*. From out of the external splendor of the time is heard the sigh of the world-wearied heart. The moan becomes a strong articulate utterance in Ecclesiastes. Until the time of Grotius the traditional

date of this book was not seriously disputed. But now many competent critics believe that the poem was not written till the time of the Persian empire. The reasons they assign, however, for abandoning the deep-rooted conviction of the ages are the very ones that would seem to us to establish it. It is objected that the atmosphere of gloom and despair that pervades the book could hardly have been possible at the time of the nation's greatest prosperity. But that is not the spirit of the book at all. The entire poem is a search for the key to the puzzling mystery of human life. Wending his way along the many pathways where men seek the highest good, and finding them all "vanity," the author at last discloses the true key which makes all life glorious. The powerful pessimism which the poem voices as the utterance of world-wisdom, wealth, and pleasure is exactly that which is most evident in prosperous times. Out of periods of terror, war, or other calamities we hear the shouts of courage and the sublimest faith. Songs, pæans, jubilates, come from Engedi caves and Patmos exiles. Pessimism is born of luxury rather than of poverty. It is just that splendid age of wealth and pleasure that evoked the dismal cry, and it is that very thing that the inspired preacher seeks to relieve by his divine message. Another objection to the traditional view is that the social condition of Solomon's time was the exact reverse of that which is pictured in much detail in this book—such as the poor oppressed, the people rapaciously taxed to enrich the wealthy, homes spoiled for the harems of the rulers, schemers exalted while honesty was neglected, etc. These things, it is suggested, would hardly have been thought of in this prosperous age. But was not this an age of reflection? Were not the righteous despoiled from the very gates of Eden, where Abel fell, slain, while Cain went to live in cities with art and music and beauty? Had the awakened mind forgotten Abraham's pilgrimage, and Jacob's sorrow, and Israel's bondage, and the frequent unbearable deprivations of God's own under the period of the judges? Aye, did not these oppressions occur right before their own eyes? When are the poor most aggrieved but when wealth pours in abundance into the coffers of the selected classes? There certainly was great popular unrest at that time, and it explains the rupture of the

realm immediately after the death of the king. As for the linguistic argument against the Solomonic age of this book, we have only to say that our ripest scholars are not agreed; and until they come to some measure of unity we would better hold to the traditional hypothesis. The corrupted words occurring in the book are very few, not more than ten; and why should not foreign elements of thought and speech which were introduced into the courts of Solomon have in some measure affected the language of the courtiers and found their way into some of their literature? Furthermore, it is not unsupposable that alterations were made at a later date. Having balanced the reasons for the later date of this book and those for the traditional one, we think that the statement of the learned Jewish professor of Oxford, Dr. D. S. Margoliouth, is worth careful consideration. He says that the peculiar terms and idioms and unusual grammatical forms do not indicate a later Hebrew but a foreign Hebrew, and it is probable that the book is an adaptation of a work in some other language or of a Jewish representative of the court resident in a foreign land. Is it impossible that Koheleth is some Hebrew Robert Browning, who, assuming the speech of "Cleon, the poet from the sprinkled isles" opposes his vision to the pessimism of his emperor, "Protus in his tyranny"? In thought and spirit and style Ecclesiastes and Cleon are wonderfully alike. If so, the joy-hunger of this satiated age is answered from some sweet isle far away from the intense center of complex life, and it comes purposely in foreign accent. That is high art, worthy of a Browning; and such as he could not have appeared in an era that knew no prophet. This feature, satiety, is presented in another way in the book of Ruth. It is the function of literature not only to picture the spirit of the age in living forms, but also to create a background of strongly contrasting colors. To show a statue well we hang behind it a curtain of maroon. We do not feel very certain as to the date of the sweet Hebrew idyl. It could not have been written before the time of the kings, for it mentions David and speaks of "the days when the judges ruled." It could not have been the product of an age when the freshness and originality of genius were stifled by the later rabbinism. While it exhales the aroma of the harvest field and its atmosphere is that of rustic

simplicity, there are too many marks of artistic finish and high culture to permit it to be the product of the rude age in which the story moves. It is well known that an age of material splendor, with its enervating luxuries and enslaving fashions, with its artificial æstheticism in art, literature, and religion, seeks to relieve itself in dreams of sweet simplicity. It pines for the freedom and naturalness of rural life which it idealizes. Actual country life would be unbearable, but transfigured by the imagination it is a sweet consolation to the world-wearied heart. The idyls of Theocritus came out of the refined and luxurious age of the Ptolemies. Virgil's bucolics were born in the courts of Augustus, when the material splendor of the Roman empire had reached its climax. The pastorals of Florian were composed in the time of Louis XV. It is the fashion of to-day to read The Simple Life. Thus it is not difficult for us to believe that the idyl of Ruth is the sweet dream of a poet who, in an age of complicated conventions and exacting social conditions, feels the charm of primitive country life without its limitations, a state of life altogether ideal. Unable to place the poem with any absolute certainty, we are content to consider it as belonging to this golden age, which in every particular harmonizes with what we would expect in order to produce such a work. This surfeit of the heart with the world's magnificence, and its pining for the sweet simplicity of natural living, is powerfully pictured and with consummate art in the Song of Solomon. Criticism has not spared this book, but would have us believe that this song, melodious with the warbling of birds and the rustle of forest leaves and the murmur of running brooks, came out of an age when genius was smothered under a stupefying sacerdotalism. The sweetest song, rich with idyllic color, came of a people who had no vision! But the charge of Chaldaism cannot destroy the intuition so accurately stated by the eminent Hebrew scholar Gesenius: "The golden song harmonizes with the golden age of Israel's most magnificent monarch."

Another feature of that age was *practical wisdom formulated in proverbs.* This literary value was by no means peculiar to Solomon; for it was a common practice of the East to concentrate its wisdom in short maxims, vast truths cut and polished, and flashing

in crystalline splendor. And the practice still continues. The sacred historian says that Solomon "spake three thousand proverbs." These were probably taken down by others and collected in a book of proverbs, a portion of which we have in our Bible. The book does not claim that all were his. Some are distinctly called "The Words of Agur" and others "The Words of King Lemuel." These latter are remarkably inferior to those attributed to Solomon. But if those that bear his name were not his we must believe that an equal of Solomon appeared at a later date, and that while his contemporaries remembered his words they forgot the man. There are some students of Shakespeare who say that his dramas were not written by him, but by another man of the same name. Is it not more rational for us to believe that the Augustan genius appeared in the Augustan age; and that the verbal corruptions, if there be such, came of meddling with the original text in subsequent times? No one believes that the modern words which English scholars have substituted in Shakespeare's dramas in order to make his meaning clearer or to cleanse it of its grossness were written by the great dramatist himself. Much less do we believe that these changes are proof that he never wrote the plays at all. If we listen to all the critics have to say we will denude the Solomonic age of all its literature. That age which stands in the mind of the Hebrew people as the image of their Messianic kingdom was utterly barren. The time most favorable for the most luxurious literature produced nothing—a dead waste without tree or shrub or coarse grass.

Having named the distinguishing values of the Solomonic literature, it remains for us to mention another which is the characteristic feature of all Hebrew writings, *its intuition of the divine*. It is this that exalts our Bible above all other books. Whether its history, its science, its rhetoric be true or false, it is the breath of God that shakes the strings and sets in vibration the chords of our deepest spiritual consciousness. It is the Word of God to us all—the book of Revelation. It is thought by many that this element of Bible literature is lacking in many of the books of the period we are considering. Ecclesiastes is the sigh of a pessimist; Proverbs is a collocation of world maxims, immeasurably remote

from spiritual freedom; the Song of Solomon is only a collection of rustic love songs of northern Palestine, without unity, full of vulgar suggestions, and entirely lacking in divine significance; Ruth is a beautiful idyl composed to justify Solomon's foreign marriages; even Job is a vain effort to solve the mystery of human suffering. They are all literary rather than religious works. To all this we enter a positive demurrer. From the viewpoint of art the works undoubtedly take high rank, and the human workmanship may in some measure conceal from the mere art student the divinity that pulses in them all. But that is explained by the character of the time. The protracted serene peace gave men leisure for meditation and culture. In the ease of luxurious surroundings and under the stimulus of each other's thought they took time to polish and correct. As we have seen it stated, "At such times men live less with God, more with each other; they pray less; they talk more." Moses wrote his history and songs under great personal stress which kept him very near to God; hence every word emits the incense of devotion. David's psalms were evoked by his personal needs. They come out of much prayer and gratitude. It is easy to see how, under such conditions, the divine element conceals the art, and sometimes, like the flames about Elijah's altar, consumes it. But within all the art of the Solomonic age there is still this divinity which is inseparable from the Hebrew genius. And the heavenly meanings of that age are particularly applicable to the time in which we are living. Though removed from us by three thousand years, the age is singularly like our own in its material splendor, its commercial spirit, its intellectual activity, its liberal mind, its cosmopolitanism, its luxurious pleasures, and its pomp of formal religion. It is, furthermore, like ours in that underneath all this magnificence there surged and moaned volcanic forces of misery and popular discontent, and in the most scrupulous observance of the ceremonial religion there was a blinding skepticism none the less real because spoken in the terms of faith. In the literature of that age is heard the cry of the spiritual mind. It is not a cry of despair, but of courage and hope; the voice of God calling and guiding his own through the labyrinthine streets and noisy traffic of a complicated civilization like ours. For this reason

it should demand the special study of our age. For example, take the book of Job, in which is presented the dark problem of human suffering, especially the suffering of a good man under the providence of God. In the childhood of history this problem would not evoke such acute discussion as in a maturer age. Men would suffer but would submit in childlike faith, requiring no reasons but that God commanded it. But in a time of practical wisdom and philosophical thought the heart does not consent so readily to what is seemingly unreasonable and which impeaches the goodness of God. Hence the painful struggle in which doubt and fear contend with trust and love. That conflict of the soul is pictured in this poem with a beauty of imagery and massiveness of thought that have never been surpassed, if, indeed, they have been ever equaled by any work of any age. The poetic forms are sometimes epic, sometimes dramatic, and sometimes lyric, according to the particular purpose of the author in the several stages of his discussion. Job is everywhere present throughout the poem, but he is only the harp. On the waves of its music we are carried out into the universal. Here the soul swings to and fro, like a vast pendulum, from one extreme, darkness and despair, to the other, light and faith. Nearly everything that could possibly be said on the mystery of suffering finds here its clearest utterance, and every phase of the discussion is filled with heaven's light. Let any suffering child of God work his way patiently through the details of the poem, and he will be sure to come into a victory such as Job himself won—in which he can rest securely in the conscious embrace of God's love even without the removal or explanation of his pain. Thus loving God for himself, and not for the good things he receives from him, he silences the accusation of Satan: "Doth Job serve God for naught?" Surely that is an achievement which the Christian heart in this age of material blessing needs to learn. When we are lifted to the lofty viewpoint of the poem, which teaches that the meanings of our hurt are not limited by the rim of this world, then we more than conquer; we *joy* in suffering. With what exultation Paul says, "God hath set forth us apostles last as it were appointed unto death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels and to men"!

The great truth that vibrates through Canticles is the love of God and his people. Its keynote is, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." We are confident that they have forced no mystical meaning into the song who say that the Shulammite girl who retained her loyalty for her shepherd lover in the face of all the lavish allurements of Solomon, "preferring him, who had nothing to give but himself, to Solomon, who had everything to give but himself," is the church. The shepherd lover is the Messiah, and Solomon is this world. A close analysis of the poem, and the accuracy with which every detail fits this idea and the utter barrenness of the inspired verse without it, force us to the belief that the Messianic union of God and his people is the very soul of the verse. If there ever was a time when the church needed to feel the passion of a holy love which the glory of this world cannot bribe, it is now. The Shulammite girl of our time, the church, is arrayed in regal robes, bedecked with sparkling gems, sprinkled with the spices of Araby, feasted in gorgeous banqueting halls, flattered by royalty, and is tempted to forget her shepherd lover and make the cursed bargain with Simon the sorcerer, selling the Holy Ghost for gold. It would be a happy thing if the conscience of this ancient drama could be made to stir the heart of the modern church. We know of few pieces of the Old Testament literature that can do this more effectually than this Song of Songs. That has been the testimony of devout men from Saint Bernard, who wrote eighty-six homilies on the first two chapters, down to Spurgeon, who frequently selected his texts from this song and who said that he suspected the piety of any man who disliked the book. Dr. Strong, late professor in Drew Theological Seminary, said, "The Saviour's incarnation has no more luminous exposition, no profounder basis, than this."

It is a serious question how to cultivate the love of Christ. It does not come directly at the call of the will nor from loyalty to the mere sense of duty. It is begotten by the Spirit in the contemplation of Him who loves us. "We love him, because he first loved us." This song of love, as pure as the breath of the balsam groves, will help in that contemplation. A return to a reverent and minute study of this much neglected song will help mightily to

lift our religious life up from the depression of this materialistic age into the joyous freedom of holy love.

The sweet pastoral of Ruth also has its message for our complex life. Its very charm of simplicity creates in our minds a truer ideal. But, in addition to that, there are definite lessons there that our age needs to hear afresh. It is probable that Naomi's return to her native land was quite as much a matter of conscience as of affection. Was not the untimely death of her husband and sons a punishment for desertion of the Lord's land for idolatrous Moab? It is so easy, when in trouble, to seek relief in some forbidden way rather than wait in faith in the Lord's way. The fact that we take the name of God with us in our worldliness does not make it any the less an abandonment of his place. Elimelech ought to have stood at his post though he died there. Better die in peace with little in Bethlehem than perish with abundance in Moab. Material good is no justification of a choice of a forbidden place. The deepest and richest strain in this poem is Ruth's decision. Her language so strong, so womanly, so vital with character, has sunken deep into the human heart of every subsequent age and has become the classic model of devotion. It was more than the choice of a person; it was the choice of religion. Ruth was already a Jewish proselyte, but it was love for her husband rather than love for Jehovah that made her such. Now she abandons all for God and his people. Just in the act of such a choice one comes up into a new being. When this immortal sentence came from her lips Ruth passed out of a mere sweet woman, led by personal attachment, into a divine womanhood. The Moabitish girl became an Israelite indeed, one qualified to be a distinguished personality in the Messianic line. What a lesson is that for our age! To compromise duty for worldly gain unmakes an Israelite; to abandon all for the right makes one.

Ecclesiastes is peculiarly a book for our day. It breathes the very spirit of the age. Here we hear the sign of a great soul living in the midst of everything that this world can give to supply its want. He has drunk deep at the fountain of world wisdom, pleasure, employment, and wealth, but still thirsts. "All is vanity." But the "Preacher" stands by the stagnant pools and points

the despairing one to where the living waters flow. Never since the days of Solomon were there more satiated, cynical, and despairing hearts than just now. This is the day that needs to hear the voice of the inspired "Preacher."

There is no need to speak in detail of the several psalms and historical documents that belong to this group of the Solomonic literature. They all, like those we have mentioned, not only bear the marks of the age, but carry the divine message of the time, and so it is the message for the world-cultured age everywhere. There is a fear in many devout hearts that the sacred character of our Bible will suffer in the study of its literary forms. Art culture is not spirituality. On the contrary, it often destroys the freshness, the vitality, and, finally, all truthfulness of feeling in the hearts of those who pursue it as an end. The superficial sentiment occasioned by the art is taken for the living reality which it aimed to image. Its devotees take more pleasure in the picture of a landscape than in the landscape itself. They weep over a theatrical representation of "Poor Joe," and kick the real Joe from the sidewalk. They shout in a frenzy of patriotism during an artistic rendering of the Marseillaise and go home to study how to avoid their taxes. The most appreciative novel readers do not emulate the virtues of the hero or the heroine. Will a similar study of the art forms of our Bible deaden our hearts and dim our vision? In searching for its anatomy and physiology will we not lose its soul? To these fears we reply that this portion of the Old Testament Scriptures we are considering is so positively differentiated from the other portion, as a whole, by its exquisite and elaborate artistic finish as to absolutely demand just such a study for its illumination. We must bear in mind that our English version gives these Solomonic works the very worst possible presentation, so far as their structure is concerned. By the concealment of the art it obscures the divine treasure. Reduce a diamond to carbon, and then look for its fires. That is exactly what the King James translators have done for these gems. Our commentators have tried to make the carbon flash the divine truth, but truth stated as intellectual formulæ does not quiver with the brilliant coloring of the poet's creation. The intellect is not as true an interpreter

of the profoundest things as is the heart. Analysis is not creation. The aim of art is not primarily to beautify. It is rather to create the feeling which will intuitively interpret the thing it presents. The truest architecture, music, or painting is not necessarily the most beautiful, but that which opens the heart and lets in the largest floods of meaning. The same is true of literature. Its material is the thought it carries, the carbon. Its art is its structural form, the crystal that casts from that carbon color and flame. For this reason the most recent students of these particular books have felt the need not so much of a new translation as of a new structure that will convey directly to the eye its literary elements, such as the difference of prose and verse, and such as the rhythm of parallel lines in which the versification of the Bible moves. Just this arrangement is itself an interpretation, truer and more convincing than any amount of learned discussion for the reason that it opens the eye of the heart. It has been said that men do not return with pleasure to old books they have carefully read. But this is not true of old books that are genuine works of art. To them we return again and again as we do to old music, old pictures, and old cathedrals. When we have mastered the intellectual contents of a book, if that is all the book has, it is henceforth a lifeless thing for us. But poetry, romance, drama, and even prose that diffuses the atmosphere of nature, retain their magnetism of vitality. The secret of this lies in the fact that true art is related to the soul of truth as the trembling of the harp strings is related to the music. It exhales the breath of life, and so awakens life.

These Solomonic works, stripped of their art, are like the orchards and vineyards in Baal-Hamon during a period of protracted drought—very dry. To recover them would be for us to inhale the sweet breath of the garden of the Lord and to come into a closer fellowship with him.

A. H. Tuttle.

Art. V.—THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND—ITS ORIGIN IN THE CHURCH

It is a striking fact that the theater, which now is regarded as so alien in spirit and purpose to the church, during the Middle Ages had its origin in that organization and remained intimately connected with it till its divorce therefrom about the fifteenth or sixteenth century. There was, therefore, such a thing as a Christian drama, which struck its roots deep down in the religious feeling of the people. But when the romantic drama developed out of the religious drama, and passed from sacred to secular purposes, the church repudiated it and cast it off as a menacing evil which it could no longer afford to carry. Divorced from the church, in which it had its birth, the English drama started out on an entirely independent line of development and gradually became contaminated by the immorality which was so widespread in England during the Stuart dynasty.

The origin of the English drama in the religious passion of the people is by no means unprecedented in history. The classic drama in Greece, history teaches us, had its origin likewise in the deep religious feeling of the Hellenes, whose sense of religion was well-nigh as deep seated as their passionate love of beauty. The very derivation of their word for tragedy (τράγος ωδή) teaches us that it was their custom to sing at the altar of Dionysius, in religious ceremony, a song as an expression of gratitude, before slaying the goat which was offered as a thank offering to that god. Rome, of course, borrowed her drama, as she borrowed her literature, for the most part, from Hellas. But in Rome the drama never commanded the respect and patronage of the higher classes of her citizens as it did in Greece. Plautus and Terence, the greatest of the Roman playwrights, were slaves by birth, and though, when their genius made itself manifest, they were manumitted they never ranked with the upper classes of society. But the Romans did not possess that passion for the drama which was so characteristic of the artistic Hellenes. Moreover, the plays of Plautus and Terence were far too tame to arrest and hold the attention of the

excitement-loving Romans. By nature and early training they craved the wild and bloody scenes of the circus and amphitheater. Here, to the delight of vast audiences, both human and animal life were taken in fact, not in fiction; and the populace expressed its enthusiastic approval by wild outbursts of applause for the victorious gladiator. Once a play of Terence, on its very first presentation, was broken up by the announcement that a circus had come to town, whereupon the spectators rushed precipitately out of the theater, leaving the actors to play before empty benches. But the Romans always affected an interest in dramatic literature and pointed with genuine pride to their celebrated actor Roscius, who shed great luster upon their stage in the days of Cicero. When Christianity found its way to Rome and became the state religion, the people naturally began to suppress their craving for the dehumanizing and barbarous scenes of the amphitheater and circus. The church also attempted to wean away her members not only from such practices as were witnessed at the circus, but even from the theater, by the substitution of sacred plays for the secular dramas of Seneca and other playwrights, who still made an effort to maintain the traditions of the languishing stage. We learn that as early as the close of the second century a scriptural tragedy founded on Exodus, with Sapphora, Moses, and God from the bush as the leading characters, was written by a Jew who bore the name of Ezekiel. A century or so later the Old and New Testaments were cast by priests and bishops into dramatic form; and in the latter part of the fourth century a sacred drama was actually written, entitled Christ's Passion; traditionally attributed to Saint Gregory of Nazianus, who was one of the fathers of the Eastern Church. Here we discover the germ of the religious drama. This play, it used to be maintained, made its way from Constantinople into Italy, whence the clergy of western Europe got the clue of dramatizing scriptural narratives and presenting them upon the stage in order to impress the truths of the Bible upon the rude unlettered laity. Modern scholarship has, however, cast doubt upon this view by proving that the date of the composition of this sacred play must be placed forward at least six centuries later than Gregory's time. During the Dark Ages, particularly during

the "starless century," as the tenth has felicitously been called, sacred plays were not infrequently written in Latin in imitation of the classics and were from time to time acted upon the stage by the clergy. Hroswitha, of Gandersheim, Saxony, a German nun who has been termed "the Christian Sappho," produced several sacred plays in avowed imitation of Terence.

But it is not entirely in such productions as these, as Ward, the great critic of English dramatic literature, reminds us, that we are to discover the origin of the sacred drama. The Passion Play from which the modern drama sprang had its origin in the liturgical service of the Roman Church. It is, says Ward, in the mystical liturgy of the Mass, with its blending of symbolic action, that we are to discover the elements of the modern drama. As early as the fifth century, he informs us, this service, more elastic and less rigidly bound to a fixed ritual than at present, on special festival occasions, such as Easter and Christmas, was rendered still more impressive and picturesque by the addition of dramatic representation for the purpose of illustrating and teaching the gospel story. It must be borne in mind that the Scriptures were then read in Latin only, and were not therefore readily intelligible to the masses in England or on the Continent. Whatever language these severally spoke they did not speak the tongue of Cicero. Consequently the priests were compelled to adopt various devices by way of interpreting the Scriptures to the people, and the most convenient method of interpretation naturally was through the eye. Therefore, in reading the gospels, the priests sometimes, as was the case in Germany, used rolls on the back of which, toward the congregation, were pictures illustrating the subjects of the text. This, too, was probably the *raison d'être* of the church decoration, which in the Renaissance called forth those masterpieces of art in the way of paintings, frescoes, and the like, and engaged the genius of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and a host of other artists at the very mention of whose names the imagination kindles. As has been truly observed by a critic of some note, "These church paintings, carvings, statues, basreliefs, altar pieces, emblazoned windows, and crucifixes were all further and more elaborate attempts at an ocular translation of

the Latin gospels for the curious, longing, unlettered people." On Good Friday and Easter the priests, by the ocular representation they gave of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, were accustomed vividly to remind the worshiping audience of the closing scenes in Christ's earthly life. This was designed to drive home the scriptural truths, and at the same time it was in fact a sacred drama, in which the priests were the actors and the worshipers the audience. Indeed, it was a kind of passion play that had a close affinity with that still preserved at Oberammergau and performed by the Bavarian peasants every ten years. The good Francis d'Assisi is said to have gone so far on a Christmas occasion as to build a manger in the woods and to represent the group of the Nativity by means of living men and women, a real baby, and a genuine ox and ass. There is an interesting record of Durham which has been preserved to us which gives a description of one of these services:

"Within the church of Durham, upon Good Friday, there was a marvelous solemn service, in which service time, after the Passion was sung, two of the eldest monks took a goodly large crucifix all of gold, of the semblance of our Saviour Christ nailed upon the Cross. . . . The service being ended, the said two monks carried the Cross to the Sepulcher with great reverence (which Sepulcher was set up that morning on the north side of the choir, nigh unto the High Altar, before the service time), and there did lay it within the said Sepulcher with great devotion."

In the liturgical dramas the entire story of Christ's passion was acted in the churches. Later, however, there developed, as a kind of outgrowth of the Passion Play, a play setting forth the details of the life of some saint and technically called Saint Play. The festival of Corpus Christi, which was established by Pope Urban the Fourth about the middle of the thirteenth century, became subsequently noted as a day of grand church parades, when pageants passed up and down the streets. The subjects of many of these exhibitions were the legendary stories of saints, which, in the form of a play, were presented by men and women with such realistic effect as always to impress the gazing spectators. These Saint Plays were frequently interspersed between the Miracle Plays. In an early manuscript discovered at Tours in France a list of these pageants is given, and it is noted as significant that the stage is no longer represented as in the church building, but erected

outside the doors. This is a departure. Originally the Easter dramas were enacted in the choir and the Saint Plays were enacted in the nave of the church. Both subsequently passed out of the church building into the open air. More freedom and greater latitude in the manner of presentation now resulted; and the solemnity of the religious drama now gave place to a spirit of levity and amusement. The country folk took advantage of the large crowds that assembled to carry on trade. The increasing attendance, too, created a demand for portable stages, which were drawn through the streets by horses so as to allow as many as possible to witness the pageants.

The transition from the liturgical drama to the Miracle and Mystery Play was natural enough. The plays based on scriptural narratives and those based on the legendary lives of saints had become very widely diffused by the latter part of the thirteenth century. A new and vigorous impulse, as we have already observed, was given to such performances by the establishment of the festival of Corpus Christi. Guilds now began to take hold of the plays and to rival the clergy. The plays, too, from having been originally written in Latin came now to be written in the vernacular, so as to be readily intelligible to the people. There developed then a series of plays setting forth the scriptural narratives in chronological order and having some local association. The common name for such plays was simply *Ludus*, and the name of the town where the group was usually presented was added, as for example, *Ludus Coventriæ*, which designated the group presented at Coventry. Later the Latin term was changed, and it became the fashion to apply the name Miracle to the sacred dramas. This term occurs in the literature of the period. Langland in his Vision of Piers Ploughman and Chaucer both speak of the Miracle Play. The distinctive feature of these Miracle Plays, in England at least, is that they included, in a complete series or cycle, the entire history of the world from the Creation to the Last Judgment. In some other countries, as, for instance, France, there was in addition to the Miracle a Mystery Play. But this latter had no separate and distinct existence in England during the period when the sacred drama flourished. "Properly speaking," says Ward,

in his history of English Dramatic Literature, "Mysteries deal with gospel events only, their object being primarily to set forth by an illustration of the prophetic history of the Old Testament, and more particularly of the fulfilling history of the New, the central mystery of the Redemption of the world as accomplished by the Nativity, the Passion, and the Resurrection. Miracle Plays, on the other hand, are concerned with incidents derived from the legends of the saints of the church." The popularity of the Miracles led to their extension. Though originally written by the clergy, and acted in or near the churches, as we have seen, they came subsequently to be enacted by profane actors and in any convenient place in town that could accommodate the spectators. Trading companies and guilds in large towns soon adopted the practice of presenting plays. In the performances by the guilds the patron saint naturally came to play a prominent part in the procession. They would employ the craftsmen of their several trades, and each of these would perform certain pageants in the series. But the guilds made a departure from the clerical manner of presentation of the sacred drama by employing as additional actors professional players, or "price players," as these were called, and by injecting humorous situations and incidents into the play to please the ear of the groundlings. When, then, matter of a comic character was introduced into the sacred drama, and the purpose of its presentation had thereby become alien to the original end of spiritual edification, the church began to entertain grave doubts as to the advisability of the participation of the clergy in such performances. Accordingly, in 1210, Pope Gregory forbade the clergy to act in churches. Thus the clergy were forced by ecclesiastical authority to sever their connection with the Miracle Plays, and these then passed from under the patronage of the church. From this event in the history of the English drama dates the rise of the theater and its divorce from the Church. The practice was finally forbidden the church in the first half of the sixteenth century.

The manner of the performance of the Miracle was designed to give as large a number of spectators as possible an opportunity to witness the exhibitions. Accordingly there was a pageant, and

each play was repeated several times, in different parts of the town, at "stations" where large crowds gathered. A movable scaffold was erected, frequently two stories high, the upper being used for the stage and the lower for a dressing room; and this scaffold was drawn through the streets by horses. It is to such a scaffold that Chaucer refers when he says of his "Joly Absolon":

> "Sometimes to show his lightness and maistrie,
> He plaieth Herod on a scaffold hie."

This portable scaffold was originally called a "pageant," and this name came ultimately to be applied to the exhibition itself and not to the stage. The following is a description of the stage and the performance as given in his quaint English by Archdeacon Rogers, who witnessed one of the last performances of the Whitsun plays at Chester:

> "The manner of these playes were, every company had his pagiant, which pagiante weare a high scafold with two rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon four wheeles. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher rowme they played, beinge all open on the tope, that all behoulders might heare and see them. The places where they played them was in every street. They began first at the Abay gates, and when the first pagiant was played, it was wheeled to the highe crosse before the Mayor, and so to every streete, and soe every streete had a pagiante playing before them at one time, till all the pagiantes for the daye appointed weare played, and when one pagiant was neere ended, worde was brought from streete to streete, that soe they might come in place thereof, exceedinge orderly, and all the streetes have their pagiants afore them all at one time playinge togeather; to see which playes was great resorte, and also scafolds and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to play theire pagiantes."

The costumes were designed to be somewhat in keeping with the characters, though they were made rather with a view to splendor than appropriateness. However, there was always an effort made to represent the attire of demons as hideous as possible. The character impersonating God wore a white coat and red sandals and had his face gilded. Angels wore a gilded costume, highly ornamented with waving plumes. The good wore white coats and white hose; the wicked black, red, and yellow coats, as if to suggest the flames which awaited them in their future abode. Judas's conventional costume was a yellow robe and a red beard. The devil was uniformly represented as shaggy and black, with

horns, claws, cloven feet, and a forked tail. These costumes, as grotesque as mediæval art could make them, not infrequently imparted a comic coloring to the plays. The devil would occasionally run out into the audience and by his buffoonery would create much mirth and amusement among the spectators. But comic episodes were for the most part confined to the Old Testament plays. Nor was the devil the only character that contributed to these comic situations. Noah's wife furnished her full part. She is almost invariably represented as being somewhat refractory and waspish, especially when her patriarchal spouse wished her to enter the ark. This clownish action was not regarded by the spectators as intentional irreverence on the part of the players. As has been truly observed, "The conditions of family life for the lower classes of the English, in the years when Chaucer and Langland and Miracle Plays were in full tide of popularity, precluded delicacy of manners or of speech."

As a specimen of the literary quality of the Miracle Play take the following incident from the pageant of the Flood in the Chester cycle. This will also furnish an illustration of the freedom of handling by the playwright of the biblical narrative, as well as his sense of the comic. Noah by the aid of his sons has completed the ark, and the animals having all been gathered in he now entreats his wife to enter, who sits sipping ale with her gossips. This is the situation when, entreaty failing, the patriarch commands his wife to come into the ark.

Noye

Good wife, do now as I thee bid.

Noye's Wife

Be Christe! not or I see more need,
Though thou stand all the day and stare.

Noye

Lord, that women be crabbed aye,
And none are meek, I dare well say.
This is well seen by me to-day,
In witness of you each one.
Good wife, let be all this beare,
That thou mayst in this place heare;
For all the weane that thou art master,
And so thou art, by Saint John!

. . . . . .

Noye

Wife, come in: why stands thou there?
Thou art ever froward, I dare wel swear.
Come in, on God's name! Half time it were,
For fear lest we drown.

Noye's Wife

Yea, sir, set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail,
For withouten fail
I will not out of this town;
But I have my gossips every one,
One foot further I will not gone:
They shall not drown, by Saint John,
An I may save their life!
They loven me full well, by Christ!
But thou let them into thy chest,
Els row now where thee list,
And get thee a new wife!

Noye

Sem, son, lo! thy mother is wrawe;
By God, such another I do not know.

Sem

Father, I shall fetch her in, I trow,
Withouten any fail.
Mother, my father after thee send,
And bids thee into yonder ship wend.
Look up and see the wind;
For we be ready to sail.

Noye's Wife

Sem, go again to him, I say;
I will not come therein to-day.

Noye

Come in, wife, in twenty devils' way!
Or else stand there all day.

Ham

Shall we fetch her in?

Noye

Yea, sons, in Christ's blessing and mine!
I would you hied you betime;
For of this flood I am in doubt

The Good Gossips' Song

The flood comes flitting in full fast,
On every side that spreads full far;
For fear of drowning I am aghast;
Good gossips, let us draw near.

And let us drink ere we depart,
For ofttimes we have done so;
For at a draught thou drinks a quart,
And so will I do ere I go.
Here is a pottel full of Mamsley good and strong;
It will rejoice both heart and tongue.
Though Noye think us ever so long,
Here we will drink alike.

Jaffatte

Mother, we pray you all together,
For we are heare, your own childer,
Come into the ship for fear of the weather,
For his love that you bought!

Noye's Wife

That will not I, for all your call,
But I have my gossipes all.

Sem

In faith, mother, yet you shalle,
Whether thou wilte or note.

Noye

Welcome, wiffe, into this bote.

Noye's Wife

Have that for thy note!

Noye

Ha, ha! marye, this is hotte!
It is good for to be still.

But the Chester playwright, though so boisterous and full of banter, can yet be very tender, pathetic, and reverent, as in the pageant of the Last Supper, or of Bethany, or of the Sacrifice of Isaac. As we have seen him in his comic vein, that we may not form an unjust judgment of him let us now see him in his tender and pathetic vein, as exemplified in his treatment of the Sacrifice of Isaac. Isaac, learning that he is to be sacrificed in obedience to the divine command, kneels down and implores his father's blessing. This is the situation when the following dialogue takes place:

Isaake

Father, seeinge you must nedes doe soe,
Let it pass lightlie, and over goe;
Kneeling on my knees twoe,
Your blessing on me spreade.

Abraham

My blessinge, deere son, give I thee,
And thy mother's with heart free,
The blessing of the Trinitie,
My dear son, on thee lighte.

Isaake

Father, I praye you hide my eyne
That I see not the sword so keyne,
Your stroke, father, woulde I not seene,
Lest I againste it grylle.

Abraham

My deare sonne Isaake, speake no more,
Thy wordes make my heart full sore.

Isaake

O deare father, wherefore! wherefore!
Seinge I muste nedes be dead,
Of one thing I will you praye,
Seithen I muste dye the death to daie,
As few strockes as you well maie,
When you smite off my heade.

Abraham

Thy meeknes, childe, makes me affraye;
My song maye be wayle-a-waie.

Isaake

O dere father, doe awaye, do awaye
Your makinge so muche mone!
Nowe, trewlye, father, this talkinge
Doth but make longe taryeinge.
I pray you come and make endinge,
And let me hens be gone.

(Hence Isaake riseth and cometh to his father, and he taketh hym, and bindeth and laieth hym upon the altar to sacrifice hym, and saith:)

Abraham

Come heither, my childe, thou art soe sweete,
Thou must be bounde both hand and feete.

Isaake

Father, we muste no more meete,
Be oughte that I maye see;
But doe with me then as you will,
I muste obaye, and that is skille,
Godes commandmente to fulfill,
For nedes soe must yt be.

Upon the purpose that you have sette you,
Forsouth, father, I will not let you,
But ever more to you bowe,
While that ever I maie.
Father, greete well my brethren yinge,
And praye my mother of her blessinge,
I come noe more under her wynge,
Fare well for ever and aye;
But father! crye you mercie,
For all that ever I have trespassed to thee,
Forgeven, father, that it maye be
Untell domesdaie.

Abraham

My deare sonne, let be thy mones!
My childe, thou greves me ever ones;
Blessed be thou body and bones,
And I forgeve thee heare!
Nowe, my deare sonne, here shalt thou lye,
Unto my worke nowe muste I hie;
I hade as lief myselfe to die,
As thou, my darlinge deare.

Isaake

Father, if you be to me kinde,
Aboute my head a carshaffe bynde,
And let me lightlie out of your mynde,
And sone that I were speede.

(Here Abraham doth kisse his sonne Isaake, and byndes a charshaffe aboute his heade.)

Abraham

Fare well, my sweete sonne of grace.

(Here let Isaake kneele down and speake.)

Isaake

I praye you, father, torne down my face
A litil while, while you have space,
For I am sore adreade.

Abraham

To doe this deed I am sorye.

Isaake

Yea, Lord, to thee I call and crye,
Of my soul thou have mercie,
Hartilye I thee praie!

Abraham

Lorde, I would fain worke thy will,
This yonge innocente that lieth so still
Full loth were me hym to kille,
By anye maner a waye.

Isaake
My deare father, I thee praye,
Let me take my clothes awaie,
For sheddinge blood on them to-daye
At my last endinge.

Abraham
Hearte, if thou wouldeste borste in three,
Thou shalt never master me;
I will no longer let for thee,
My God, I may not greeve.

Isaake
A! mercye, father, why tarrye you soe?
Smyte off my head, and let me goe.
I praye God rydd me of my woe,
For now I take my leve.

Abraham
Ah, sonne! my heart will break in three,
To hear thee speake such wordes to me.
Jesu! on me thou have pittye,
That I have moste in minde.

Isaake
Nowe, father, I see that I shall dye:
Almightie God in magistie!
My soule I offer unto thee;
Lorde, to it be kinde.

That the poetry of these selections is not of the very first water and the art not of a high order is obvious enough. Still we have here certain dramatic elements. There is a certain force and vigor of conception and presentation that are essential to the drama. The playwright, however, lacked the power of working his subject up to a climax. He is too diffuse and prolix. He weakens the dramatic interest in the Sacrifice scene by lingering too long over the details. These limitations are apparent to every reader, perhaps far more apparent to the modern reader than they were to the mediæval audience for whom he wrote. But the conception of the situation is not without merit, and the work of the rude playwright is significant as a step in the right direction. Such is the literary quality of the Miracle Play.

How many cycles of Miracle Plays there were remains undetermined. Four have come down to us, and these are known as the York, Coventry, Chester, and Towneley cycles. The pre-

sumption is that these are but a small part of the English cycles which were once in existence. Of the four cycles which have been preserved to us modern scholarship has yet many interesting questions to determine, as, for instance, whether these cycles have a French prototype, as some critics are inclined to believe, and what are the relations of these several cycles to one another. It is supposed that none of the cycles preserved to us is a homogeneous whole and the work of a single author. They do not all contain the same number of plays, and, indeed, in the same cycle the number of plays was not constant, but varied from time to time. For example, the York cycle had at one time fifty-seven plays, and at another fifty-one, while the manuscript contains only forty-eight. Evidently some of the plays must have been expanded or others amalgamated so as to increase or diminish the number. The process of this expansion or amalgamation remains yet to be determined. In the Chester cycle traces of amalgamation are easily discernible. It must be born in mind that the Miracles did not restrict their contents to the scriptural narrative. While, of course, the Bible account is followed in the main, yet the Apocryphal gospels and legends are occasionally drawn upon, and incidents are thus introduced which find no warrant in the Scriptures. This is particularly noticeable in the Towneley and York groups. The Chester in this respect is of all the groups the least offensive to modern readers. But even in this group the playwright made a departure from the biblical record in his portrayal of Noah's wife, who is made the butt of much comic badinage. Some of the mediæval dramatists took greater liberties than others with the biblical narratives; and especially in the legendary lives of saints did they exhibit less restraint, and portrayed their characters apparently untrammeled.

There is another species of religious play that sprang into being about the time that the Miracle Play flourished. This is the Morality, which formed a kind of complement to the Miracle. The purpose of the Morality, like that of the Miracle, with which it has a close affinity, was beneficent—the edification of the people. The Miracle emphasized the history of the scriptural narrative; the Morality, as the name suggests, emphasized the moral and

sacramental teachings of the church. In this latter play we have abstract qualities personified, such as pride, goodness, evil, etc. One of the earliest examples of the Morality is the Castle of Perseverance; one of the most popular is that of Everyman. Space, however, fails me to speak at length of the Morality, and I hasten to draw attention in conclusion to the dramatic value of the religious drama.

The last recorded performance of the York cycle occurred in 1579. The Chester group lingered till the end of the century, when it gave place to the romantic drama, which was far superior as an artistic product to any ever dreamed of by a mediæval playwright. But, as has been already observed, the Miracle Play possessed in crude form all the elements of the romantic drama. Here we find both tragedy and comedy *in posse*. To be sure, there is not that artistic blending of the two in the same play such as is met with in Hamlet or in Lear, or even in the least of Shakespeare's plays. Still in the play of the Flood, even in the brief selection given above, we must recognize the elements of comedy, just as in the Sacrifice of Isaac we are forced to recognize the elements of tragedy. The mediæval dramatist would hardly have dared to introduce a comic situation into a play based on the more sacred of the biblical records, particularly those of the gospels, as, for instance, the passion of Christ. That he would have regarded as sacrilege. Though his portrayal of Christ may offend modern tastes by his seeming irreverence, yet his attempt was sincere, and his shocking rudeness is to be credited to his lack of literary art rather than to any intentional irreverence. Liberties he did take with the Old Testament worthies, but his regard for the divine generally restrained him from any such course in dealing with the gospel stories.

The Miracles, of course, violate the classical dramatic canon of the Three Unities. The characters, too, are inadequately and inaccurately conceived. They all have an English setting. Indeed, much of the rude, uncultured contemporary English country life is reflected in the old Miracle Plays. Even Shakespeare, however, is guilty of similar anachronisms, though his are, of course, less glaring. But this practice is to be set down as an error of the

age. That was not an age of doubt and criticism like the present; it was rather an age of credence, yea, of credulity. As Miss Bates well says:

"There was no old school and no new school of Old Testament criticism, with wordy debate of myth and scribe and epoch. Noah's Ark was as genuine a craft to the fourteenth century as the Pinta is to us, and Eve's apple far more certain than Wilhelm Tell's. Most significant of all, no Strauss, no Renan, even no Channing, had troubled the ear of those primitive playgoers. It was the semblance of their very God they saw in the child clinging to Mary's neck, in the boy questioning the white-bearded Rabbis, in the youth baptized by John in Jordan, in the patient sufferer wounded for their transgressions and bruised for their iniquities. With what white lips the men looked upon, how the women turned their faces from the crucifixion! It was no mere spectacle. It was no mere historic execution. It was truth itself—the truth by which they lived. And Doomsday! In the other pageants it was the past revived in changeful picture, but this is future for each appalled beholder."

But apart from their religious and æsthetic value the old Miracle Plays possessed another value. The Miracle had prepared the ground for the glorious efflorescence of the romantic drama, by which it was supplanted in the reign of Elizabeth. The Miracle had fostered, if, indeed, it had not created, in the English people a passionate love of the drama and of the histrionic art; and perhaps it is not too much to say that but for the work of these old mediæval playwrights the rise of the romantic drama would have been delayed indefinitely, if, indeed, it could ever have taken place. For it was these popular plays that diverted the dramatic genius of the English people from the classic type, such as was in vogue in the universities, to the romantic type which the influence of Shakespeare established. It is, however, a long step, though in the right direction, from the crude Miracle, with all its tameness of conception and awkwardness of execution, to the finished artistic product of Shakespeare's genius.

Edwin W. Bowen.

Art. VI.—A WONDERFUL LOG BOOK

One of the prime characteristics of this aggressive age is its keen and irresistible demand for explanations. Face to face with whole kingdoms of phenomena from the realms of matter, life, and mind, the untiring and daring spirit of the time fills the air with its interrogation notes and is restless until some answering voice is heard. To find the keys that will unlock the secrets in the various departments of research is the supreme ambition of the hour. It is to the phenomena distinctly Christian that we direct a brief attention.

That a vast Christian impulse with its aggregation of results is in the world of to-day, that this impulse or power has changed the whole trend and fashion of human affairs and history, and that it still holds in its possession the future moral leadership of the world, are facts against which all the waves of a superficial criticism will beat in vain. That faith, or system, which has wrought out the most astonishing revolutions in the thought, ideals, worship, life, and conduct of mankind, and still continues to influence in the most decided manner the premier peoples of the world, is a force so vast in its dimensions that reasonable minds are driven into intellectual protest and rebellion when attempts are made to account for it on insufficient and utterly inadequate grounds. The imperious, unyielding demand of all honorable investigation, whether that investigation reaches upward to the throbbing splendors of the midnight skies or down to the deepest depths of earth's foundations, is that fairness and consistency shall constitute absolute features or conditions of all such research, no matter what theory shall suffer as a consequence.

When the traveler in the East stands in the presence of the pyramids and endeavors to account for them on some slender assumption, and would deny to the ancients any knowledge of the mechanic arts, he is at once and always confronted by those masses and mountains of enduring rock, and the flimsy explanations are torn to shreds by their majestic and overpowering reply. Up from the past, into this ever-broadening age which has in royal tones pronounced the doom of the unreal and fictitious,

there has come the Christian faith, with its train of twenty centuries of facts and forces, and the veriest earthworm is again made conscious that something more than gold is here. So widely has the unrivaled energy of this Christian message affected the whole fabric of our present-day civilization that one half even of our literature revolves around the cross and two thirds of it are permeated or modified by its influence and vitalizing power. More potent and of immeasurably vaster extent and importance than Egypt's venerable miracles of stone stand the creations of Christendom, and they must be reckoned with in every analysis of the facts and forces which are affecting and dominating the faith, life, and conduct of great sections of the human race.

It is simply stating what is now generally admitted by unprejudiced minds when we say that all attempts at a mere naturalistic solution of the gospel's presence and power among men have utterly and hopelessly failed. Volcanic heavings must be explained by volcanic fires; mountain waves must be traced to those mighty winds that sweep across the deep and far-extending seas; the lightning bolt that shivers and shatters the very pyramids tells of electric batteries so vast that they can be formed only by the masses of cloud stretching over the whole sky. And when we see the Christian impulses moving the most desperate of all obstructions, heaving the very world, shattering the giant mountains of hoary superstition, and touching the great souls of society with a deathless attraction and inspiration, we are sure that somewhere, somehow, celestial energies have made themselves felt in the life and history of a tear-stained and sin-beleaguered earth. As one has well said: "Something happened in that first century which has changed this world to all succeeding generations." Something wonderful and re-creative in its power took place which has made itself felt in substantial and enduring results which are indisputable and capable of verification by all earnest and honest minds. When one stands by the ocean, and watches the great waves charging against the rocks, he knows that somewhere far out at sea the winds must have descended and swept over the depths, though not a breath of air may be astir in the treetop overhanging the cliff. So, in human history, every mighty move-

ment which breaks upon the shores of our present-day world must have had a cause, far away, perhaps, whose effects we see. If while we are watching the waves a log book should be washed ashore and we should read from it an account of the descent of a mighty wind upon the face of the deep, then we should know for a certainty that there had been a storm at sea. The explanation was in our hands, sufficient, satisfying, of the phenomenon before us. So, floated down upon the mighty tide of Christian history, we find the records written by men who lived when the power of God swept over human society and stirred it to its depths; this is the direct evidence of the gospel records. And we have also the movements of Christian thought and life still breaking upon our shores; we have the great tide and the waves themselves, all furnishing conclusive evidence of the presence of supernatural power working in the affairs of earth and men. We may in our folly deny the explanations and records of this wonderful log book found in the gospel pages and say that these Christian documents were thrown into history as a hoax, but we are met by the advancing waves, the push and power of the beneficent and indestructible impulse, and there is no deception. Deny the gospel solution, but the history itself confronts us; is its own evidence; tells its own story of something divine and supernatural, moving upon the dreary wastes of human life and changing in its current and flow the history of the world.

These Christian records point with inflexible finger to the period and place when the new forces touched this world with ampler sweep, created the waves of blessing which have sent their divine refreshment to millions of souls, and upon which depends the hope of the world's future. Between the book and the movement we find a marvelous agreement, an agreement which meets the necessities of the case, secures our moral approbation, and leaves upon us impressions of a deep intellectual peace.

Wm. T. Harrison.

Art. VII.—THACKERAY, THE WEEK-DAY PREACHER

When William Makepeace Thackeray went down to Oxford, one memorable day, intent upon delivering his lectures on "The English Humorists," and waited on the heads of colleges to facilitate the attendance of the undergraduates, he found Dr. Plumptre totally ignorant of his performances in the literary world and eager to learn what he had done to entitle him to recognition. By way of furnishing his credentials Thackeray humbly announced that he had written Vanity Fair; whereat the erudite master bent a reproachful glance upon the novelist and said there must be a mistake somewhere, as John Bunyan was known to be the author of that work. Discovering afterward that people were laughing at his blunder, Dr. Plumptre explained that he was not acquainted with Bunyan's book, "never having been a reader of novels."

The incident is ludicrous enough in itself, and Thackeray used to tell it with exceeding relish, but there is nothing unpardonable in confusing the handiwork of the Bedford tinker with the productions of the genial satirist, since their respective functions were similar. Both employed fiction in the interests of righteousness; one with a view to liberating men from spiritual darkness, the other with an eye to the correction of morals. There is this difference, however, to be observed: Vanity Fair plays but a subordinate part in Bunyan's immortal allegory; it is an episode in the drama of an earnest life. With Thackeray it occupies the entire stage, or, rather, it is the single theme upon which he is forever exercising his genius, whether he puts his pen to writing or his pencil to drawing. No matter how facetious he may become in caricaturing the society around him, he never permits you to forget that a serious aim is before his mind. Writing of Thackeray three days after he had passed away, John Henry Newman said with perfect justice, "His last fugitive pieces in the Cornhill were almost sermons." Speaking of the ballads, which have convulsed thousands of readers with their irresistible nonsense, Anthony Trollope declares that "Thackeray, though he rarely uttered a word, either

with his pen or his mouth, in which there was not an intention to reach our sense of humor, never was he *only* funny. When he was most determined to make us laugh he always had a further purpose; some pity was to be exacted from us on behalf of the sorrows of men or some indignation at the evil done by them." In the preface to her second edition of Jane Eyre, which she dedicated to Thackeray, though at that time she had never met him, Charlotte Brontë wrote this impressive tribute: "There is a man in our own days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears, who to my thinking comes before the great ones of society much as the son of Imlah came before the throned kings of Judah and Israel, and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital, a mien as dauntless and as daring. . . . I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day, as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things." When this enthusiastic admirer was subsequently confronted by Thackeray her opinion of the man she had thus idealized was apparently somewhat modified, for she told Mrs. Gaskell that at her first interview with him it was difficult for her "to decide whether he was speaking in jest or in earnest." Still she never wholly lost her veneration for his intellectual and moral stature. She confessed that in his presence she was ill at ease and "fearfully stupid," and when at a later period she first saw Lawrence's portrait of Thackeray she exclaimed, after a long silence, "And there came up a lion out of Judah!" Now certainly Thackeray in real life stood far apart from the rugged and unconventional prophet to whom Charlotte Brontë likened him. He was an English gentleman, with quiet tastes, devoid of any passion to regenerate society, without the slightest flavor of the iconoclast in his big frame. Indeed, John Lothrop Motley could say of him, "His manner is like that of everybody else in England—nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow creatures." His sole resemblance to the Hebrew seers of antiquity was a certain undeniable facility at denouncing public and private injustice in terms which were not

to be misunderstood—a thing which he did, however, with a moderation of feeling quite distinct from the fervor exhibited by the prophets of the chosen people.

Of course no reader fails to discover that Thackeray is an inveterate preacher, though he is not in the class of Elijah or John the Baptist. If it were possible to overlook the homiletical element in his novels, considered merely as portrayals of human life, the author would not allow the most obtuse person to forget his main business; for he repeatedly draws his reader away from the story he is telling and pours into his sometimes unwilling ears the earnest application he desires to be made of the illustration he has just used. For this moralizing habit Taine has most mercilessly criticized him, and thousands of superficial people have affected to despise him. What one should say about the legitimacy of this sermonic habit depends upon his view of the function of the novel. It is rank heresy, according to the canons of some schools of literary criticism, to admit the propriety of either preaching or lecturing in a work of fiction. In a newspaper controversy between Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. William Winter, from the frank asperities of which neither of these distinguished gentlemen retired with any access of dignity, it was maintained by the dramatic critic that the province of fiction is "to tell a tale; that—and nothing else. . . . Those authors who write novels and make plays for the purpose of teaching lessons, inculcating truths, revolutionizing society, and reforming mankind invariably become tedious, and therein defeat their own purpose." Charles Kingsley, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Mr. Hall Caine are mentioned as types of this class. "Their works are full of ability," says Mr. Winter, "but also they are full of weariness. They belong to the family of tracts." Well, perhaps so. This is not the place in which to prolong the contention. At the same time it must be remembered that there is a sense in which it is impossible to write a play or a novel without preaching. The portrayal of human action by any literary or artistic form is bound to teach ethical doctrines, and this result is none the less inevitable even when the author makes no conscious effort to produce it. It is as unavoidable as is the transmission of spiritual influences from teacher

to pupil in spite of the prohibition of religious instruction in our public schools. But Thackeray is no unintentional preacher. All those persons who are irritated by attempts to recommend righteousness to them under the thin disguise of a story will condemn him without a moment's hesitation. But Thackeray almost joyously pleads guilty to the indictment. In one of his Roundabout Papers he says: "Perhaps of all the novel-spinners now extant the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story and begin to preach to you? When he ought to be engaged with business is he not forever taking the Muse by the sleeve and plaguing her with some of his cynical sermons? I cry *peccavi* loudly and heartily."

The truth is, Thackeray felt himself to be a man with a mission. He experienced those celestial girdings which always have been the inspiration of our most effective poets and prophets. A notable passage from his lecture on Swift discloses the secret purpose which animated his work. "The humorous writer," he says, "professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness, your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture, your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds and speaks and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him, sometimes love him. And as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities we moralize on his life when he is gone, and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon." In his lecture on Addison, Thackeray asks, "Is the glory of heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth only be expounded in gown and surplice, and out of these two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders, this parson in the tye-wig." Such a preacher, on whom no hands of ordination by bishop or presbytery had been placed, Thackeray must be designated. No true admirer of his genius will bemoan his sermonic zeal. Let us give him entrance to the greater pulpit of the world, all too tightly closed to the professional clergyman. Let him climb up its steps and deliver his homilies to a society

drunk with its own vanity. If we cannot make men ashamed of doing wrong, perhaps he can make them afraid of being ridiculous. He who does not feel that he is sinful may often be convinced that he is absurd. It is surely the province of the novelist and the humorist to preach in this way to those listless congregations which will not be incited to holiness by the pious harangues of men who show familiarity enough with dusty theological tomes, but who unfortunately have never secured an acquaintance with the *genus homo* in its most exasperating modes of moral obliquity. Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's talented daughter, who has written the finest memorials of his life which we possess, declares that her father "looked upon himself as a lay-preacher even more than as a maker of stories." In one of his communications to a clergyman he outlines the kind of preaching he wishes to do, and expresses the hope that "men of my profession do no harm who talk this doctrine out of doors to people in drawing rooms and in the world." Of the constancy of this temper he has given us many illustrations. The moral end which Thackeray set for himself in writing Vanity Fair is well defined in a letter to his mother in which he says: "What I want is to make a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase)—greedy, pompous men, perfectly well-satisfied for the most part, and at ease about their superior virtue. Dobbin and poor Briggs are the only two people with real humility as yet. Amelia's is to come when her scoundrel of a husband is well dead with a ball in his odious bowels, when she has had sufferings, a child, and religion." Catherine was written with an equally serious motive. Thackeray desired to rebuke the nauseous sentimentality (alas! that it should survive in our own day) which regards crime as an unfortunate degeneracy, and the criminal as the romantic victim of heredity or environment who merits flowers instead of shackles, poetry in the place of penalty. With this work the author found one fault—"It was not made disgusting enough, that was the fact," he wrote to his mother, who had been praising it, "and the triumph of it would have been to make readers so horribly horrified as to cause them to give up, or rather throw up the book and all its kind, whereas you see the author had a sneaking kindness for his heroine and did not like to make her

quite worthless." In 1848 some friends and readers in Edinburgh sent Thackeray a little silver figure of Punch as a mark of their appreciation of his unfolding genius. In the letter of acknowledgment, which he addressed to Dr. John Brown, these words occur: "I assure you these tokens of what I cannot help acknowledging as popularity make me humble as well as grateful, and make me feel an almost awful sense of the responsibility which falls upon a man in such a station. Is it deserved or undeserved? Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind? and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell truth always, and see it right according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me." Many a professional ecclesiastic has entered upon his work with a less solemn conception of the dignity of his office than filled the soul of this "week-day preacher," this parson without orders.

In addition to this conscientiousness regarding his sacred duty, which is the first and indispensable requisite in the making of a genuine preacher of righteousness, Thackeray possessed many other qualifications for his everyday pulpit. Among these were great kindness of heart, deep insight into human nature, a spirit chastened by sorrow, perfect truthfulness, and personal fellowship with God. The stories of his improvident liberality to the unfortunate, of his devotion to children, of his tenderness to the wayward, with which the narrative of his life abounds, sufficiently indicate that Thackeray cherished a loving spirit toward our fallen humanity. But this did not prevent him from seeing with remarkable clearness the grotesque inconsistencies and sinfulness of the human heart. He laid bare its puerile subterfuges with skill and daring. "We have all heard," he writes in The Newcomes, "of the dying French duchess who viewed her coming dissolution and subsequent fate so easily because she said she was sure that Heaven must deal politely with a person of her quality." That thrust pierces the armor of our complacent twentieth-century pride with consummate accuracy. Thackeray knew that the human heart can be "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and that what a man is within determines what he will display without. Take one illustration from scores which might be gathered from

his novels: "The curses to which the general gave a low utterance as soon as Rebecca and her conquerer had quitted him were so deep that I am sure no compositor would venture to print them were they written down. They came from the general's heart; and a wonderful thing it is to think that the human heart is capable of generating such produce and can throw out, as occasion demands, such a supply of lust and fury, rage and hatred." No man ever penetrated the shams of an unspiritual life with keener vision, or exposed them with braver hand. He is describing morning prayers at the home of Sir Brian Newcome, and he does so with the pencil of an artist. The scene lives before your mind, and you feel the contempt which the author has not set down in words, but which you are certain he must experience toward that worldly-minded group of religionists. Lest you misunderstand him, he hastens to say: "I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at that chiming eight-o'clock bell, the household is called together. . . . I do not sneer at that—at the act at which all these people are assembled—it is at the rest of the day I marvel; at the rest of the day and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking, and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again, and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes all that household is given up to it." It is probable that if Thackeray had not been chastened by grief and disappointment his extraordinary acuteness for dissecting human nature would have finally rendered him a pessimist and a misanthrope. The early years of his public life were painful enough, as every person familiar with his biography knows. Adversity begets in the soul of man either bitterness or sweetness, hatred or gentleness, according to the temper with which it is suffered. In Thackeray the struggle with affliction produced a refinement of character impossible without it. Lewis Melville, one of his biographers, has put the case as happily as it can be stated: "His fortune lost, his talents unrecognized except in a very small circle, his second child dead, his beloved wife taken from him—is it marvelous that Thackeray was able to see the existence of evil as well as of good in the world? The wonder is that he did not become a second Swift, lashing the world and himself with savage satire; blaspheming God, cursing

at man, sneering at good and evil alike, in some new Gulliver's Travels. Instead, however, the great sorrow chastened his soul, and made his later writings more sympathetic than his earlier; and the only use he made of his grand power of sarcasm was to chide, nearly always with a gentle hand, the follies of his fellow men in the endeavor to show to them the path of honor, virtue, goodness, and mercy which he himself endeavored to follow." Thackeray realized full well the beneficent ministry of sorrow, and allowed his afflictions to teach him charity and humility. Writing of a time of illness in his family, he says, "So the Father of all sends illness, death, care, grief, out of which come love, steadfastness, consolation; nor could these things have been if men had not been made mortal, even erring and sinful and wayward. Suppose Eve had not eaten of that apple, and her children and their papa had gone on living forever quite happy in a smirking paradisical nudity, it wouldn't have been half the world it is." There is a delicious strain of fooling in the midst of this seriousness, but it is as sound in theology as Browning's more sober words:

> "Put pain from out the world, what room were left
> For thanks to God, for love to man?"

A noble qualification for preaching lies in Thackeray's perfect truthfulness, his fidelity to the facts of life as he beholds them. There is no straining after effects in his compositions, no artificial manipulation of his matter to secure a climax. Indeed, he has often been criticised for an obvious lack of artistic unity. But no one can point to a situation in his novels which is false to the probabilities of human nature. His characters talk and act precisely as such persons would naturally do. The consequences of their lives are exactly what might be expected from their principles and conduct. The tragedies of the unfortunate, the retributions of the vicious, the compensations of the virtuous are no greater and no less than one discerns in ordinary life. If we think the wicked ought always to be punished and the good ought invariably to be rewarded in a universe which is strung to the principle of righteousness, we are to remember that in our world it is not apparent to our sight that they are uniformly treated after this fashion. True to

the known circumstances of life, Thackeray simply paints society as he finds it. Many a sermon fails of its mark, and many a novel is still-born, because it is deficient in this quality of veracity. It is a more difficult thing to tell the truth than those persons realize who have never undertaken to do it. The drift is in the opposite direction, as Robert Burns discovered:

> "Some books are lies fra end to end,
> And some great lies were never penn'd.
> E'en ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
> In holy rapture,
> A rousing whid at times to vend,
> And nail 't wi' Scripture."

Thackeray was never blamed for not telling the truth. He was accused of telling it too plainly. He was often censured for depicting human nature in figures too mean and unlovely, but his sufficient apology was that he drew the portraits of the persons whom he found around him. When a lady complimented him on the naturalness of all the characters in Vanity Fair except the baronet, who certainly must be overdrawn, she thought, it being "impossible to find such coarseness in his rank of life," Thackeray laughed, and said, "That character is almost the only exact portrait in the whole book." When gently chided for permitting Ethel Newcome to be bartered by her worldly grandmother, Lady Kew, for the coronet of a flippant nobleman, he retorted that the high world was full of Ethels who sold themselves voluntarily, and gave an instance from real life which he had recently met by accident in a London drawing-room. When he was denounced by an acrimonious critic for his descriptions of literary life, and accused of trying to curry favor with the non-literary classes by decrying his own profession, he responded by demanding whether literary men had not been culpable in the very particulars which he had satirized. "Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their faults adduced as a consequence of their genius? The only moral that I, as a writer, wished to hint at in the description against which you protest was that it is the duty of a literary man as well as of every other to practice regularity and sobriety, to love his family, and to pay his tradesman. . . .

Why are these things not to be described if they illustrate, as they appear to do, that strange and awful struggle which takes place in our hearts and in the world?" When he was asked at the breakfast table of a house where he was being entertained whether he had passed a comfortable night, he said, "How could I, with that Colonel Newcome making a fool of himself as he has been doing?" "But why did you let him?" was asked. "O, it was in him to do it; he must," replied Thackeray. From these instances it will be seen that he felt he must be true at all hazards. That is the eternal duty of every preacher; is it not? Still he will be misunderstood, and cursed for his pains. "Prophesy smooth things!" insists the world; and hisses instead of huzzas await the fearless preacher who refuses to compromise with evil. This was Thackeray's fortune, though he did not merit the accusation that his satires betrayed a sour spirit toward humanity. "Working in his own line," writes Mrs. Ritchie, "a week-day preacher, as my father loved to call himself, takes peaceful reiteration of daily duty for his text, and preaches the supremacy of goodness." That sentence marks off the spirit of Thackeray with exactitude. "The supremacy of goodness" was his perpetual objective, even when he was pricking bubbles of pride with what seemed to be a bitter cynicism. "He had become so urgent in the cause," explains a fellow craftsman, "so loud in his denunciations, that he did not often stop to speak of the good things around him. Now and again he paused to bless amid the torrent of his anathemas. There are Dobbin and Esmond and Colonel Newcome. But his anathemas are the loudest. It has been so, I think, nearly always with the eloquent preachers." Perhaps so, but this does not appear to be quite just to Thackeray, for when he spoke most severely the unstrained quality of mercy was always apparent. He made generous account of the native proneness of human nature to evil, and esteemed it a misfortune to be pitied not less than a fault to be condemned. The judgment of Sir Theodore Martin is nearer the truth when he speaks of Thackeray as "the only satirist who mingles loving-kindness with his sarcasm, and charity and humility with his gravest rebuke." Fundamental to all other qualifications for preaching which Thackeray possessed was his genuine love of

goodness born of the essential devoutness of his soul. When George Venables, his Charterhouse school fellow, once told him that "the basis of his character was religious sentimentality," Thackeray gravely responded that he "understood him perfectly." George Brimley says in one of his essays, "Thackeray could not have produced Vanity Fair unless Eden had been shining brightly before his eyes." One feels that this is perfectly true when he remembers that admiration for the highest type of goodness is inextricably bound up with detestation of any kind of iniquity. "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil," is the Scripture phrasing of this truth. You perceive Thackeray's loathing of the ignoble in every satire that speaks from his pages. You discover his profound affection for "the beauty of holiness" in such passages as that which describes Helen Pendennis and her wayward son Arthur in prayer together.

Thackeray seems never to have undergone any struggle with agnosticism, nor to have passed through any great spiritual crisis from which he emerged flushed with the sense of triumph over the devil of Doubt. He apparently accepted the doctrines of the Christian religion with the docility of a child, never showing any disposition to dispute the providence of God, the mission of Christ, the future life, and other essentials of our holy faith. He was so catholic in feeling that he could find excellence in any honest form of belief. He once said, "Every one of us in every fact, book, circumstance of life sees a different meaning and moral, and so it must be about religion. But we can all love each other, and say 'Our Father.'" This breadth of view led him to look with suspicion upon what he regarded as the narrowness of the ultra-Evangelical party, and to hurl at the extremists of that color some of his keenest satires. A few years after his father's death Thackeray's mother married Major Henry Carmichael-Smyth, and in later days seems to have disagreed with her distinguished son on religious questions, being somewhat addicted to the austere observances of the Evangelicals. This may account in part for his acerbities touching the good people of that school. To Mrs. Ritchie in her young womanhood he wrote, "When I was of your age I was accustomed to read and hear a good deal of the Evangeli-

cal (so called) doctrine, and got an extreme distaste for that sort of composition—for Newton, for Scott, for the preachers I heard, and the prayer meetings I attended." Then follows a characteristic little dissertation on inspiration and kindred things which would not be resented by the higher critics of our day. But it must not be supposed that Thackeray was deficient in veneration for the Scriptures. The picture of Warrington with the Bible which Mrs. Pendennis had given him in his hands is a sufficient rebuttal of that suspicion: "Poor George mournfully kissed the book as he had done the flowers; and the morning found him still reading in its awful pages, in which so many stricken hearts, in which so many tender and faithful souls have found comfort under calamity and refuge and hope in affliction." If Thackeray was not a theologian, armed at all points against the foes of orthodoxy (and he never pretended to that), he was nevertheless in love with truth, and there is not a line in all his writings which is offensive to the "pure religion and undefiled" so compendiously defined by the apostle James.

At one time, it is said, he seemed to be drifting toward Rome. He attended the sermons of Newman and Manning with great regularity, and was unquestionably charmed by the religious symbolism of the Roman communion. Finally he came to doubt the genuineness of devotional feeling "excited by music and choral services," and settled down to be a good moderate English churchman, holding to the essentials of the Christian faith with beautiful sobriety and tenderness. In a description of what he experienced in a church in Italy he says: "And here's the mistake about these fine churches, music, pictures, and splendid and gracious sights and sounds with which the Catholics entrap many people—their senses are delighted, and they fancy they are growing religious; it's a romantic wonder, not a religious one. We must set to work to love the truth with all our hearts and soul and strength, and take care not to be juggled by romanticalities and sentimentalities." His view of the life beyond was calm and serene: "A just man summoned by God—for what purpose can he go but to meet the divine love and goodness?" he asks. He dared to say of himself that he thought he had something of the quality of love in his

nature, though not unalloyed, and he added this prayer, "O God, purify it, and make my heart clean." It is recorded that one evening at sunset, in Edinburgh, a wooden crane in a quarry standing out against the sky reminded him of the cross, and in a tremulous, gentle voice he spoke the one word "Calvary," and through the whole evening talked of divine things, expressing his simple faith in the Saviour. It is said that a friend found between the leaves of a book a prayer which Thackeray had composed, and placed there, in which he asked that he might never write a word inconsistent with the love of God or the love of man, that he might always speak the truth with his pen, and that he might never be actuated by a love of greed. This prayer concludes with the words, "For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord." Those petitions, which voiced the yearnings of an honest soul, were answered. No admirer, jealous of Thackeray's good name, need ever seek to purge his writings of lines of questionable morality, for they contain none. He was a good man and a faithful minister of righteousness. Our young men and maidens can read him without the peril of becoming tainted with the lust of earthliness. They will not care to emulate the follies of Thackeray's bad men and women, since in these striking figures sin is seen to run its natural course to degradation and darkness. They will long to resemble his admirable characters, for, while his righteous people do not escape misfortune (Thackeray is as true as the Bible in this respect), they do become beautiful to behold.

Once there was a discussion among some literary personages regarding the desirability of immortality, and Anthony Trollope remarked, "There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question, but if I thought I should never see dear old Thackeray again I should be a very unhappy man." To this sentiment expressive of the worth of Thackeray we may all breathe an acquiescent *Amen*.

Art. VIII.—ERRORS OF THE FAITH-HEALER

Many crimes have been committed in the name of religion, and many follies have been committed in the use of prayer. Prayer, as a biblical doctrine, is greatly misunderstood, and the errors concerning its true sphere, as taught in many pulpits, are largely responsible for the faith-healing delusion which is sweeping over the Christian world at the present time. The theory of prayer which is prevalent in the church to-day regards it as really a means of securing God's miraculous interference in temporal and secular matters for the attainment of results otherwise impossible. This is a most grievous error. It has its origin in the mistake of confounding the Bible instructions for the use of miracle-working powers (called spiritual gifts) with the Bible instructions for the use of prayer proper.

Prayer and Spiritual Gifts. It is an unmistakable teaching of the Scriptures that the prophets possessed powers which were not possessed by ordinary individuals. They became effective when their possessor called upon God with unwavering faith. The endowment with power was the first requisite to miracle-working, but the successful use of that power depended upon the fervent prayer of faith. Soon after calling the disciples to the apostleship Jesus endowed them with miraculous powers. We find the formula for the use of these spiritual gifts quite clearly defined in the New Testament, and in Christ's own words. It comprises six factors: (1) "Whatsoever ye shall ask;" (2) "In my name;" (3) "With fasting;" (4) "That they may believe thou hast sent me" must be the sole motive; (5) "Believe that ye receive;" (6) "And ye shall have." It will be observed this formula differs from the formula for prayer proper.

The spiritual gifts in existence in the church in apostolic days were of two classes. To one class—called the inferior class by Saint Paul—belonged the various powers requisite to performing signs, wonders, and deeds of might, while to the other class—the superior—belonged the gifts requisite to the great work of preaching and teaching. Paul speaks of these two classes of spiritual gifts in

1 Cor. 12. He says, "God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, then miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, divers kinds of tongues." Then the apostle asks, "Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles? have all gifts of healings? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?" Why did Paul ask those questions? It was because some Christians then supposed, as many do to-day, that God endows all Christians with miraculous gifts and powers. Paul would save the church from that dangerous error. In further discussion of this subject Paul plainly distinguishes, in the thirteenth chapter, between the "grace of faith" and the "gift of faith." He explicitly teaches that all Christians do possess the grace of faith, though all may not possess the gift of faith. Jesus twice sent the disciples out on missions of preaching. In the first instance, mentioned in Matt. 10, he gave them "power" to perform miraculous works. He gave them instructions for the use of their new powers. He often chided them for not using the spiritual gifts he bestowed upon them.

Just before his ascension into heaven Jesus gave the apostles their final commission. It is found in the sixteenth chapter of Saint Mark. They had already received miraculous powers from him. He now uttered a prophecy concerning them and their immediate converts: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out demons, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." This prophecy was literally fulfilled, as the biblical record shows. Its fulfillment was recorded as a matter of history after the signs ceased. The signs certainly ceased, for if it were not for the biblical record we would not know from the events of to-day that the maimed, blind, deaf, insane, the leper, and the dead had ever been restored, visibly and immediately, by miracle. These spiritual gifts for working signs, wonders, and deeds of might belonged to the apostolic era, and evidently disappeared with it. Christianity, once established, would win on its merits, and would not need miracles as credentials attesting its divine origin and authority.

Jesus gave his disciples instructions in the use of their miraculous powers. We find the apostles gave their converts instructions also concerning the signs which Jesus had predicted. The most striking example of apostolic advice on the subject is found in James 5. 14-18. Saint James refers to the prophet Elijah. He encourages them with the fact that as Elijah—a man of like passions with themselves, and who was endowed with heavenly gifts—could perform signs and wonders to confirm the divinity of his prophetic office, so they should be encouraged to claim the promise of miraculous signs, that Christianity be firmly and quickly established among the heathen.

Spiritual Gifts Requisite. These instructions of Saint James applied to the immediate converts of the apostles, according to Christ's words. The formula given by the Lord for the use of spiritual gifts in miracle-working can be applied only by persons previously endowed with the "spiritual gifts." If God has endowed anyone in our own times with such spiritual gifts he may follow the formula and perform miracles, and even "greater works than these," as Jesus promised. Do you possess such spiritual gifts? It is not a debatable question. If you possess them your visible and immediate works of miracle will unmistakably prove the fact. Note this fact also: if those "spiritual gifts" be lacking you may agonize and pray until doomsday and utterly fail to perform a miracle. Death came to the camp meeting of the "Come-outers" at Woodburn, Oregon, and swept several children into eternity. They perished in spite of the prayer and agonizing and consecration and faith of those devout Christians—and why? Not because they did not ask according to the New Testament formula for miracle-working gifts, but because they totally lacked the gifts possessed by the prophets and apostles.

The prevailing opinion in the church to-day, that all things are possible to the Christian by prayer if he only has enough faith, is thought to be supported by many examples of miraculous answers to prayer recorded in the Scriptures. A critical examination of these cases, however, proves every such miracle has really occurred in connection with some individual who had been endowed with certain "spiritual gifts." There is not an exception to be found in

the Scriptures. Such were the petitions of the patriarchs and prophets and of persons associated with them. Those events no doubt occupied an important place in the scheme of divine revelation. In some cases they fulfilled the promise of God to the founder of Israel; in other instances they attested the divine mission of God's chosen servants. Such were the prayers of Jacob, Hagar, Hezekiah, Hannah, Moses, David, and others. Those wonders belonged in every case to times characterized by visions and dreams from God, the visitation of angels, prophetic utterances, and works of miracles—times which have no parallel in our own age. Such answers to prayer cannot be cited as proving "all things" are possible to the Christian through prayer. The miraculous results were all wrought through the agency and office of some person endowed with prophetic or spiritual gifts.

Spiritual gifts, and miracles wrought through their agency, have their proper place in the plan of salvation. Prayer also has its proper place and sphere. The formula for the use of miracle-working gifts should not be confounded, however, with the formula for prayer proper. The subject of spiritual gifts seems to have been overlooked completely in the many discussions of the vexed question of prayer and miracles. Let it be remembered, therefore, that miracles have not been wrought, and may not be wrought, apart from certain appropriate "spiritual gifts" bestowed by the Holy Spirit for that purpose, and the errors of faith-healing will disappear. Let the Christian discriminate between the formula for the use of spiritual gifts in miracle-working and the formula for acceptable prayer, and the whole subject will be shorn of its difficulties.

Sin and Suffering. The first mistake of the faith-healer is failure to perceive that some "spiritual gift" is first requisite before miracles can be performed. The second error consists in confounding the formula given by Christ for miracle-working with the biblical instructions on prayer proper. The third error consists in supposing the grand mission of Christ and of the church to-day is to heal the sick. This last error rests upon several unfounded notions. It is supposed that all human suffering is caused by the sin of the sufferer or his parents. Is all suffering caused by the

sin of the sufferer? If so, then all suffering must be a penalty. But if it is a penalty it must be deserved in every case by the sufferer. We know, however, that innocent babes often suffer. It cannot be a penalty in such cases. As a penalty, suffering must always follow only intentional wrongdoing. But unintentional mistakes often cause great suffering. As a penalty, suffering can be justly inflicted only when the guilty recognizes his guilt. But the innocent often suffer without any sense of condemnation for wrong done. As a penalty, suffering can be inflicted only on the guilty; and it must cease the instant pardon is granted. But we know pain often continues even after pardon is granted for sin. There is, then, a difference between suffering as a penalty and suffering as a simple consequence of the human constitution. Most of our suffering has no reference at all to retributive justice. Suffering has a legitimate place in nature. It awakens the sense of self-preservation and the love of life. Without it life would become extinct. God permitted the devil to afflict Job. It was not because Job had sinned, but to prove to the devil and to all other observers the power of God's sustaining grace in affliction.

Suffering Not the Work of the Devil. Scripture says the Son of God was manifested "to destroy the works of the devil." Faith-healers suppose suffering is the work of the arch slanderer, hence Christ came to abolish suffering. It follows, of course, if this be true, that it is the mission of the church to abolish pain by miracle. This is an error. The mission of Christ directly concerned sin, and suffering, the penalty of sin; but all suffering is not retributive. Scripture traces sin and both natural and retributive suffering to an event in Eden. Analyze that event. In it we find the slanders of the slanderer—devil means slanderer. We find man deceived by those slanders and led to disobedience. The sinner is doomed to spiritual death. A Saviour is promised. However, with the promise of a Saviour God pronounced the laws of labor, disappointment, pain, and physical death upon mankind. What, then, was "the work of the devil"? It was slander. He slandered God, the intentions of God toward man, and the law of God. Christ came to refute those slanders. Sinners can be redeemed from the power of the slanderer only when his slanders against God have

been refuted. God must be vindicated before the victim of the deception will love him. Christ in his sympathy and doctrine and suffering has vindicated God. The "works of the devil" are therefore actually destroyed. The suffering which afflicts human bodies is not the work of the devil. It occurs rather in consequence of the divine laws of labor, disappointment, pain, and physical death. These laws have been enacted by the Almighty for the discipline of a race of sinners. It was not the purpose of Christ to disturb these laws. Jesus said, "I am not come to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfill."

Holiness and Suffering Compatible. The faith-healer commits another mistake. He supposes all suffering will cease in the event of a holy life. When God promised mankind a Saviour, however, he also, at the same time, enacted the laws of labor, disappointment, physical pain, and physical death. Man may attain holiness, but it must be attained under the discipline of suffering. Holy men in all ages have endured suffering. The hardships of Elijah and of Paul were truly pathetic. The gentle virtues were brought to maturity in the humanity of Jesus "through suffering." Perfection of the Christian graces in us is, therefore, to be attained in the same way.

The Purpose of Miracles. Christ relieved suffering by miracle, hence the faith-healer thinks it was his chief mission among men. But did Christ heal the sick, being moved only by sympathy for the sufferer? If so, why did he confine himself to Palestine; did not the whole world lie in anguish? Was the abolishment of suffering included in the promise of a Saviour? Why, then, delay his coming four thousand years, only to depart after three short years of active work? If the gospel was really intended to abolish all suffering among mankind it has proven a stupendous failure even among faith-healers. They become sick, they suffer, and they die just like other people, and all in spite of their belief, their theories, and their prayers. What, then, was the purpose of miracles? In Old Testament times it was to prove the divinity of Jehovah, the divine authority of his law, and the divine mission of his prophets. The miracles of Moses, Joshua, and Elijah prove this (Num. 16. 28). Miracles had the same purpose in New Testa-

ment times. Why did Jesus raise Lazarus from the dead? Was it purely an act of sympathy? Not at all; but for the purpose, as Jesus said, "that these may know Thou hast sent me." Miracles served as proof of the divine personality and office and authority of Jesus Christ. They were afterward employed by the apostles for the same purpose, in establishing Christianity in a heathen world, "the Lord confirming the word with signs following." Paul doubtless understood the purpose of miracles. In his letter to Timothy he advised him to "use a little wine [not as a beverage, but as medicine] for his stomach's sake and for his infirmities." Paul prescribed medicine. Why did he not prescribe miracle? It was because miracle was designed not for selfish or personal ends, but for attesting divinity only. Paul was even accompanied by Luke, the "beloved physician." But the faith-healer rejects medicine, and trusts in miracle for selfish and personal ends.

Faith-Healers Fail. The faith-healer claims to perform miracles to-day. He may do so if he has been endowed with the "spiritual gifts" of the prophets and apostles. But it is a fact that the faith-healer displays no superiority over the heathen charm-doctor, the magnetizer, or the mind-curist. All his wonders have been equaled by performers who made no claim to divine aid at all. It is undeniable also that the faith-healers utterly fail to accomplish the works of the prophets and apostles as they accomplished them. It is claimed by them, however, "the power to do such miracles results from growth—and we are growing." But it is not the scriptural method. The disciples did not "grow into" the power of wonder-working. Christ endowed them with that power one day, and they went forth healing the sick and casting out demons. Such miracles as bringing fire down from heaven, causing drought and rain and earthquake; such wonders as restoring withered limbs and curing all kinds of diseases and ailments, instantly and visibly, are utterly unknown to-day. Why? Not because prayer is a failure; not because men are less holy; not because God has lost his power or his interest in mankind. But because Christianity has become established in the world, and because it is designed to win its way on the merits of its truths, and because the "spiritual gifts" of apostolic days for miracle-

working are withheld from men. If anyone has the "gifts" of Moses or Peter he can surely do their works. Here is a scriptural test—"If they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." Let the faith-healer try it.

The failure of physicians to cure their patients is often quoted to confuse thought on the subject and relieve the faith-healer from contempt. The enlightened world understands why medicine often fails. But no physical condition ever stood in the way of men endowed with poor "spiritual gifts" when they followed the divine instructions. They even raised the dead. Alexander Dowie poses as a prophet. He claims supernatural powers. But why did he fail to save his daughter from death by fire? He claims to be Elijah. Did not Elijah have power over fire? Elijah of old was tested by fire, and triumphed. Dowie was tested by fire; it was the supreme test of his life—but he failed miserably. Why did he fail? Simply because he totally lacks the "spiritual gifts" of the prophet Elijah. The camp meeting of the "Come-outers" was visited by a blind woman. They advertised to cure all who would come. But she was compelled to go away blind to her home. But imagine Elijah or Paul or Peter sending the poor woman home in everlasting darkness!

The faith-healer claims more for himself than the Bible warrants. This error is due to the fact that he overlooks his lack of the "spiritual gifts" of apostolic times. It is due also to confounding the formula for the use of those gifts with the formula for prayer proper. These errors and the preposterous claims of the faith-healer occasion scoffing at the Scriptures and are a great obstacle to the triumph of Christianity. Faith-healing is widespread in its hold upon the masses owing to the general acceptance of Scripture as of divine authority. It will have its day, but reaction will set in when the failures of faith-healers are recognized, and many devotees will land in infidelity.

Geo. H. Bennett.

Art. IX.—BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF THE ATONEMENT

Very much of the criticism to which the doctrine of the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ has been subjected, and of the neglect into which it has fallen in the pulpit and in popular literature, is due to the fact that the theories entertained in regard to it have been supported by arguments and illustrated by analogies drawn almost exclusively from the sphere of government and law. Treatises upon the subject bristle with legal phrases and suggest the strained atmosphere of the law court rather than common life. Theories of government, being more or less of human origin, share the instability which attaches to all human things. And since the days of Anselm and Grotius the opinions prevalent among civilized people as to the functions of government and the relations men sustain to society have so greatly changed that conclusions once regarded as valid no longer command assent. Consequently, with the shaking of the ground upon which theories of the atonement have been based, the doctrine itself has been thought to share their fate.

Happily, we are not now confined to one line of investigation or one path to truth. There are in this universe two permanent and incontrovertible criteria by which all theories may be tested and to which they must conform, namely, Nature and Life. These are God's great facts, indisputable, inconfutable, and eternal. In the realm of spiritual things life is the standard of truth, and its laws are the supreme rule by which all systems of thought must be measured, whether they be philosophical, religious, or ethical. For life is unquestionably the direct gift of God. Its laws are not, therefore, subject to the permutations and imperfections which attach to all human inventions. They are the same in all ages, all climes, and all worlds. They vary not with the shifting vicissitudes of changing human opinions. What may be deduced from them has a foundation solid as the decrees of the Almighty Creator himself. Now, the atonement is something which deals with life no less than with law. It is the provision which the Giver of life has made for the restoration and maintenance of a

race whose life was forfeited by sin, and its accomplishment involved the life of Him through whom all things were made. The necessity for an atonement, its nature, and its extent are proper subjects of biological study. To the questions, Is there in human nature a need of some such provision? if so, what must be the essential characteristics of such provision, and how far does this provision operate in the race? biology, the science which investigates the laws under which all life, whether vegetable or animal, is placed, should, and as I think does, furnish some answer. Nor is this mode of inquiry without precedent, since, while in the New Testament Paul discusses the subject of salvation under the light of law, John deals with it from the standpoint of life. First let us see what light biology throws upon the subject of the corruption of human nature, and the necessity created thereby of some special provision for the continuance of the race.

One of the fundamental postulates of the science is that life, if it does not consist in, at least can be maintained only by, the harmonious adjustment of a living being to its environing conditions. Under certain conditions only can any race or species exist and progress, and the struggle of existence for each creature is to maintain life under its surroundings. The more complex, and therefore the higher, the form of life the more numerous and complicated must be the qualifications and the greater the force needed to preserve it. The environment in which low forms of pulpy Ascidians find content will not suffice to develop the higher forms of animal life. As the process of evolution advances—and evolution is only a process—the emergence of higher forms of life both proves and requires new and richer powers and wider range of faculties, together with more vigorous exercise of them. If these higher forms do not adjust themselves to their new conditions, and fail to meet the higher demands, they must pay the inevitable penalty, which is either extinction or degradation to a lower level. That such failures have occurred and that the penalty has been paid has been by no means an infrequent occurrence. The fall of man has had many a prior example in the animal world. Many species of animals, after development into a higher type of life, have through some causes failed to maintain themselves at this

level, and have become fossils or parasites. The path of geologic ages is strewn with the works of these melancholy failures. There was a period when over this continent of ours many species of Marsupials, or pouched animals, existed and most forms of animal life tended to assume that type. But, of all these, every one has dropped out of being except our common opossum. From some cause the others failed to meet the demands of nature or to comply with its laws, and so paid the penalty—death. Another postulate of biology is that any fault involving any species or race at the beginning of its development, if not sufficiently great to produce extinguishment, leaves its traces in every subsequent individual of the race. The history of each race on the globe may be found recorded in each embryo of it—a history not written on fading parchment or disintegrating stone, but in the flesh and blood of each descendant. The catastrophe of failure to meet the demands of nature, or, in other words, its fall, is imperishably graven in the being itself and is visited on each newborn creature. Now, man, as a living creature, is to some extent under the same laws of biology that govern all life. Viewed in one light, he is but an animal, although the highest of the type. He is but the last round in the ladder of existence, every rung of which may be found embodied in his embryonic state. He too can maintain existence in his higher development only by conformity with his environment. Failure to comply involves either extinction or continued existence under disadvantage and with accompanying marks of his fallen state.

But this by no means completes the statement of man. He is much more than an animal. There are in him two elements, not similar, not necessarily homogeneous, save as he makes them so. Two worlds meet in him. There is a natural, earthly, psychical part, and there is a special, unique, divine part. The one is subject to natural law, originated and controlled by natural forces; is transmissible from parent to child. It is, in fact, racial, common to all who share humanity, constituting the stock and staff of humanity, forming a generic human nature. The other is supernatural; not subject to natural law, communicated by the special inbreathing of creative life, constituting each one of us an individual

and giving us personality. These two facts, the racial human nature common to the stock and the individual personality, must be kept in mind. They differ radically from each other. The one is as distinctly communistic as the other is individualistic. The essence of the racial element is that it is shared by the entire race. It is a common quality of which all, from the beginning of earthly existence, partake. The other is personal, and the essence of personality lies in exclusiveness—something which separates each one of us from every other being below or above; which makes us responsible, isolates us, and renders it impossible for any other being perfectly to share our life or assume the responsibility of our success or our failure. Brutes are things; men are persons. This duality of man is a fact of such prime importance as to deserve a moment's consideration. It does not rest solely on the authority of the Scriptures; it is confirmed by science as well. The late Professor Huxley was among the foremost biologists of recent times, but he was no friend to religion or believer in the Bible. Yet he startled and confounded his admirers by saying, "Cosmic nature" (by which he means that which is common to us dwellers in this cosmos) "is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of the ethical nature. What we call virtue or goodness" (that is, personal virtue) "involves a course of conduct which is in all respects opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process, to the protection and influence of which man owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage." No more striking proof of the dual forces in man, and of the need of something to remove their alienation, could be given, and Professor Seth, of Edinburgh, well says, "All this is not far removed from the Pauline doctrine of nature and grace, or flesh and spirit." Psychology equally confirms this duality of man. By its suggestion of a subliminal consciousness it explains the mystery of dreams, of instincts, of those abnormal states, such as hypnotism, clairvoyance, somnambulism, in which, while part of the man sleeps, the other nature is active. And literature adds its testimony, as in the well-known story of Jekyll and Hyde, to the truth underlying which we

all can bear witness. What, then, is that which makes the distinction between man and the brutes? What is the advance which in our race has progressed beyond the stage of the animal world? It is not the possession of mind, or even, I think, of a moral nature, since it is hard to doubt that the highest brutes exhibit evidences of reasoning, of emotion, even of the power of self-approval or disapproval, when responding to or resisting what they recognize as the standard of action—which in us is called conscience—although all these powers are in a very rudimentary condition when compared with man. The distinction may be summed up in the power which man alone possesses of spirituality; that is, of recognizing God, the soul, and immortality—the power of passing beyond the actual and the seen to the ideal and unseen world which lies about and above us, and in which the actual and visible float as in a sea of glory, until these ideals become the only true reality of life. Brutes see, doubtless, the coarse external facts of a picture, a statue, a person; man alone can see the ideal which incloses, encompasses, and eternalizes the facts of life. This is the inalienable endowment of personality.

If man was thus endowed with a nature capable of apprehending and communing with God, and with powers sufficient to enable him to do this, as by all laws of biology he must have been, then must that higher nature, in order to maintain its existence, be in correspondence with its environment. Failure in this respect, by all rules of this universe, can have but one issue—death or degradation. A fall (that is, a disastrous and fatal fault) in any creature of God ensues whenever the conditions upon which it enjoys existence are violated. A failure to meet the requirements of its environment necessitates, of itself, a loss of its standing. And if the essential and distinctive feature of man was his capacity to know and enjoy God, and if God was his environment, then it must follow that if in the beginning of his history there was a deliberate act of disobedience to his Creator, a positive refusal to acknowledge the sovereignty of his Maker, that was a violation of the conditions on which his existence as a man depended, and the penalty was quite as sure and as just as should follow any violation of lower cosmic law in any lower being. It was a fall, a fatal fault. And

if, while possessing the primitive powers absolutely implied in the very fact of his existence, he failed to meet his requirements, certainly nature reveals no process by which he could recover himself or regain the paradise he had lost. That there was such a fall both the Bible and all tradition assert. All the relics found of primitive man and all discoveries of archæological science do not contradict, but rather confirm, the biblical account, while universal history agrees in affirming that such a schism between man and his environment exists and has ever existed, and that man is a fallen creature. And here biology comes to depone that if there was such a fall, involving as its consequence, by all rules of the universe, death or degradation, and if despite this no such result has followed, and the existence of the race has been continued, then some special arrangement must have been inaugurated to account for so unexampled a fact. Biology witnesses that the continuance of the human race necessitates the atonement. Why such special and unprecedented provision was made no science can inform us. We can but fall humbly at God's feet and say, "God so loved the world" —"how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

As to the nature of atonement, or the mode by which it shall be effected, we cannot expect to find so much aid from biology. The atonement is a unique fact in the history of the universe, and there are no similar devices to furnish data for comparison. Sociology, which deals with society as at present constituted, furnishes analogies, but not biology. But, while theories of the atonement must be deduced by reasoning, the basis of these is so well grounded in biological facts that the soundness of the argument cannot be challenged. The continued existence of the human race on the earth is a proof that some provision has been made. Biology asserts that this provision can be of but one kind. The Being who originally exalted humanity to its high estate must anew exert his power to enable it to continue. No fallen race can possibly meet the obligations and fulfill the requirements of an unfallen one. God, who gave life, must himself anew impart life. The former experiment having failed, a fresh impulse of creative energy must revive it. He who initiated must reinaugurate. Nor, if the experiment

shall be repeated, can it be done unless under similar conditions. There must be either an entirely new race or else the same race, by the identification of the Divine Being with it, must have a new trial, to fulfill the obligations incumbent on it. And if the latter alternative shall be adopted, then, by all biological laws, the newly started race will exhibit in all descendants from the primal stock both the fault and the restoration, the fall and the recovery. Is not this a true description of what man is now?

The science of therapeutics offers to us an analogy which is fruitful of suggestions. It is a well-known fact that some of the most virulent diseases to which flesh is heir have been divested of their harmfulness and rendered innocuous by inoculation. Indeed, if this remedy were universally applied some of the most loathsome and deadly diseases might be entirely eradicated from the earth and the human race made immune. Now, what is inoculation? This: a germ of the very disease which causes the disorder is by proper means so modified and adjusted to the human system, and at the same time the system is so prepared for its reception, that upon its introduction it takes the place of the disorder, controls the organic forces, and by its vigor inaugurates a life which supplants and supersedes death. Does not this offer at least some illustration of the atonement? The only begotten Son of God became "Immanuel, God with us." "The Word was made flesh." He identified himself with humanity, "was made of a woman, was made under law," was "made sin for us." It was a real identification of God with man. That which he took on himself was the racial nature, that which is common to the human race, embryo or mature, child or adult, pagan or Christian, civilized or savage; the generic nature in which all of every sex, age, time, or condition participate. The work of Christ was the work of the race. In that he died for all, all died. In that he rose, all humanity rose. He paid the debt demanded by the laws of life, suffered the death due to sin, fulfilled the obligations to which the race was bound. This was the atonement. It was expiatory, substitutional, efficacious, unlimited. The atonement, of itself, involves the salvation of all in whom the common racial nature has not developed into a personal will. But our Lord was also a man, an individual,

a personality, under the obligations of free moral humanity, bound to observe all laws, subject to the Father, as are all of us. All, therefore, in whom to the racial nature is added the personality which belongs to adult life can continue to share in the benefits of the atonement only so far as, following Christ's example, they freely accept God's will as the law of their life. In that which Christ did for the race, all share; in that which he did as a person, they only participate who take his yoke and learn of him, for personality is incommunicable. "If when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." Holding in view these two aspects of redemption, we are able to remove some of the difficulties which seem to affect theories regarding it and to reconcile apparently conflicting creeds. It was, in those beautiful words which we repeat month by month and which form the best definition possible of the atonement, "a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." It was a real, not an imputed, *substitution*, in a realm where substitution is legitimate and permissible, namely, where results, not character; numbers, not personality; quantity, not quality, are involved. It was a necessary and actual *satisfaction* of the laws of the universe. It was a ransom offered not to Satan, as the ancient fathers contended; nor to the honor of the Governor of the universe, according to the Anselmic theory; but to the perpetual, immutable, and universal laws of life which the Creator has himself impressed and which biology investigates. At the same time it was an *oblation*, the offering in perfect freedom of will of a holy, pure, and personal life, undeviatingly, faultlessly obedient to every requirement of law—an example to be followed by every man who would be saved. From this survey it will be seen that, although approached from the standpoint of modern science and illustrated by analogies drawn from natural facts instead of legal conventions, the doctrine of the atonement still maintains its credibility; the most recent disclosures of biology proving the possibility according to natural laws of that which the revealed Word of God sets forth as fact. Our forefathers were not without visions of truth, although the windows through which they looked were fewer and narrower than

ours. And we may use the light thrown on the subject by biology to discuss the various theories of atonement, and to ascertain the truth common to them all.

The moral theory of the atonement holds that it has its effect solely on man. Denying any propitiatory element in it, this theory regards it as a manifestation in its highest form of the love of God, having its effect in its appeal to the moral nature of man; demonstrating the willingness of the Divine Being to accept and forgive the penitent sinner and moving man to embrace the offer. The objection to this theory is its incompleteness. It resolves the tremendous tragedy of the cross into a spectacular exhibition, a histrionic display. The Divine Being does not deal in exhibitions or displays. The awful sacrifice of the Lord Jesus must have had some background of profound necessity. And if the moral nature of man is so nearly in its normal state that it is capable of being influenced by such appeals, this of itself demonstrates that its condition is not so perilous as to need such a revelation of God's benevolence. And this would resolve the atonement into a superfluous and unnecessary sacrifice. Of those theories which affirm that the atonement has in it an expiatory element, intended to influence the mind and action of God as well as of man, we may say that Calvinism is strong in the firmness with which it holds that the atonement, of itself, by its own efficacy, without conditions and independently of men's choice, accomplished what it purposed —the salvation of those contemplated in the death of Christ. On this side Calvinism is unassailable. The Divine Being does not deal in mere experiments. The weakness of Calvinism lies in its limitation of the extent of God's purposes to a select class, a chosen part of the race. Such limitation is contradicted by the Scriptures, and from a biological point of view is equally abhorrent to reason. The strength of Arminianism, on the contrary, lies in its firm insistence upon the unconditionality of the atonement. It lays stress upon the scriptural declarations of the universality of redemption. And in this it has the support of biology—the laws of life confirm the testimonies of the Word. Nature and the Bible are at one in asserting that life must be for all or it can be for none. Further than this Arminianism does not go. How to reconcile the

universality of redemption with the conditionality of personal salvation is a problem which neither Arminius nor Wesley insisted on solving. One may be a consistent Methodist who holds to the facts without committing himself to any theory of reconciliation for them. The solution which is usually associated with Methodist theology is that which is known as the rectoral theory. That theory is ably set forth in Miley's Atonement in Christ, a book prescribed in the course of study, and having, therefore, a quasi indorsement by our church. That theory is thus defined by Dr. Miley: "The vicarious sufferings of Christ are an atonement for sin as a conditional substitute for penalty, fulfilling, on the forgiveness of sin, the obligation of justice and the office of penalty in moral government." Satisfactory as this theory is, in most respects, it does not fully supply that which in Arminianism is purposely left indefinite. It assumes that what the Lord Jesus accomplished for us by his atonement was a salvability, a possibility of being saved, but not salvation itself. According to this theory the atonement is effective only on compliance with a condition. It is a provision, not a procurement. It leaves it a supposable case that no human being might accept the terms, and thus atonement fail of accomplishment. This, to my mind, seems an impossibility. The mission of the Lord Jesus was no tentative scheme, no voyage of exploitation. The tremendous sacrifice of Calvary could never have been in vain. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." The assumption of human nature of itself involved a change in the relation of men to God. And even if every individual of the race, after reaching the condition of personal free agency, should reject the provisions of the atonement, no less is it true that the race as a race, human nature as nature, was redeemed. There has been a time when every son of man born into the world was a saved creature. Every child is born a redeemed child, even though he should afterward stray from the fold and forfeit his birthright. Nor does it appear, according to this theory, how the salvation of dying infants is secured. They need no forgiveness, for they have no personal sins; they are incapable of complying with conditions and provisos, for they have no personal choice. Yet they constitute one half, at least, of the race, since one half die in infancy.

That they are saved is fully conceded in Dr. Miley's work, but how, on the rectoral theory, they can be saved is left an unsettled problem; and surely that can hardly be called a satisfactory hypothesis which leaves unexplained one half of the facts which require explanation. It is here that biology aids us, by supplying that which is lacking in order to make our Arminian theology complete and by developing the full possibilities of the Wesleyan theory of salvation. Holding in view the distinction between that human nature which is common to the race, hence inherent in all, and the personal individuality into which the race develops in adult life, we can see how it was impossible that the Son of God could, by identifying himself with the race and substituting himself for it, restore it to its primal condition of acceptability with God, and yet subject those in whom this nature has developed into responsible personality to the necessity of voluntarily accepting the conditions attaching to their salvation.

From the standpoint of biology, therefore, the atonement is a reasonable transaction, involving nothing contrary to those laws of life under subjection to which the Creator has placed all his creatures, implying no irrational substitution or transference of merit, but fully in accord with the principles of divine government taught equally in nature and the revealed Word.

A. H. Ames.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A THANKSGIVING ODE

STILL thy winds, O wild November; let their angry music sleep!
Give us Sabbath o'er the city, hush thy tempest on the deep!
With the golden sheaf of autumn lifted in its stalwart hands,
At the threshold of the winter, lo, a grateful nation stands!
Up the year's long path of blessing, heedless, thankless, we have trod;
But to-day the people's altar sends its incense up to God.
Ring aloud, in spire and turret—in your windy prison cells—
Ring the morning in with anthems of thanksgiving, O ye bells!
Gather, O ye people, gather, where the ruddy hearths are bright,
And the shades of care and sorrow vanish backward from the light!
Link anew the charmèd circle of the household's broken chain;
Let the land be full of worship, and the heart of love, again;
Homeward to the festal service call the wandering child that roams:
For, to-day, the nation's altars are its firesides and its homes.
Moon by moon the year has circled, and before us is unrolled
All the season's perfect drama, as in countless years of old:
In the valley sank the snowdrift and the snowdrop sprang anew,
And, anon, Earth woke in flowers from a summer-dream of dew;
Winter, spring, and summer failed not, and she drank the light and rain,
Till the sunlit heaven lay mirrored in her waving fields of grain.
O'er the land the song of Labor, in the workshop and the field,
Forth from ocean unto ocean, in a choral wave has pealed.
Therefore, wake, in all your turrets—in your windy prison cells—
Ring the morning in with anthems of thanksgiving, O ye bells!

—*David Gray.*

IN a sermon on Foreign Missions, which argued a universal destiny for Christianity because of its universal nature, Phillips Brooks said:

If we believe that, then we may well put to ourselves these questions: What has the simpler, broader, and more natural Christianity to say to the missionary? What to the heathen? What to the false and imperfect faiths? And what will it expect as the result of missionary work?

What will it say to the missionary? It will say, "Go, like your Master, not to judge, but to redeem and save. Go, not with threats of what will come without your gospel, but with glowing promise of what may come with it. Go, and make men be, by teaching that they are, the sons of God. Go simply, naturally, not "carrying Christ" across the sea, but knowing well that you cannot find any darkest spot on earth where he is not already.

What shall it say to the heathen? "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. The life you are living is not your true life? You are made for the Light. Behold the Light of Life! Let him redeem you. Lo! through the awful cross he saved you, and you will be saved from death."

What will it say to the false and imperfect faiths? "I cannot hate you. I cannot denounce you, save as the evil of man has mixed itself with your truth. I reverence you; I pity you; I would interpret you to yourself. It is my Christ that you are feeling for. Come, let us seek for him together."

What will it look for as the result? A great free service of Christ throughout the world. Each continent, each nation, each soul, serving the same Lord in its own way, with its own worship, its own work. One chorus of obedience and growing goodness in a thousand tones, swelling up forever from the redeemed earth to the King and to the Lamb.

A CRITIC'S ESTIMATE OF PARSIFAL

A RECENT magazine writer speaks of James Huneker as a critic of interesting things in general and of music and the drama in particular, and says that, while this critic would not restrain himself if he wished to talk of literature or painting or the glyptic art, his special predilection and aptitude is for passing sane judgment on the musical enthusiasms of our time. It is questioned if any man since Ruskin has been more luminous and independent in his utterances; and it is said that a critical literature which includes the work of his curious, keen, and subtile brain cannot be regarded as savorless. Our present writing is for the sake of sampling Mr. Huneker's critical style, and also in order to dispel the notion, by which some religious people have been obsessed, that the opera called Parsifal is, if not as entirely religious as an oratorio, yet in some esoteric sense and for æsthetic souls a religious message, a real evangel. One of these æsthetic enthusiasts was Rev. H. R. Haweis, of London, who made a journey to Bayreuth years ago to attend a performance of Parsifal, and afterward wrote in his book, My Musical Memories, a description of it full of robins and doves and rose leaves, telling how he was thrilled by the fierce bursts of passion, the wild shocks of uncontrolled misery, mingled with the carnal joy music of Klingsor's magic garden. Mr. Huneker's exposure and denunciation of the nature of this opera may amaze and grieve those clergymen who defended it as a pious drama, urged church members to witness it, and in some instances had an abbreviated form of it rendered in their churches. They will be surprised, pained, and possibly instructed by his characterizing of Parsifal as "the most morbid, most nonsensical, most immoral, and most blasphemous of operas, from

witnessing which the spectator, drugged by the music, confused by the bells, and intoxicated by feasts of color, staggers away, having attended a display of the art of debauch in color, tone, and gesture"; and they will be shocked at hearing the critic add the more general charge that Wagner is responsible for having, by his example and influence, filled modern music with sensuality. Huneker says that those who go to see Parsifal see a tedious and carnal opera; they see a lot of women-hating men deceiving themselves with spears and with drugs and with old goblets and with all manner of juggling formulas, and yet being waited on by a woman—a poor miserable witch; they see a silly youth blasphemously meant in a mystical way to represent Jesus, and being absurdly treated as if he had murdered a human being merely because he shot a swan; they see this same dead bird borne away on a litter of twigs, to noble, impressive music like a feathered Siegfried; they see a maniacal king raving over an impossible wound and performing ceremonies which recall the Roman Catholic communion service. It is the height of absurdity, and Mr. Huneker wonders how people with any common sense can sit enthralled before the nonsensical nebulosity of Parsifal with its manufactured mysticism and misty allusions. The principal characters in the play are Parsifal and Kundry; the one is an effeminate lad, a callow boy, who, when he is not a simulacrum of Christ, in white baptismal robes, is a particularly silly youth, who never becomes a normal young man; and the other, Mr. Huneker tells us, is the most depraved woman in all art, a ridiculous hag, an Astarte, an Herodias, and a Magdalen, all in one: Wagner himself calls her the Rose of Hell, the She Devil. It was before such a play as this that audiences, containing many professedly Christian people, sat last year in New York and elsewhere, and absurdly maintained an attitude of churchlike awe and reverence, as if the sacrament were being administered or some other sacred ceremony were going on. The New York Sun's name for this craze was "Parsifalitis, or Purefoolomania." Wagner had purposed perpetrating something even more sacrilegious than this play. In 1849 he revealed to a friend that he was planning a musical drama with Jesus Christ as the chief character, and with a scheme too base and horrible to be repeated here. He was advised and forced to abandon his foully blasphemous plan. But he did not wholly relinquish his purpose; and Parsifal is a moderated and veiled version of his original idea—as near it as he dared to venture in any Christian land.

Concerning the libretto of this nonsensical opera, which has masqueraded as a sacred music-drama, the following is part of what Mr. Huneker has to say:

> It is a farrago of odds and ends, a very dust-bin of philosophies and beliefs, vegetarian, anti-vivisection, and other fads; an unfolding nightmare of character and events, without simplicity, lucidity, or naturalness; a drama which astounds by its puerility and vapidity, its senseless interweaving of shreds and patches from Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, and Schopenhauerism. . . . The entire work is such a jumble of creeds that future Bauers, Harnacks, Delitzsches, and other ethical archæologists will have a terrible task if this work is exhumed ages hence and taken for a relic of some tribal form of worship among the barbarians of the then remote nineteenth century. Here in America, the Land of the Almighty Hysteria, this artificial medley of faded music and grotesque forms is sufficient to set tripping the feet of them that go forth upon the mountains in search of new half-baked religions. . . . Nowhere but in Wagner and by Wagnerites would this wish-wash of gospel narrative, mediæval romance, and Teutonic philosophy be tolerated. Yet his disciples sit through it all as if listening to a new evangel of art, philosophy, and religion. In America, where new religions sprout daily as do potatoes in a dark cellar, slighter causes have led to the foundation of a new religion—witness the rise and growth of Mormonism. But the weak spot in Parsifal is its lack of absolute sincerity—the truthful note is absent. With all its conjuring of churchly motives Parsifal falls short of the one thing, faith—a faith you may find in any roadside Bavarian cabin. It is weakest in the Faith motive, and in consequence suffers ethically from the same sterility. All the scholarly and clerical efforts to make the work an ethical or philosophical message are futile.

It may be added, though of less importance and in the nature of anticlimax, that Mr. Huneker rates Parsifal as inferior in power to Wagner's other works. It was the product of old age, his final offering to the world, the work of a man who had outlived his highest power; it lacks the virile glow and imaginative force, the bold, robust, clean-cut vigor, of his earlier music. The old man had reached the end of his ammunition, and many blank cartridges are fired in Parsifal. "It is a cunning spectacle devised by a man of genius in the twilight of his powers: it is Wagner's own Götterdämmerung, the sunset music of his singular and powerful career." Would that it had been worthier!

GOD'S TENDEREST PROMISE

THE three greatest subjects for human study are God, man, and the relations between them. Whatever sheds light on them is of priceless value. As for God, he on his part is forever trying to teach us, in his word and by his Christ, of his relations and attitude toward us; and we, on our side, should make life one long effort to understand. Along every path, in any realm, on which man goes forth,

God meets him face to face and has something to say to him. In literature man meets the Bible, God's phonograph, rolling out its divine message with a "Thus saith the Lord"; in history he meets the Christ, the Son of the Living God; in science he meets the Designer, Creator, and Upholder of the universe; in personal life and experience he meets a directing, overruling Providence and a reproving, advising, illuminating, and impelling Spirit. God's revelation of himself approaches man from every angle, touches him at every point, enters every open door of his nature. Availing himself of man's intelligence and moral nature, he does not neglect man's affections as aids to the human comprehension of the Divine. The supreme instance of this is his seizing upon parental love for the purpose of interpreting to the children of men his own love toward them in the words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," and, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Of these two marvelous self-revelations of God, most of us will agree, the latter is the more tender. Indeed, in all the Scripture is there any word quite so intimately touching, appealing, and dear? In it Divine Love appeals most widely to mankind by using the most universally experienced relationship. Everybody has a mother, and from known mother comfortings we may learn something of the previously unknown Divine.

For most human beings the first sensation on hearing such words spoken by the Almighty out of heaven is one of amazement. The natural thoughts of sinful men concerning the High and Lofty One who inhabits eternity, Ruler and Judge of all, do not prepare us for such condescending tenderness. Looking upon the greatest pipe organ in the world, its huge front looming like the façade of a cathedral, we naturally expect of it an overpowering volume of sound, something like the roar of battle, or the rumble and crash of thunder in the dome of a lurid sky, or the bellowing and booming of billows on the stormy beach or in the caves of hollow cliffs. All this we are prepared for, but we are filled with delighted wonder when the tremendous instrument checks its awful force, sinks its great voice to strains as gentle as the cooing of doves, as soft and sweet as the song sparrow's notes, as tender as a mother's crooning to her babe in the twilight; tender, pathetic strains that move to ecstasy and tears. When we read the Hercules Furens of Euripides and see the gigantic hero of many mighty labors and astounding feats show his tender heart as he clings lovingly to Theseus and says, as he follows him to Athens,

"Whoso rather would have strength and wealth than good friends reasons foolishly therein," we feel a wondering admiration for Hercules which no exhibition of his strength could have given. We knew he was brave; now we know he is tender. One man remembers the pleased surprise he felt when he found big, burly Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, the Herculean punisher of pugilists and terror of roughs and bullies, writing that daintiest of all delicate descriptions in literature, The Fairy's Funeral. In like manner, but infinitely more, are we filled with amazement when in the austere Old Testament, where God reveals himself as the almighty and majestic Creator, Lawgiver, and Ruler, we find him likening himself to a pitying father and a comforting mother. We can but wonder and adore. To show his power first and his love afterward seems to be God's way; to see, as Browning did, Power first and Love afterward is the usual human experience. To make known the tenderness of the divine Love is the purpose of such passages as we find in the one-hundred-and-third psalm and the sixty-sixth chapter of Isaiah.

A loving God is a sheer necessity, equally to the reason, the moral nature, and the sensibilities of man. We all agree with him who insists that a loving worm within its clod were diviner than a loveless God among his worlds. A cruel God is intolerable, incredible; a good God or no God at all is the demand of reason and of the soul—which is simply a demand for a decent and respectable universe. It must be admitted that belief in a tender parental Deity, pitying like a father, comforting as a mother, is not always an easy thing for suffering creatures, living in a rough, hard world, bludgeoned by many a heavy blow, beaten in many a battle, and at the last killed off the earth by methods more or less severe. Yet the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, and we are at best only halfway Christians until we believe in him as we do in fatherhood and motherhood at their most beautiful best. Nothing in God's inspired Word is more precious than its anthropomorphism, making the personality of the supreme Power definite, positive, and certain; and one conspicuous value of every word of Revelation which assures us of the parental character of God is in giving us a vivid sense of the divine Personality real enough to protect us in the dark places of philosophy and theology from surrendering to the pantheist's diffused, misty, impersonal Deity, a God held in solution in the universe, or to the deist's irresponsive, indifferent, unfeeling, brutal, and wholly reprehensible Divinity. Moreover, the

double revelation of fatherliness and motherliness is doubtless essential to give us a complete conception of the parental character of God; and we are like half-orphans in the universe, living on a hemisphere and not on a globe, until we unite and comprehend both of these two revelations. At this point, it is believed by many, we are in the neighborhood of the secret of the origin and prevalence of Mariolatry in the Papal Church. Frederick William Robertson held that the adoration of the Virgin Mary was added to the worship of Christ because the worshipers had a hemispheric and not a spherical conception of Jesus, regarding him as an incomplete embodiment and representative of human nature. Robertson showed that, speaking spiritually, the human race finds itself entire in Jesus Christ, its feminine qualities of spirit as well as its masculine; and held that the antidote for the idolatrous adoration of a mere mortal woman is to preach the all-inclusive perfect humanity of Christ. Equally incomplete is our conception of God's parental feeling unless we include Isaiah with the Psalms, motherliness with fatherliness. Possibly Theodore Parker made the best point in his very imperfect theology when he spoke of God as the great Father and Mother of the world. Some years ago a misguided and unenlightened Methodist physician in Pennsylvania bequeathed five hundred dollars to the Universalist Church, "to aid," he said, "in spreading knowledge of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." What sort of doctrine had he heard from Methodist pulpits to make him imagine that Universalism had superior adaptation and ability for spreading such knowledge? Any one of the evangelical churches can do that better than Universalism, for they do not compromise everything away and remove the ethical foundations by preaching a weakly indulgent and morally imbecile Deity.

There is wide warrant for saying that human affections furnish the best analogue to enable us to understand the heart of God. This is not strange, for the best men agree to rank our affections among the highest of human faculties. They are certainly our most influential faculties; they make more history, move more energy, inspire more heroism and sacrifice, shape more lives, and fill more literature than any other human powers. They are the most beneficent; they are the source of all unselfishness; they give most joy; they render most service. Genius is not sure to bless; learning is sometimes sterile and unprofitable; power is often made a curse; and wealth may be heartless, harmful, and hateful; but when did a loving heart fail to

be beneficent and helpful? The affections do most to give meaning to life. A wise philosopher has written:

> "The sense of the world is short,
> Though long and varied the report,—
> To love and be beloved.
> Wisest men have not outlearned it,
> And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
> 'Tis not to be improved."

The affections are more tenacious and indestructible than other faculties; they survive, endure, and cling till life's end, and are often intensest at the last. Cicero bent his head, without growing pale, to the knife of the centurion, but he wept at the thought that his family would be destroyed by Clodius. The gladiator, butchered to make a Roman holiday, thinks of his young barbarians and their Dacian mother by the far Danube, when his lifeblood wets the sands and the arena swims around him. Horatius, holding the bridge against Sextus and Lars Porsena and ninety thousand foes, looks, ere he leaps into the flood, to the white porch of his home on the Palatine hill, beyond the Tiber. A convict lay dying on a prison bed at Auburn. He had grown up in a good and happy home, and moral irresolution rather than vicious wickedness led him to a felon's cell. In his sickness his thoughts wandered much, but on his last day his mind is centered on his childhood's home. He imagines that his mother is comforting him. He reaches up his wasted arm, seems to draw down to his lips her dear face, murmurs "Mother," and then, with a look of ineffable peace glorifying his wan and haggard features, sinks back content to end his wrecked and weary life with the sense of a mother's holy kiss upon his soul. Who can tell how much of this was delusion? Affirmation and denial are alike impossible. Who knows but this dying convict was visited and hovered over by the spirit of his mother, and, becoming as a little child in a final moment of sanity and not of delirium, was admitted under the Saviour's promise that so men should enter the kingdom of heaven. The affections rescue and keep and save more souls than anything else does. Yonder is a ruined old hut; the roof sags in, the walls are cracked, the windows are broken, the door is gone; evidently deserted and empty. But wait, see! A thin curl of blue smoke is rising from the crumbling chimney. That is proof that the hut is still inhabited; something human must be within, for only a human being can make a fire. So from the ruins of what was once a man we see rising some

faint sign, slight as a thread of chimney smoke, telling that all within him is not dead and cold, but that on the hearthstone of his inner being there remains something warm. It is almost sure to be a spark of affection, the ash-covered embers of a better past, revived and blown into a flame by some tender memory breathing on them, and renewing a glow of comfort in the ruined lair where once a virtuous and prosperous soul kept house. It is a token which certifies that humanity is not extinct in him; at least a remnant of manhood is left alive and may be saved.

Among human affections none transcends a mother's love, and in their commerce and ministry there is nothing sweeter than her comfortings. A father, doubtless, for many things—for practical advice based on worldly wisdom and knowledge of life, for strong reproof and stern discipline when these become necessary, as they sometimes do; but when it comes to comforting, give us—at least us who once were boys—give us a mother. Blessed is the boy who was mother-nurtured, mother-trained, and mother-comforted! One of the things which explain John Ruskin—his sensitive conscience, his fine sensibilities, his noble ideals, his pure soul, his gentle, humane, unselfish life—is the powerful influence of his mother's character and spirit, by heredity and by personal touch and training. And Susanna Wesley largely accounts for the wonderful boys of the Epworth rectory. One of the things that ailed John Stuart Mill and made him abnormal was that he was never mothered; his father and not his mother took sole charge of his home training and his entire education. In Mrs. Whitney's Hitherto, Richard Hathaway feels that something is lacking in his wife, but he cannot guess what it is until it is borne in upon him that her defect is owing to the fact that she never knew her mother. The great philosopher and cynic, Schopenhauer, would not have been a pessimist if his heart had not been embittered in early life by his mother. He always spoke of her with scorn and hatred. No maternal love sunned and sweetened his boyhood. She gave him curdled milk and turned his spirit to gall. When Schopenhauer learned that he had sat at dinner next to Lady Byron, he said: "I wish I had known it at the time; I should have liked to be rude to her." Suppose Byron had been well mothered—what a different man! He never would have written Don Juan, nor have lived so mad, reckless, rebellious, and defiant a life. If Renan had heeded the teachings, warnings, and entreaties of his devoted mother he would never have lost his faith and his morals.

If God wanted to lay hold on the most tender and potent thing in the world with which to convey to mankind an idea of infinite comforting he found it in a mother's love; and we will miss the meaning of the tenderest promise in the Old Testament if we do not learn from it, by studying a mother's comforting, what thoughts of God are warranted by his own words.

First: A mother's comforting is kindly, congenial, suited, acceptable. The bear-cub likes the caresses of its grizzly mother—she is of its kind; but the lamb would find them unsuited, unkindly, intolerable. It cannot like them, because between a lamb and a bear there is no likeness. And mother-comfortings are kindly because she and we are of a kind. The Scotch have a saying, "The mither's breath is aye sweet." So is God's, because we are his offspring, made in his likeness. He it was who breathed into our nostrils the breath of life and made us living souls; and the breath in us is his breath, one life in him and in us. And his comforting is kindly, of our kind, because he and we are akin.

Second: Mother-comfortings are freely bestowed on insensible or inappreciative objects—on children too small, too weak, too ignorant to be able to know, appreciate, or reciprocate. "Mother, do you know why I love you?" said a little girl; "because you loved me when I was too little to love you back." Also such love lavishes itself often on larger children when they are indifferent, ungrateful, hard, ugly, and hateful. So is it, we are warranted in believing, with the divine love. It also is poured out upon many who are too ignorant or insensible or selfish or indecent to properly appreciate and reciprocate. Utterly unimagined by children, little or large, is the cost of the mother's unstinted care-taking, as wide as the house and the family, covering a multiplicity of interests; unmeasured is the maternal statesmanship which achieves the beautiful miracle of a pure, comfortable, wholesome, and happy home. No more can any of us comprehend or measure the infinite reach and complexity of the care-taking Providence which arranges for the welfare of all whom God's love broods over in the world's wide nest.

Third: Mother-love is attentive, and its comfortings are instant and immediate. A minister, making a pastoral call, sat talking in the parlor with the lady of the house. Though his ears were keen, he heard no sound from above; but the mother's far quicker ear heard her only child stirring upstairs, with something in the sound that troubled her, and she left him instantly to go to her little girl. In

one of Victor Hugo's books a lost boy, wandering alone in night and storm on a desolate moor, stumbles over a mound of snow shaped like a human form. A mother lies frozen to death, having stripped herself of her clothing to wrap it around her babe. The babe sleeping warmly on the frozen bosom, being jostled awake by the stumbling boy, utters a plaintive sobbing cry. And the great novelist says, "She must have been *very dead,* not to have heard that cry." Sensitive indeed is a mother to her child's least cry. So is God. We know not whether he cares for or even notes the roar of the wind in the forest, or the ocean on the rocks, or the thunder in the clouds, or any of the noises of nature; but as sure as the Lord liveth we know he hears and cares for the faintest cry of his feeblest child. *It must be so.*

Fourth: The comfortings of mother-love are intelligent and comprehending. Let a mother alone for finding out what is the matter with a child. She is better than a doctor, for she knows what to do for a wounded spirit, a troubled heart. Her insight does not depend on words. She knows what he wants before he asks for it. Even if he cannot tell, she will read it in his look or his voice. And if he tries to tell, she will not misunderstand him. He goes to her, feeling sure she will understand. She comprehends him, and often knows what he wants better than he does. So God knows and comprehends us. Often in our vague longings, inarticulate distresses, and confused self-ignorance our appeal is like

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry,"

but the Divine Heart, which is full of fatherliness and motherliness, understands what we mean. We need not fear that he will not, for the divine knowledge is full and the divine intuition unerring.

Fifth: A mother's comforting completely suffices. What does a babe find in its mother? Literally, all it needs. Her smile is all the heaven it cares for. Her eyes are its sun, moon, and stars. Her embrace is security. It wants no other stronghold than the strong hold of her arms: they are better than battlements and fortresses. The cooing of her voice is more than bands of instruments or the music of the spheres. When we were babies, before the world got between her and us and we grew into distance and independence, we knew no want that was not met in her; we were absolutely content

with the fullness of her sweet resources, and the world and its nations were nothing to us. Later on, our cravings grew beyond all earthly power of filling, and many dissatisfactions arose within us. Between our infant rest in her and our final rest in God we travel a region in which is found no perfect satisfaction; and we shall never be absolutely satisfied again until we wake in his likeness and see him as he is. Then we shall find that his comforting suffices and satisfies like a mother's.

Sixth: Mother-comfortings are tenderest to the neediest, to the unfortunate, the crippled, the deficient, and the suffering:

> "And as feeble babes that suffer,
> Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
> Are the ones the tender mother
> Holds the closest, loves the best,—
> So when we are weak and wretched,
> By our sins weighed down, distressed,
> Then it is that God's great patience
> Holds us closest, loves us best."

Seventh: Our mother's value and the sweetness of her comforting were known to us as not unto the world. Possibly the world thought her uninteresting and unattractive. That was because it did not know her. We found in her deep riches and beauty much to be admired. All purity, goodness, loveliness were, to our eyes, embodied in her; and having seen them there we never could disbelieve in their reality. Dark days may come and faith be hard pressed in this evil world, but he who has a pure, good mother's memory to hold by, when the world grows thick and bad and he feels out for virtue, will not grow disbelieving, cynical, misanthropic, pessimistic. Tennyson's mother was not a brilliant woman, but on the day when he buried her body in Highgate Cemetery he requested Bishop Bickersteth, who conducted the service, to return with him to his house; and through the afternoon he poured out love and praise upon his mother's character and life; and when the bishop rose to leave, Tennyson said to him, "I hope you will not think I have spoken in exaggerated terms about my mother; for indeed she seemed to me the beautifulest thing that Almighty God ever did make."

> "Happy he
> With such a mother! faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him."

But not all the great Laureate's affluent mastery of language could

have made the world see the fullness of riches he found in his mother. And in like manner, though the fullness of the Godhead dwelt in Jesus Christ, the world could not perceive it. Only those who loved, listened to, lived with, and obeyed him could see what was in him, and say with unsealed and discerning eyes, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "How is it," said the disciples, "that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?" Because they had eyes to see, minds to discern, and hearts to understand, and the world had not.

Eighth: Mother-love is unwearying, undespairing, unfailing, and her comforting waits everlastingly to bestow itself on her child, however erring, rebellious, and unworthy. A wayward daughter left her country home for wild and vicious ways in the city, breaking her mother's heart. Sickening at last of the paths of sin, she turned homeward. Reaching the door long after midnight, and, finding it unbolted, she lifted the latch and walked in to be clasped in her mother's arms and to have her cheeks wet with her mother's tears as well as with her own. "Why was the door unfastened, and you here all alone?" she asked; and the mother answered, "That door has never been bolted since you went away, my daughter, lest you should come and find it locked and go away again." A certain man who went to hear Francis Murphy, the temperance advocate, speak, found himself wondering, on the way, what sort of a mother this man had, and whether her memory or influence had anything to do with his reformation. When the reformed drunkard rose to begin his address he said hardly anything before he began to talk about his mother, telling how she laid her hand in blessing on his head when he left the home cottage in Ireland for America, and telling how, when he found himself locked in a cell, his first thought was of his mother. He could almost see her weeping for him and hear her pleading with him. On his first Sunday morning in the county jail at Portland, Maine, when he stepped out of his cell to the religious service held there by Captain Sturtevant, the first words he heard were, "His mercy endureth forever." He said to himself: "God's love is like mother's; it never fails. I've been grieving my two best friends." He was melted; his sore heart grew contrite; and by thinking of his loving mother and of the merciful God he was saved.

All that we have been saying sheds light on the high office and function of a mother. Her business is to interpret God to her children by giving them such experience of maternal comfortings as shall

help them to comprehend how deep and rich and dear a thing God means in that tenderest promise given to his earthly children, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Mrs. Browning's unpitying paternal parent did not help her to comprehend the meaning of the psalmist's words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" but that she was well mothered is indicated when she writes of God thus:

> "I feel that His embrace slides down
> By thrills through all things made;
> As if my tender mother laid
> On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
> Half waking me at night, and said,
> 'Who kissed you through the dark?'"

What sort of a mother Thomas Carlyle had is reflected in the fact that when he was aged and feeble, burdened with the weight of years, and left lonely by the death of his wife, talking one day with a friend about his weakness and desolation, the old man burst forth in a tremulous voice that was half humor and half sob, "It's a mother I want." One wishes somebody had been there to sing to him the quaint sweet words of the Scotch song:

> "Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
> I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;
> For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
> And he carries them himsel' to his ain countree."

Not unnatural, silly, unworthy, or unwarranted is the longing of one weary soul, worn and spent by life's long strain and struggle, who longs to find herself soon,

> "Forever and forever sheltered in a blessed home,
> And there to wait a little while till all the rest shall come,
> And to lie within the light of God like a babe upon the breast,
> Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

There is sanity, reason, and the logic of common sense in the words of Mark Guy Pearse: "It is reasonable to trust the Power that has made a mother. To me a mother is the 'Fear Not' of Nature, half a redeemer, a certificate and guarantee of God. I will trust the Power that makes a mother." He who creates mothers gives to us distincter and more articulate reason for trusting him in that tender promise in the pages of Isaiah, found in the heart of the austere Old Testament like honey in a cleft of the rock.

THE ARENA

HOW CAN WE KNOW GOD?

"Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" So queried Zophar of the patient man of Uz. And the interrogation is still being put by multitudes of men who, in the busy whirl of life and in constant touch with material things, are ofttimes led to think that the Infinite has withdrawn himself and cannot be apprehended by the finite. "The wicked hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it." And even the man of good purposes and high aims, as he sees the plans of corrupt men prosper, is tempted to conclude that God has withdrawn himself from the affairs of men. We do not always discern the hand of the Father in what others refer to as his providences.

"Careless seems the great Avenger;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God amid the shadows, keeping watch above his own."

There are those who tell us we may only find God in his works. We are to "look through nature up to nature's God." Partly true—nature teaches us many things about the Almighty. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Paul told the Romans they were without excuse for not knowing God, because "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." Man can read in the works of nature God's glory, his handiwork, his power. Though he may grasp many truths about him through the book of nature, he cannot thus "find out the Almighty unto perfection." How little we know of her secrets!

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you there, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

We cannot understand the tiny flower. Its roots take hold upon secrets too deep for us; its leaves and petals reach upward to truths too high for our comprehension. No wonder, then, we cannot understand the head of creation—man; and less wonder we cannot comprehend the One who made the flower, man, and all things else.

Must man, therefore, give up his search after God? No, for man is more than intellect. Zophar approached Job through the intellect—"Canst thou by searching find out God?" But Elihu knocked at the door of spirit and said, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty

giveth them understanding." Man may know God through his spiritual nature. The "point of conduct" is not in man's intellect, but in his spirit. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The spirit of man can receive the things of the Spirit of God. "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." We know our brother man because we have the spirit of a man; we may know God because there is that within us to which God can reveal himself. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." "Eye hath not seen [instruction by observation], nor ear heard [oral instruction], neither have entered into the heart of man [human philosophy], the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." The Holy Spirit makes us acquainted with God. Jesus revealed the Father God unto us—"he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." But when he passed out of the sight of men he gave the promise of the Spirit, who would further reveal God unto them.

"Speak to him thou, for he hears,
And spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is he than breathing,
And nearer than hands or feet."

We may only partially, and very imperfectly, apprehend God in nature and in providence; our minds do not grasp him there. But we touch him in the spiritual life. "The inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." The Holy Spirit interprets God to our spirit.

The writer once enjoyed the privilege of joining a party who were being conducted through an art museum by the director of the institution —a man thoroughly qualified for his position, and at the same time a most entertaining speaker. We had often before visited that gallery alone, and with the aid of a catalogue had gained some knowledge of the artists and their masterpieces; but as we followed the director that day from picture to picture, and were enabled to look into and through the canvases, they took on a new life and interest, and it was certainly an experience of great enlightenment. Thus we have thought it is with the Holy Spirit. Nature teaches us some things about God, the Scriptures shed their light upon his character, the Saviour represented him to us, but the Holy Spirit is the director who brings out the truth about God in a manner not otherwise revealed. "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; . . . he shall glorify me."

"God is not far away; he is at hand,
Where souls may touch and have him as their own;
He does not in a distant heaven stand,
But very near us, making hearts his throne."

Detroit, Michigan. WILLIAM H. VENN.

HAVE PROTESTANTS ANY INTEREST IN WICLIF?

To a Protestant divine who writes in a Catholic paper a series of articles condemnatory of Wiclif.

I WAS greatly interested in your series of articles on Wiclif, especially as I went over the same ground myself a few years ago, and as you reached in some respects just opposite results. I tried at the time to retrace my steps, and find out by a new search how the matter stood, but I was then and have been all summer deep in a study which it was impossible to put aside. I could not therefore verify my and your conclusions. I noticed you based your judgments on the conclusions of the Constance fathers on Wiclif, which, as they had not been withdrawn or repudiated, you allowed to stand. That is like judging Wesley by Lavington, or Sumner by Brooks. Many of the things said by his opponents were never denied by Wesley. Doubtless many of them were true, but they were out of connection with his work, life, teaching, as a whole, and so gave a false view of him. Others, especially slanderers of his moral life, Wesley simply would not notice. Wiclif in many respects was a mediævalist. His doctrine of Dominion was scholastic and feudal, distorted by the influence of a misinterpretation of the New Testament doctrine of stewardship. But with all this, he carefully guarded the rights of property and the rights of rulers, and taught implicitly obedience to the powers that be. I do not remember that this came out at all in your series of articles. Wiclif, with all his scholasticism, was working toward a profoundly true and Christian conception of Dominion, as he called it, and our twentieth century, with its new view of social obligation, ought to be able to do justice to his broken light.

It is the fate of reformers to exaggerate in their denunciations. That is the penalty of their intensity. Intensity at times is needful, but O for the catholicity and mildness and largeness of a whole view! One could hardly judge slavery from Parker Pillsbury. I wonder ought one to judge Rockefeller even from the scientific and careful Miss Tarbell? There was a moral and theological hardness and rigor in Wiclif. He had all of Christ's spirit manifested in Matt. 23. 13-16, 23-36, but not enough of that spirit manifested in Matt. 23. 2, 3, and in Mark 10. 13-16. He was too much like Paul in Acts 23. 3. Now, the Pharisees were the best parts of the Jewish people, both in their lives and teaching, and Christ was really more in sympathy with them than with any other Jewish religionists. But when the "light that is in thee is darkness," etc. Thus he thought. So when the friars, professing poverty, were rolling in wealth, with everything that came with wealth, they finally met the fire of Wiclif's wrath, who always was in deep sympathy with their ideals. Would that he had been more moderate, but that is hard, alas! in a reformer. For instance, if one would piece together your denunciations of . . . he would have a picture of a lying and degenerate scoundrel such as he would not care to contemplate. If he would apply that to the devoted and upright Presbyterian pastor in . . . , with his pure life and lofty aims as minister, he could hardly imagine you had such good reasons as you really had for

laying on the dark colors. But you know Catholic doctrine, and your judgment of . . . in relation to it is no doubt substantially correct. Wiclif knew the church, and especially the monks and friars of his age, and on the whole he painted them as they were. As to clergymen holding property, Wiclif was too much a follower of Occam and of that heroic school of poor Minorites, who felt the iron of a proud and rich hierarchy. He thought too much of Luke 10. 4, and lacked our sanity of exegesis. But really in his own mediæval way he was striking for the true Christian conception of the ministry, a body of men who forego worldly ambitions and occupations, and devote themselves wholly to prayer and the service of the Word.

I was much struck by your idea that Wiclif taught nothing that should commend him to Protestants, except to their distrust and rejection. Robert Vaughan (father of Robert Alfred Vaughan of "Mystics" fame) worked through all his printed works and all his manuscripts then available, and came to decidedly other conclusions. Lechler studied also the Vienna manuscripts, and ranks Wiclif as a forerunner of Protestantism in important particulars. Creighton had the advantage of the printed Latin works, and in his Wiclif article in the Church Quarterly Review, London, October, 1891, agrees substantially with Vaughan and Lechler. Buddensieg, who has edited some of the Latin works for the Wiclif Society, says that so far as any one in prereformation times gave an impulse to the Reformation it was he. He calls him the "great reformer who did not shrink from questioning the truth of the Roman dogma, who broke through the traditions of the past, and who was bound in his whole teaching by the Word of God, and became the great advocate of the freedom of religious thought." Taking Creighton's article as a convenient guide, I would say that we Protestants might come into sympathetic contact with Wiclif on the following points:

1. Sole sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as a rule of teaching and life, not only for individuals, but for nations, politics, and society. How the older Baptists, Reformed Presbyterians, and some other strict Protestants would revel in this last!

2. Duty and privilege of all to read the Bible, its translations into the vernacular, and its circulation among the people.

3. Belief in the people, and appeal to them.

4. God's direct call a sufficient authority to preach. That call is sufficient for any office in the church, even, if necessary, without the ordination by a bishop.

5. The right of laymen to preach, and their large actual use as preachers.

6. Universal priesthood of all believers. Creighton does not specifically mention this. It was a principle of Wiclif, though he does not use the term.

7. The church consists of holy persons, predestined to salvation.

8. Return to primitive parity of elders and bishops.

In fact, Wiclif was too much a Protestant to suit Creighton, who, you know, was an Anglican more or less high. He warns his readers against

Wiclif as being too low. "A Predestinarian in religion, a Presbyterian in church government, almost a Zwinglian in his latest views of the eucharist, he was the progenitor of the extremes of the Puritans," says Creighton, with more of the same kind. In one or two points Creighton is in error, as, for instance, in saying that Wiclif believed that sacraments are vitiated by unworthy administrators. On the whole, after reading your able and interesting discussion, one feels like asking whether there was not, after all, another side to Wiclif worth presenting to your Roman Catholic readers.

JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER.

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A SUGGESTION FOR METHODIST COLLEGES

A FRIEND of mine who is a teacher in one of the great educational centers of Methodism tells me that, to many students, one of the results of college life is indifference to the church. Since they have no local church relations they feel no attachment or responsibility for the church; they attend public worship mainly because it is required; they do not really enter into the church life, and by the time the college course is completed the habit of indifference to the church and its interests has become fixed. Some of them take up church work after leaving college, but usually there is an interval, and, in any event, the years of their college life—years in which they make larger growth than they ever will again—are irreparably lost. Often the indifference becomes permanent, and lives full of rare possibilities are wholly lost to the church.

It is easy for one who is not in personal touch with such a vital problem to misapprehend its terms, and so to miss the right method for its solution. Suggestions from an outsider are therefore regarded as presumptuous, and are subjected to an unwonted severity of criticism. But, on the other hand, personal contact sometimes confuses perception and judgment, while a little distance from the facts offers some advantages of perspective. So I hazard this suggestion, knowing that if it has any value it will not fail to find supporters: Organize the faculty and students into a church of their own, with a fit man for pastor, and let this church be officered and conducted mainly by the students themselves. Enroll the students without requiring them to sever connection with their home churches. Receive students who are not already members of the church without any probation and accredit them to their home churches on their return home.

This would give the students a church life of their own, would make them in a measure responsible for the church, and would form in them an attachment which they never could feel for a church in which they are merely uninterested spectators, and, inasmuch as we are lenient critics of our own efforts, it would tend to allay that spirit of hypercriticism of the church which sometimes attains such an astonishing development in the young student. It would send our students home with a training in the details of church work and organization which would increase their value to their home churches, whereas, at present,

training in church work is the one thing which is left out of these formative years. It would meet a want in university life which the Christian Associations never were designed to fill. It would more surely conserve the results of Christian work done in the university, by providing a church home for students from which they may go out to church relations when they leave the college.

JOSEPH W. VAN CLEVE.

Decatur, Illinois.

WHAT WE OWE TO THE WORLD

EVERY Christian who has enlisted under the banner of Christ owes to the world a happy face, as an outer semblance of the inner peace. Real religion is a living principle, and if we are going to live it at all let us walk with God, like Enoch; smiting our breast and having no confidence in the flesh, but wearing on our faces the testimony of our faith and the triumph of Christ in our lives. The one great duty of life is not to give pain; and none can tell how far-reaching a cheery word or a smile on the way is to a soul overburdened and already faint. Who can tell how many take up the burden of their life with renewed courage after meeting a friend whose happy face bears testimony to the "peace which passeth understanding"? I have never had confidence in the Christianity of anyone who fretted, scowled, and growled at each and every member of his family, whose approach was the signal for the cessation of all pleasures, and who thought it beneath his dignity to enter into the little things of life. Such faith is of the head and not of the heart. I remember well an old Scotchman who urged upon a growling, swearing employee the necessity of living a better life. A few weeks afterward the employee attended a revival service held in the village and announced that he had been washed free from sin. After a few days of restraint the old Scotchman heard his employee swearing and fretting as usual, and asked if he had not been washed free from sin. "Yes," answered the shamefaced convert. "Weel," returned the Scotchman, "go back, mon, go back. The Lord may have washed you, but he never rinsed you!" As the face reflects only the inner graces, Paul gives us a specific summary of those to be cultivated, while the purity and perfection of these graces is the crowning triumph of the peace which blesses our hearts and gives the helpful smile to our faces. He who makes a public confession of faith not only owes his support to the church and her auxiliary institutions, but he owes to the world that most rare, rich, and precious service—the wearing of a happy face!

> "One wore upon his face the smile of peace,
> As if he held communion close with God
> And loved the world and all who on it trod;
> And those who met him smiled, and thought how fair
> The world must be to him, and straightway there
> Rose in their hearts a glad thanksgiving hymn."

RUTH STERRY.

Roselle, New Jersey.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

AFTER THE VACATION

THE whole world seems to take a rest during some part of the summer. This applies to all employments. The merchant prince, the professional man, the mechanic—all have more or less rest during that part of the year, or at least are able to secure it if they so desire. In some cases, while it is quite short, there is a feeling of recuperation which adds to one's helpfulness both in mind and body. It is true likewise of the ministry that they need to take a brief rest and thus recuperate for the winter's toil. After the vacation period the question that arises is, What next? The first thing is to refresh the soul in proportion as the body has been refreshed. There is a tendency to lose spiritual interest, in the various forms which the vacation takes. Of course, much time has been given to rest, and some to amusement, but it has been chiefly intellectual rest and physical rest. The religious fervor has often been weakened, and there needs to be a new awakening of the soul life to place one's self in harmony with the work to which ministers are called. They need to read some stimulating religious books to get in contact afresh with the spiritual life of the church, to feel anew the pulse of the everyday people, and to awaken in themselves the zeal which perhaps has rested during their absence from home. The physical rest which they have had is helpful because it puts the body in a condition for active service, and the soul should be in condition for spiritual labor as well.

A further duty after the vacation is to take a survey of the field of work for the year. Perhaps the conditions of the church are somewhat different from what they were last year. The conditions of the people may have changed somewhat, new interests have come, new forms of amusement possibly have arisen, new opportunities for service have opened. It will be well for the minister to resurvey the ground and grasp the situation, as the business man resurveys the field of his operations, and with this new survey it is necessary to make new plans. One cannot work without a purpose, nor can he work at his best without a plan. This plan should not be so iron-clad that he cannot modify it or even break it, but he ought to have such general plans as will enable him to work with definiteness. There should be a plan with reference to the prayer meeting and with reference to the social meetings. Plans of study should be mapped out and a general outline of the work of the year should be made. All this requires foresight and forethought in order that one's usefulness may not be hindered by indefiniteness either of thought or work.

It is further needful that there should be concentration of labor. He must not undertake to do too many things. Especially, the minister

should be careful to attend to the essential things of the church. His aim should be to do the work given him to do. The minister first of all should concentrate on his preaching. It is his greatest sphere of influence. It is a proof that people are helped when they love to hear the gospel. He must also concentrate on his pastoral work. During his vacation possibly the people have been away, or they have loosened their hold somewhat upon church exercises. There is no way to remedy this but by pastoral visitation. He must renew his associations with his people, understand their feelings, acquaint himself with their troubles, and thus be able to minister to them in sacred things. It will be a renewal not only of friendships but of ministerial counsel, which will be highly appreciated by them and very effective in promoting his usefulness. The Sunday school, too, will need his special attention. While others manage its interests more directly, the minister will see to it that all its appliances are in excellent condition. Its library, perhaps, may need refurnishing for the winter, some of its classes need reorganization. He can be very helpful to the superintendent and others in this work. Thus coming from his vacation he will find this and other interests requiring his attention. He has received freshness of mind and vigor of body and readiness to engage in religious work, so that he will have had a profitable summer, and one thus spent will be far more profitable to his people than if he had spent it at home with the regular routine of church service. The progress of the world is not hindered, but helped, when people everywhere have some time in which to rest from the ordinary cares of life.

THE OPENING OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES—THE RELATION OF GREEK TO A THEOLOGICAL COURSE

One cannot fail to notice the added interest in theological schools in all branches of the church. Formerly it was colleges and universities chiefly that attracted attention. They still attract much attention, their opening days are considered times of great importance, their curricula are freely discussed in the public press, and what they purpose doing is deemed of much public interest. The colleges and universities of the country have thus far held the right of way while the theological schools have scarcely received attention. There is a certain reason for this in the fact that theological schools are a later development. For many years theological study was either pursued as part of the university discipline or under the advice of a senior preacher, not unlike the way in which physicians and lawyers were educated many years ago. All denominations at the present time, however, have felt it incumbent upon them to establish special schools for the training of their young men for the ministry. The advance in the training for other professions and the increase in general knowledge has been such that the church has concluded that the most careful training should be given to the young men preparing for the ministry not only in the scholastic preparation needed, but also in the discipline of the church and in the subjects relating to the pastoral office.

Hence it comes to pass that the opening of theological schools is named in the public press; the numbers attending them, their courses of study, and their attitude toward truth are also carefully gone over and considered, and this interest is manifested outside of formal church lines as well as in the church.

The object of this paper is to call attention to one of the difficulties in theological education growing out of the omission of Greek in the college course by so many young men who afterward enter the ministry. There are various reasons, perhaps, for this omission. One reason may be the fact that there is a prevalent feeling that Greek is not needed for practical use, and the classics are not now, as formerly, of special value for culture. It is claimed that the substitution of modern languages for Latin and Greek will produce as much culture and at the same time prepare the student more directly for the active work of life. But this is an open question, and one which it is not necessary to enter upon at this time. Whether there are any languages which serve the purpose of culture as efficiently as Latin and Greek is doubtful in the view of the writer of this paper.

Another reason for the failure to study Greek in the colleges on the part of our young men is that quite frequently they do not decide to enter the ministry until at the close of their college course. They may have entered college with some other profession or business in view, and hence have omitted either one or more of the classics, deeming them unnecessary for the work they had in mind. A revival in the college or some special spiritual influence has come to them which has changed their purpose, and after their college course is completed they decide to enter upon the work of the ministry.

A further reason is that the courses of study for graduation are often arranged so as to give the student the diploma of the school without the classics. The young man can be a graduate of a college or university without a knowledge of those things which formerly were considered absolutely essential in order to receive the degree of A. B. Thus many young men on beginning their studies for the ministry find themselves without a knowledge of the Greek language, and it becomes necessary for them to supply that lack under great disadvantages in order that they may pursue the full curriculum laid down for students in all our theological seminaries.

Perhaps it may be said that in the new condition of things such preparation is not necessary, as the English Bible is now so thoroughly studied. It is the English Bible which ministers are expected to employ in their work, and from which in English-speaking countries they are expected to take their texts and preach their sermons. The officers of a theological school are familiar with the objections made by many earnest and capable young men to taking Greek and Hebrew as a part of their courses. Some of them have been told by older ministers who have gone through the course of study that the knowledge of these languages has been absolutely of no use to them; that they have forgotten all the Greek and Hebrew they ever knew and have not looked in a Greek Testa-

ment or Hebrew Bible for years, and yet they have been successful in their ministry. They seem to think, consequently, that this part of their training was unnecessary. This argument is certainly a weak one, because the benefit which they secured from the study of these languages did not involve the technical remembrance of them in after life, but is evidenced in their ability to use more successfully the material within their reach for sermon preparation. The study of the languages in which the Scriptures were written is desirable in itself. The culture that proceeds from linguistic study goes along with this practical study of Greek and Hebrew. Although without the finish of classic Greek, New Testament Greek is in itself a dialect which calls forth the linguistic temper of the student. Although not as complex as the classics, Hebrew has the cultural element which cannot be ignored.

It is also the shortest road to the comprehension of the English version. No commentary can furnish the student with such an insight as to the meaning of the English as an ability to understand the Greek or Hebrew. Take, for instance, the study of Hebrew. It is a short language to master in its general meaning, and the time devoted to its study will be much more effective in preparing the student to understand the English than if it were devoted to the study of the English Bible itself. The English Bible is admirable for study at all times, and whoever studies it with care will find it rich in results to the soul and mind. It is especially useful in the broader vision and general analysis of the books, but in order to comprehend the deeper meaning of the English the shortest possible road is by the mastery of the original languages of which it is a translation.

There is a further value in the study of the original languages in that it enables the student to read and master the commentaries and other books based on the original Scriptures. The critical works on the Scriptures are produced with strict reference to the original languages and not in relation to their translations. It is well, therefore, that the student should be able to understand them. One can readily mention commentaries, rich in suggestiveness, which cannot be employed by the person who has not at least a fair knowledge of the original languages of the Scriptures. Many of the critical writings which a minister needs to know —indeed, must know in order to meet certain conditions in the thought of the times—are based on the original languages and can be found nowhere else. The ability of the young man to handle these is of the utmost importance and can be secured only in this way.

The point, however, for which this article was begun was not to argue the importance of studying Greek and Hebrew in our theological schools. This is accepted by them all. The original languages form the basis of interpretation in all our schools. A matter that concerns us just now is that, by virtue of the present educational methods, a number of young men who are called to enter the ministry find themselves without Greek when they come to enter upon their theological studies, and consequently are at the beginning seriously embarrassed.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

HILPRECHT AND THE NIPPUR TABLETS

It will be gratifying to students of archæology, especially to those who have learned to honor Professor Hilprecht and to respect his learning, to know that the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have unanimously approved the report of the committee appointed by them to investigate the charges preferred against the celebrated archæologist and have completely exonerated him from the same. Many of our readers will recall the bitter controversy in which the professor was charged, if not directly with willful deception, with, at least, very unscholarly and unscientific procedure in connection with certain discoveries at Nippur, and especially with having tried to pass off certain cuneiform texts as part of the find of the so-called fourth expedition of the University of Pennsylvania at Nippur. Our readers will also recall that nearly twenty thousand tablets were dug out from the supposed temple of Bel by that expedition. Of this large number, for reasons not apparent, not one, we are told, has been published by Professor Hilprecht, while, on the other hand, three texts acquired from dealers in antiquity or otherwise have been given to the public as genuine ones from the Temple Library at Nippur. These three, according to the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, rector of Saint Michael's Church, New York city, a gentleman of wide learning, and an experienced archæologist, "were discovered years before in cities far removed from Nippur." Professor Peters and other scholars interested had a perfect right to ask why this immense number of tablets, discovered in 1900, or at least a portion of them, have not been published; why, in place of these, Hilprecht has seen fit to publish, as specimens of his Temple Library, at least four tablets which are not genuine.

Our readers will agree that the question of the genuineness of half a dozen inscriptions, more or less, is a very small matter compared to the genuineness of nearly twenty thousand tablets the origins of which are not doubted; for here we may state that all parties to the controversy are agreed as to the genuineness of this vastly greater number, and that they were dug out from the ruins of the great mound in Nippur in the early part of the year 1900. Those hostile to the professor further charge him with ungenerous treatment of his associates in the excavations. Indeed, they go so far as to say that, though he claims all the glory for the discovery under discussion, he is not entitled to any credit whatever for the remarkable find. They further assert that he is entirely mistaken as to the nature of the contents of the tablets, insisting that they are in no sense of the word, as Hilprecht maintains, a temple library, but rather simple records of business transactions, not essentially different from many other collections found on other sites. If, as Dr. Peters states in a letter to the New York Times, the tablets are carefully kept from the

eyes of all other scholars, it will be difficult for the average reader to understand how any except Professor Hilprecht can form any idea as to their contents. To say that they have not been accessible to other Assyriologists is, if we are correctly informed, a statement which cannot be substantiated. This, however, is true: the large collection of texts were brought to light, and boxed up ready for shipment, by Mr. H. W. Haynes and his Arab workmen during the months of January and February, 1900, while Professor Hilprecht did not reach Nippur till March of the same year. While this is not disputed, it must be remembered that Hilprecht, though not on the very site of the excavations in person during the first two months of the year, was nevertheless the responsible head of the expedition, or, as he says in his book, "the representative of the committee and with the full powers of the committee." Having been on the ground several times before, and perfectly familiar with the mounds and the nature of excavations, it may be presumed that, though not on the spot at all times, he nevertheless did plan the work and directed the excavations. This, however, is admitted, and yet as scientific director he must have been responsible for the proper execution of the plans of the committee.

As to the nature of the library, all will agree that Professor Hilprecht has more knowledge of the contents of the tablets than any other man living. Nor will it be disputed that he is a profound scholar, a perfectly competent authority on questions of Assyriology. His peers in this field may be counted on the fingers of one hand. He stoutly maintains that the tablets constitute a temple library, and that they are not, as his critics declare, the ledgers of some great commercial firm, or even state or municipal documents, such as deeds, leases, or public records. Even admitting that the professor is absolutely correct, it is nevertheless to be regretted that it has been his pleasure to keep the public in suspense for so long a time before publishing a goodly portion of these texts. Had he given but a few of them to the public, we might have been spared a long and bitter controversy reflecting upon both his scholarship and moral character. To edit and translate the entire collection would have required many years of incessant toil; nevertheless, specimens might have been given to the learned world, at least enough to satisfy his fellow Assyriologists on both sides of the Atlantic of the correctness of his position.

Here we should state that the professor has exhibited before the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia tablets which "are apparently of purely literary character," and, what is more to the point, Dr. Radan, an Assyriologist of some reputation, has selected "at random" some three hundred tablets out of the immense collection and has subjected them to a careful examination. This gentleman declares without hesitation that Hilprecht is absolutely right in his position, and that the tablets are not of the contract variety, or concerned with business, private or public, but rather treat of astronomy, astrology, history, mathematics, education, and religion. Of the religious texts there are a number of psalms or hymns, as well as incantations or formulas for the warding off of evil spirits and

the like. It is well known that magic and kindred things were practiced extensively in the religious rites of the Babylonians and Assyrians. There were also numerous tablets of an educational nature, such as copy books, syllabaries, and bilingual texts. This is quite natural, since it is known that the priests, in addition to their priestly functions, had charge of the education of the youth.

Our readers need not be informed that as early as 1850 and 1853 Layard and Rassam discovered at Nineveh what they called the Royal Library. The founder of this library is not known, but it reached its period of greatest glory during the reign of Ashurbanipal, 668-626 B. C. This monarch "sent scribes to the ancient cities of Babylonia and Assyria, where libraries existed, to make copies of rare and important works for him." A large number of tablets from this library are now preserved in the British Museum and are marked, "Copies from the original in the Temple Library of Bel at Nippur." This proves conclusively that there was just such a library at Nippur as the one which was dug out of its ruins in the early part of 1900, and which Professor Hilprecht regards as a temple library.

But, to return to our subject, Dr. Radau, while disclaiming any personal interest in the controversy or any special friendship for Professor Hilprecht, states unhesitatingly that in his "expert opinion" the tablets under discussion are all that Professor Hilprecht claims for them—a portion of the ancient Temple Library of Bel. He further informs us that he examined these documents merely in the interest of science or exact learning, without any suggestion whatever from the professor, and even without his knowledge. In this bitter controversy the personal element has played too prominent a part. The difficulty is one of long standing, though it did not reach the acute point till some two years ago. Dr. Hilprecht's reports should have contained more magnanimity. This is especially true of his Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century, published in 1903. This work, excellent and valuable as it is, has certainly too much vinegar and pepper. The derogatory remarks and patronizing insinuations concerning Mr. Haynes, Dr. Peters, and other collaborators are decidedly acrimonious and caustic, and it goes without saying that such ungenerous words add nothing to the value of the book either from a literary or a scientific standpoint. There is a vein of the uncharitable running through a large portion of this beautiful and instructive volume. In this regard the chapters from the pen of Professor Hilprecht stand in marked contrast with those written by Hommel, Jensen, Steindorff, and Benzinger.

We may say in conclusion that American scholarship, while deprecating this bitter controversy through which we are passing, may nevertheless feel proud of the discovery by American archæologists of so large a collection of such ancient cuneiform inscriptions, no matter whether Hilprecht, Haynes, or some other person is entitled to the greater credit. There is glory enough in the discovery to distribute among all those who participated in the excavations at Nippur. The learned world owes a debt of gratitude to the University of Pennsylvania, William Hayes Ward,

Peters, Harper, Haynes, Hilprecht, and several public-spirited citizens of Philadelphia for the great work done during the past twelve years among the ruins of ancient Nippur.

EXCAVATIONS AT GEZER

MR. R. A. MACALISTER'S last report from the site of the excavations at Gezer is interesting chiefly for the account and description given of another cuneiform tablet discovered at that place last spring. It is to be regretted that the tablet is in a fragmentary condition. Nevertheless enough is left to show the nature of the document. It is evidently a deed for real estate. Owing to the mutilated state of the tablet the location of the property transferred cannot be made out, though other circumstances favor the conclusion that it was in or near Gezer. The tablet is of light brown, coffee-color, measuring one and a half inches high, two inches broad, and two thirds of an inch thick. The perfect tablet must have been twice as long. It is inscribed on both sides, having eight perfect lines and three others, more or less mutilated. It has the customary formula of an Assyrian deed of sale. That which has been deciphered, beginning with the obverse, has been rendered thus:

1. The seal of Natan-jan [Nethaniah].
2. The owner of the field.

[Here are three impressions of a seal.]

3. (The area) of the field next to Sinî.
4. (The area) of the field next to Sinî.

The reverse:

1. In the presence of . . .
2. In the presence of Bu-sik-is.
3. In the presence of Zêr-ukîn.
4. In the presence of Nergal-sar-usur.
5. In the month Shebab, fourth day.

Lower edge:

1. Eponymy of Achi-ilai.
2. *Saknu* (governor) of Carchemish.

The discovery of a similar tablet on the same site and in the same stratum was noticed in this department some months ago. At that time we mentioned the fact that Professor Sayce and some others expressed a doubt as to the genuineness of that document. It is therefore a source of gratification that this second tablet has been dug up on the same spot, and that the date on the two documents is the same. The eponymy of Achi-ilai is placed at 649 or 648 B. C.

These two tablets prove conclusively that Assyria was the ruling power in this portion of Palestine about the middle of the seventh century B. C. This is in perfect harmony with Hebrew history as recorded in the Old Testament. This leads us to remark that without any exception, as far as our knowledge goes, no archæological discovery has yet been made in Bible lands which in any way contradicts any portion of the Book.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Paul Wernle. This name is not unknown to these pages, but now that he has attempted to popularize the results of recent investigations of the sources of the Life of Jesus (Die Quellen des Lebens Jesu, Gebauer-Schwetschke, Halle a S., 1904) it is worth while to notice his attempt in this direction. His results are extremely radical, and yet he leaves much, and along the way to his results he establishes much, that most of us hold dear. According to him the synoptic gospels, which are our only sources worth considering, were written with so much of the personal subjunctivity of their authors injected into them that it is utterly impossible to write from them a Life of Jesus. Only of the very fewest of the words of Jesus do we know the when and the where. Consequently we cannot possibly trace any inner development in his consciousness. It is impossible to distinguish a Galilean and a later Jerusalem period in his career. One clear point is that he did not make known to his disciples the doctrine of the Messiah at the beginning, but at a later period. We may gather from Mark that Jesus did not foresee from the beginning his own death. We are not altogether without material for a history in individual instances, but the outlines of his life are entirely undiscoverable because the earliest disciples cared nothing for the historical connection but only used his words and deeds to awaken faith and produce obedience. The principal difficulty in our way is found in the fact that not Jesus himself but the faith of the primitive church is set forth in the gospel records, and that this, not Jesus, is the object of all study of them. The faith of the early church centered around Christology, the future world, miracles, the right attitude toward the law and the Jewish people, and in all these we have the greatest difficulty to find Jesus himself. Through the great titles "Christ," "Son of God," "Son of man," the primitive church sought to make clear, on the basis of their Christ-glorifying faith in his resurrection, their views of the person of Jesus. But how Jesus himself looked at the questions which interested the early Christians it is more difficult to determine. To say that he was conscious of no Messianic calling would be extreme, but when he began and under what circumstances to first feel this consciousness, and how he conceived of his Messiahship—whether he called himself the Son of God and in what sense; whether the title "Son of man" was applied by him to himself; whether he definitely predicted his own second advent—these are questions which we can only answer with an approach to certainty, because in these matters we have nothing but the faith of the early Christians to depend upon, and we know that that faith was not in all respects the faith as taught by Jesus. But all these points are not the principal ones. The principal questions are how Jesus thought of God, the world, and man; how he answered the questions,

What does God prize? What is religion? On these points we know and see in clear daylight. Out of the fullness of his teachings as preserved or discoverable in the gospels Jesus speaks to us as clearly and definitely as though he were our contemporary. No man can say that on these great questions there is any uncertainty or darkness. If much that we should like to know is left doubtful we are not terrified thereby. We feel that the soul that is taken captive by this great and wonderful Being, and is thereby brought under the power of his redeeming might, must experience wholly different dispositions and feelings from the rest of us average men; that in Christ, the highest point in human history, where God and man meet the eternal with the fleeting, there must appear mysteries, miracles, superhuman conceptions of duty, although these, clad in the garments of Jewish conceptions and language, may often appear to us foreign and bizarre. The fundamental assumption in all this, that the faith and ideas of the early Christians were so wholly different from those of Jesus, is by no means proved. The highest probability is that these early Christians held essentially the conceptions of Jesus himself. And this we must believe was the case until proofs to the contrary are forthcoming.

Herman Freiherr von Soden. Much more conservative than Wernle, he still holds much the same view. The fourth gospel is to him valueless as a source for the life of Jesus, and the synoptics contain much that must be rejected. Still, he thinks that, while no biography is possible, we can distinguish certain stages in the public life of Jesus. His Messianic consciousness is an historical fact, though it was present with him in its completeness from the time of his baptism and underwent no development, as some suppose it did. In his doctrine of the kingdom of God the principal point was that it was surely coming, and he laid the chief stress on how it was to be reached. The birth-hour of Christendom was the hour when his disciples clearly saw that he was the Messiah—that is, that it was he and he alone who could redeem, perfect, lead the world to its goal. We can also trace in Jesus a distinct individuality, the chief elements of which are his humanity, his fiery yet mild temperament, his sociability, his peacefulness of inner disposition, his tolerance. He was also a poet in his view of nature, and an individualist, though not in that any one soul is more precious to him than another. The deepest element in his personality is his relation to God. He never placed himself and other men in the same relation to God, and he sometimes, though perhaps seldom, called himself the Son of God. This sense of sonship had its growth. It is uncertain whether he used the expression Son of God of himself prior to his baptism. He was the Messiah because he was the Son of God and the Son of God because he was the Messiah. The most certain traditions concerning him do not testify to his preëxistence, but there is no reason to doubt that he thought of himself as preëxistent. As to his death, it was perfectly clear to him that by his death he would accomplish what his life could not accomplish. As to the question of the

resurrection of Jesus, the truth connected with it is that the work of Jesus could not be destroyed by his death, the power of his personality was not gone, but that he appeared again on the horizon of this world, called forth a new world in which his powerful personality continued to prepare men for the kingdom of God. All this, so briefly stated, leads up to the question how this personality arose. He rejects with but little ceremony the story of the Virgin Birth as historically valueless. On the other hand, it may be asserted with all confidence that Jesus was not at all affected in his development by extra-Palestinian influences, whether by Buddha, Plato, Philo, or his predecessors. Jesus made no journeys and attended no universities. Had he known anything of the great world and its stock of information it would have appeared in his words. There is not a trace of knowledge of the culture of the Greco-Roman world or of the development of the world history. He knew no foreign literature. It is of significance, however, that he grew up in Galilee, which was open to other than Semitic influences. It is not accidental that the collection of the words of Jesus by Matthew begins with a kindly estimate of the non-Semitic centurion of Capernaum. Jesus combined in himself both the Jewish and the Hellenistic types of humanity. But with all this the personality of Jesus is not explained or accounted for. In his personality there remains unexplained how Jewish religiosity could rise to the uninterrupted communion with God; how all human coöperation in securing the favor of God could be excluded; how he could see in creation nothing but the mirror of God, and in man nothing but the children of God, and nevertheless could see all the depths of sorrow, all the filth of sin, and the threatening destruction resulting; how he could be so confident that this poor, miserable world tended toward perfection through inner development; how he could so love without fanaticism; and how, with his high consciousness of self, he could yet be free from self-seeking.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

L'apôtre Paul et Jesus-Christ (The Apostle Paul and Jesus Christ). By Maurice Goguel. Paris, Fischbacher, 1904. The author of this book, though not altogether unknown to the theological world, is a youngerly man. The book deals with a question which now agitates the theologians, namely, the relation of Paul to the teachings of Jesus. The time was when many were disposed to hold that Paul and not Jesus was the real founder of Christianity. More mature consideration has completely exploded that view. Nevertheless there are not a few who hold that Paul transformed Christianity, not alone in its tendency to narrowness among the Jewish Christians, but also with reference to the doctrines of the person of Christ and the method of salvation. Goguel's position may be summed up in the words: "Jesus never made his own person the middle point of his doctrine. He steadfastly turned his disciples toward the Father, not himself, as the object of devotion and prayer. And the weightiest fact of all is that Jesus saw in the love and mercy of the Father the sole ground of salvation." Goguel holds that Paul was ac-

quainted with the traditions concerning Jesus, especially his words. He finds numerous references and reminiscences and a few direct quotations. By a combination of Rom. 1. 21-25 with Rom. 5. 12-21 and 1 Cor. 15. 45-47, he strives to make out that the sin of our first parents was idolatry, and that God, in his wrath, left humanity under the power of the flesh as a punishment. He also suggests the passage in Mark 14. 38, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," as a source of Paul's doctrine of the sinful flesh. As to the doctrine of God, Goguel maintains that so far as it has to do with religious questions Paul agrees with Jesus, with the slight difference that Jesus thinks of God in his relation to the sinner while Paul thinks of him in his relation to sin. As to Christology, Goguel thinks that Jesus called himself the Son of man and that behind this expression there was the thought of himself as the Messiah. The expression "Son of God" was designed to set forth the mystery of his unique religious personality. But on the whole he thinks there is the greatest distance between the teaching of Jesus concerning himself and the doctrine of Paul concerning him. Paul's Christology is a product of Paul's own mind, yet it is not an invention, since it takes its starting point in the historical Jesus and is founded upon Paul's own religious experience. The Pauline soteriology is likewise foreign to the gospel as it was preached by Jesus. In the matter of ethics Paul did not differ from Jesus. As to the church, sacraments, and gnosticism, these were all foreign to Jesus and his gospel. Here Paul made an entirely new beginning; and the influences which led to his position were rather the Hellenistic tendencies of the times; especially is this true, he thinks, of the mystical conception of the church as the body of Christ into which the believers are sacramentally introduced. The book closes with a consideration and statement of the development of Christianity from Jesus to Paul and of the significance of Paul's connection with Christianity. It is difficult to characterize such a book. If we were to accept the doctrine so commonly maintained, that the writers of the New Testament were so inspired as that they may be trusted like Jesus himself, and that Jesus left much unsaid which the later writers of the New Testament brought out, we could not only accept this doctrine that Paul taught things unmentioned by Christ, but we should almost feel ourselves obliged to accept it. But, strangely enough, it is exactly those who hold the doctrine of such inspiration who are least willing to accept its conclusions. But aside from that it certainly appears that this book depends upon wrong premises for some of its conclusions. Very certain it is that there is no reason sufficient to warrant us in supposing that if Paul and the gospels do not agree we must accept the gospels, or at any rate parts of them, and reject Paul, who wrote nearer to the time of Christ than the evangelists.

Die Liebe im Neuen Testament. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Urchristenthums (Love in the New Testament. A Contribution to the History of Primitive Christianity). By Wilhelm Lütgert. Leipzig, A. Deichert, 1905. Lütgert points out that while the New Testament has been

most carefully studied, the idea of love, although open to investigation from the standpoint both of psychology and history, has been but little investigated. He begins with a chapter on practical charity in the Palestinian church, and follows this with another on the influence of Hellenism on the understanding and practice of the commandment of love. In this second chapter the principal effect arose from the importation of Greek ideas, such as virtue and friendship, and from discussions of the freedom of the will, as, for example, in the books of the Maccabees. A third chapter is devoted to the subject as disclosed in the synoptic gospels, taking up, first, the practice of Jesus and, second, the command. In opposition to Jülicher, he claims that the parable of the prodigal son is an illustration not only of the mercy of the Father, but also of Jesus. Lütgert thinks that Jesus was not satisfied merely that men should do works of love, but desired that they should love him. Three thoughts continually recur: that in Jesus God both loves and wishes to be loved, that he not only demands but produces the spirit of love, and that the love which he practices, as also that which he demands, is a conscious activity directed toward some special end. He expects more than an unconscious, involuntary activity such as might flow from a naive piety. The fourth chapter deals with the idea as it appears in the fourth gospel and a comparison with the synoptists, the result being that there is likeness in thirteen, dissimilarity in four, points. In the synoptics we find the concrete application of the command to definite cases; in John all particulars are passed by in the interest of a unitary motive and purpose. In the fifth chapter love in the earliest church is discussed. The result of the study here is that the practice was not due to the commandment but to the will of the church itself, as a consequence of which little attention is paid in the New Testament letters to the words of Jesus on this point. The work of spreading the gospel was not especially performed by Paul, but was felt by the whole early church as a duty—as an expression of love to humanity. The sixth chapter treats of Paul's conception of love. Contrary to Ritschl, Lütgert denies that the love of the Christian for God as the result of God's love for the Christian is an exclusively Johannine idea, and claims that it is one of the fundamental ideas of Paul also. He who ascribes to Paul irritation toward Peter, on the one side, and opposition to the Corinthian parties, on the other—the existence side by side in him of humility and self-consciousness—fails to understand the exercise of love by Paul, since it is just by means of this union of self-elevation and self-abnegation that the inner equilibrium is established in any personality. The Pauline conception of love is also employed here to even up the inequalities in Paul's system of thought, for example, the relation between faith and works. In the seventh chapter he deals with the Catholic epistles and the Epistle to the Hebrews. The difference between the fourth gospel and the First Epistle of John is in this, that the epistle applies to God what the gospel applies to Jesus. The eighth chapter deals with the subject of love and anger as exhibited in the Apocalypse, with the result that it is affirmed that anger and love are internally one. In other words, love at times demands anger. The ninth chapter concludes

the work. Here he opposes Harnack, who affirms that in the gospel love triumphs over the righteousness of the religion of law, since love is the only righteousness. The book is one that will well repay careful study, even though there are some things in it which one could wish were otherwise.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

Jesus as a Vegetarian. A German physician, Dr. Wilhelm Winsch, has written a number of pamphlets in which he strives to prove that Jesus was not only a total abstainer from wine, but also from flesh as food. In so doing he points out that among the relatives and early followers of Jesus at least a few were Nazarites. The Lord's Supper was so introduced —with bread and wine instead of meat—as to rebuke the custom of eating flesh. By his act he renounced the bloody offering. The early church fathers believed that Christ did not partake of the paschal lamb. But Winsch is himself a total abstainer from wine, flesh, and tobacco, and his conclusions are invalidated by his evident desire to place Jesus on his side on these points.

A New Question for French Protestantism. Besides the question of support which confronts the Protestants of France since the separation of church and state, there arises the question of the relation to be sustained between the orthodox and liberals. Shall they have separate organizations or shall they unite? The liberals are in favor of union, the extreme orthodox opposed to it, on the ground that there cannot possibly be any dogmatic basis for union. Such a basis the liberals, of course, do not think necessary. The moderate or middle party, probably the majority, think that the practical effect of a division of the Protestants would be more injurious than a union on the basis of freedom for individual opinion, and they claim that to divide now would be to confess that hitherto they were held together by the money they received from the state.

The Pope on the Liberal Movement in Austria. Although the Los von Rom-Bewegung (Away-from-Rome Movement) has been in progress now for several years, it is only in recent months that the Pope has spoken. Now he feels moved to speak the praises of Austria as a Roman Catholic power in times gone by, and to exhort the bishops of Austria to redouble efforts to stem the tide of defection. The particular occasion of papal anxiety is the participation of several young men in the universities in the movement. The Pope accuses them of departing from the fold because the Roman Church demands too strict adherence to the commands of God, while Protestantism gives greater freedom from them. This will be news to both Protestants and Romanists. But the Pope hopes that Austria will continue to be a Roman Catholic country if the bishops will only do all they can to prevent the spread of the movement.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

In the Fortnightly Review (London and New York), for September, out of the fifteen articles those on Christopher Marlowe and the Letters of Ernest Renan are to us the most interesting. The others relate largely to local European affairs. Marlowe antedated Shakespeare and in the opinion of some made him possible. His first literary work was produced in 1587, probably when he was a Cambridge undergraduate twenty-three years old. He was a precursor of the Romantics, the modern English school of dramatic poetry. His writings dispel the notion that he was an atheist. Through his drama of Doctor Faustus there sounds the cry of Conscience, Remorse, and an offended God. In Tamburlaine, his first and most brilliant work, he speaks of

> "Him that sits on high and never sleeps,
> Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
> But everywhere fills every continent
> With strange infusion of his sacred vigor."

He shows that Nature has set the stamp of nobility on man in his aspirations, his cravings, and his recognition of the majesty of the Best. Man's desire for earthly knowledge is part and parcel of a grand, unquenchable, insatiable curiosity.

> "Nature framed us all to have aspiring minds,
> Whose mounting faculties can comprehend
> The wondrous architecture of the world,
> And measure every wandering planet's course,
> Still climbing after knowledge infinite."

Old Marlowe agrees with the much older critic, Longinus, who in his book, On the Sublime, tells why the sublime appeals to us and affects us, and why we are bound to love the highest—not Lancelot nor another, but the highest—when we see it in literature, in nature, or in life. Longinus says the very teaching and prompting of Nature makes us do it. "Nature has appointed us men to be no base or ignoble animals; but when she ushers us into life and into the vast universe as into some great assembly, to be as it were spectators of the mighty whole and the keenest aspirants for honor, forthwith she implants in our souls the unconquerable love of whatever is elevated and more divine than we are. Wherefore, not even the entire universe suffices for the thought and contemplation within the reach of the human mind, but our imaginations often pass beyond the bounds of space." As a sample of Shakespeare's probable indebtedness to his predecessor, it is considered likely that the author of the Midsummer Night's Dream had some of Marlowe's earlier lines before him when he wrote:

> "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
> Are of imagination all compact:

> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
> That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

The finest description of this old dramatic poet's genius is that by Michael Drayton in his epistle to Henry Reynolds:

> "Next Marlow, bathèd in the Thespian springs,
> Had in him those brave, translunary things
> That the first poets had: his raptures were
> All ayre and fire, which made his verses cleare;
> For that fine madness still he did retaine
> Which rightly should possess a poet's braine."

Among the lines which show the sheer rhetorical majesty of Marlowe's best work are those referring to Helen's beauty:

> "The face that launched a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilion."

The Letters of Ernest Renan show him in no enviable light; in part they are an exposure of his weakness, his ignobility, and his essential baseness. Their moral value is in making plain the process by which he gradually declined toward the abyss. In brief, it is the old familiar route, the ancient road to hell—first loss of faith, then loss of morals, then shamelessness, and after that the dark and an ominous moaning of the bar when he put out on the eternal sea. Renan's mother was a woman of deep religious feelings and singular gayety of heart. Her devotion to him was boundless. In her poverty she denied herself necessary comforts in order to buy books and clothing for him; for this she would sit without a fire in winter in her lonely room at Tréguier. She might have adopted as her own the quaint words of the Old Flax Spinner in one of the folk songs of Breton: "My spinning wheel and my coif of straw and my jacket of white cloth—I will sell them all for my boy, so that he may be able to be made a priest. And my bowls and my spoons, he shall take them all-away at once. And then my old swingle, and my brake, and my hatchel. And when he has been made a priest, I shall be clad in a robe, my shoes shall be tied with ribbons, and my collar shall be all crimped, and I shall have on my head a coif such as a young lady wears." Young Renan, off at school, wrote to his sister, "Sometimes I am tempted, but then the remembrance of Mother is my safeguard." Her grief and dismay were terrible when she learned that he had lost his religious faith, for she believed that the moral foundations of his being would be thereby destroyed. At that time he himself said: "I have stabbed my mother." First he took up with skeptical metaphysical theories and undermining philosophical doubts; after a little he carried

his skepticism over into the field of religion and rejected the doctrines of Christianity—those immortal truths which are regenerative and creative, producing something new in character and life wherever they are inwardly accepted, and by their influence showing themselves to be one with the great, original divine fiat, "Let there be light." Slipping the anchor of faith in the Christian fundamentals, he was all adrift; and confusion of mind, indecision of will, irresolution of character naturally supervened —also inconsistency of utterance, as, for example, at a time when he was declaring the intelligence of man to be the only deity he could conceive of, he wrote thus to a friend: "Yes, my friend, I still believe, I pray; I say the *Our Father* with delight; I love very much to go to church: the pure, simple, artless piety touches me deeply in my lucid moments, when I savor the odor of God. I even have attacks of devotion, and I think I shall always have them: for piety has a value." He had given up faith and religion, but he still wanted to be a priest; he wanted it because that life would give him opportunity to gratify his tastes and his inclination for secure ease and quiet study. But how could any honest man take the vows of a religion he disbelieved in? Renan proved that he was not an honest man. He was in a dilemma. On the one hand, he shrank from the bustle and competition and precariousness of practical life. "What shall I do in practical life?" he says. "It is with indescribable dismay that I see the end of the holidays approach, when I must translate the most undecided state of mind into the most decided action. All this anxiety wearies and distracts me. And then I feel so clearly that I understand nothing about practical things, and that I shall only make stupid blunders and have to endure derision and rebuffs. I shall be laughed at for my simpleness and taken for a fool." On the other hand, he liked the life of the cloister, the library, and the study. The only way to avoid what he dreaded and to obtain what he preferred was to lie. The loss of his Christian faith had not left him morality enough to keep him from lying. So he stood before the altar and took holy orders with a conscious and intentional lie upon his soul. He made a convenience of the blood of Christ. He deliberately decided to be a sacrilegious and mercenary hypocrite, a Judas. After that, could any truth or honor be found in him, or any baseness be regarded as impossible to him? After a while, of course, he had to quit the priesthood and enter upon a worldly career. He became a philologian, a metaphysician, a militant rationalist, rehabilitating in France a sentimental infidelity filled with the spirit of rationalism in its most insidious form. Moral seriousness utterly departed from him. He no longer regarded the world as a place where souls are formed and tried, where the misery and the harshness of life are but the occasion for acts of self-control, charity, sacrifice, and other noble deeds of which the lowly are often as capable as the loftiest. He tried to fill the vacuum in which his reason was thus left by the idea that the final cause and object of the universe is the development of the intellectual faculty of man; adopting Ampère's opinion that the world has been created for the purpose of making us *think!* Renan turned first to the positive sciences for an explanation of the problems of life. Finding

science cold, one-sided, inadequate, and wholly unsatisfactory, he turned for consolation to æsthetics and cultivated his sense of beauty. He ended, naturally enough, in nothingness, in utter philosophical and moral bankruptcy and destitution. "Over the hills to the poorhouse" is a fair description of his intellectual and moral journeying. His work as a scholar was one of destructive criticism, veiled by poetic reverie. He ended by declaring publicly that in his opinion an honorable life is a mistake. The way is entirely open for his fellow men to say with irony that, if that opinion be correct, Ernest Renan did not make much of a mistake. The lesson of his life is a bell-buoy rocking over the reef where his ship went to pieces with the loss of all on board, warning all mariners who sail that way to beware of the rocks of metaphysical skepticism, philosophic doubt, insincere vows, and destructive biblical criticism. How true seems Chesterton's saying that through the ages Christianity sits guarding the secret of an eternal sanity; and away from Christianity—well, "that way madness lies," and also rottenness. At any rate, it was surely so in Renan's case, as in many another.

A RATHER more than ordinarily rich number of the Methodist Quarterly Review (Nashville, Tenn.) was its July issue. It presents thirteen contributed articles, besides a special theological paper by the editor and the usual editorial departments. Bishop Hendrix writes informingly and engagingly of "Henry Parry Liddon: Defender of the Faith"; Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald of "Joshua Soule"; Professor Stevenson, of Vanderbilt University, of "France and the Vatican"; Dr. Wainwright, professor in Kwansei Gakuin, Kobe, Japan, of "Protestantism and the Religious Situation in Japan"; Professor Hunt, of Princeton University, of "The Elizabethan Age of English Letters"; Dr. Steele, of Vanderbilt University, of "Wordsworth"; and Professor Bennett, of Randolph-Macon College, of "The Cost of the Atonement." An article which will attract attention, and perhaps recall to mind Dr. Tigert's notable paper on "Biblical Criticism and the Christian Faith" at the Ecumenical Conference in London, in 1901, is by the Rev. J. T. Curry, presiding elder in the Tennessee Conference, entitled "What is Higher Criticism?" It is published as "a judgment and summary of present conditions, issuing from a mature, well-informed, conservative man, outside the circle of professional critics and scholars, and engaged in the active duties of the Methodist ministry." The writer's position conforms pretty closely to the views set forth by Dr. McFadyen, of Toronto, in his book Old Testament Criticism and the Christian Church. The following definition is quoted from McFadyen: "The ideal of criticism has been admirably defined as 'the free study of all facts.' Every word here is weighty. It is *study*, that is, investigation, neither blind acceptance nor inconsiderate rejection. It is *free* study—study that is not bound by conventional, or traditional, belief, but that is willing to go wherever the facts lead. It is study of *facts*, not of theories, or speculations about the facts. And, finally, it is study of *all* facts. Biblical criticism may therefore be defined

as the free and reverent study of all biblical facts." The writer says that the divine immanence which we hear so much about is our Methodist doctrine of the Holy Spirit with a new name and in a larger field of operation. The proper attitude of preachers toward higher criticism as a method of Bible study and interpretation is stated as follows: "1. We need to be fully awake to the vast sweep of present-day religious thought in the study of the Bible by critical methods. 2. We need to recognize the fact that the great leaders and writers on this critical subject are our brethren in all the churches. 3. We ought not to reject critical methods because the critics differ among themselves. 4. We need not expect to demolish biblical criticism by anathema, caricature, and ridicule. 5. It is rarely, if ever, proper to refer to higher criticism from our pulpits." The writer names what seem to him some of the gains from modern biblical criticism: "1. It has had a large share in the work of creating the present enthusiasm in Bible study. 2. The critical method gives a new interest in the Bible to that increasing number of scholars, students, and people who investigate every subject by critical processes. 3. Criticism gives a truer balance and discrimination between the human and the divine, between the essential and the non-essential, between the universally vital and the merely local or temporary elements in the Bible." The following is quoted from McFadyen: "Christ leaves perfectly open the literary and historical questions which occupy modern scholarship and divide its ranks. Repeatedly he quotes the Pentateuch, but never to prove that Moses wrote it; nor is the Mosaic authority ever really relevant to the spiritual purpose for which the quotation was made. Repeatedly he quotes the Psalms, but never to settle the question of their authorship. Repeatedly he quotes the prophets, but never to settle the literary questions which engage us to-day. . . . His *positive teaching* is confined to vital beliefs. He does not *teach* anything at variance with the results of Old Testament scholarship. There is nothing to hinder a man from accepting every word of Christ's teaching and every result of the literary criticism of the Old Testament." This Tennessee presiding elder concludes by stating his own position as follows: "Personally I do *not* by any means *accept all the results* of criticism. Who does? Who accepts all the traditional interpretations of the Bible? *It is the critical method of Bible study and interpretation that I favor.* There has always been more or less of criticism. The formation of the canonical Scriptures was by criticism, rejecting and adopting certain writings. At the heart of the Reformation there was the spirit of criticism. Luther was a fearless critic. Back of the whole Methodist movement there was one arch-critic, John Wesley. But the last fifty years have been by preëminence the period of criticism in the general historical study of the Bible. Through more than the first half of this period there was what seemed to be, in the main, a dominant destructive criticism which gave great alarm to the church. Present-day criticism, in the main, is constructive." Dr. Tigert began in his January number a series of articles in exposition and defense of the Christian faith. The first was entitled "The Nature of the Christian Religion." In the July number the article of this series

is entitled "The Foundation of Christendom." This title, Dr. Tigert tells us, was suggested by the following words of Dr. H. A. W. Meyer: "Hence the κείμενος θεμέλιος is that laid by God, namely, *Jesus Christ himself*, the *fundamentum essentiale*, he whom God sent, delivered up to death, raised again, and exalted, thereby making him to be for us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. . . . This is the *objective foundation* which *lies there* for the whole of Christendom." On 1 Thess. 1. 9, 10—the Thessalonians "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivers us from the wrath to come"—the comment of Harnack on the passage is quoted: "Here we have the mission preaching to pagans in a nutshell. The 'living and true God' is the first and final thing; the second is Jesus, the Son of God, the judge, who secures us against the wrath to come, and is therefore 'Jesus, the Lord.' To the living God, who is now made known, we owe faith and devoted service; to God's Son as *Lord*, our due is faith and hope. The contents of this brief message—objective and subjective, positive and negative—are inexhaustible. Yet the message itself is thoroughly compact and complete. It is objective and positive as the message of the only God, who is spiritual, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, the Creator of heaven and earth, the Lord and Father of men, and the great disposer of human history; furthermore, it is the message which tells of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came from heaven, made known the Father, died for sins, rose, sent the Spirit hither, and from his seat at God's right hand will return *for the judgment*; finally, it is the message of salvation brought by Jesus the Saviour, that is, freedom from the tyranny of demons, sin, and death, together with the gift of life eternal. Then it is objective and negative, inasmuch as it announces the vanity of all other gods, and forms a protest against idols of gold and silver and wood, as well as against blind fate and atheism. Finally, it is subjective, as it declares the uselessness of all sacrifice, all temples, and all worship of man's devising, and opposes to these the worship of God in spirit and in truth, assurance of faith, holiness and self-control, love and brotherliness, and lastly the solid certainty of the resurrection and of life eternal, implying the futility of a present life which lies exposed to future judgment." Another quotation relates to the Resurrection of Jesus, and is from Wernle: "Contrary to all expectations, the dispersed disciples began to gather together again, at first in Galilee and then in Jerusalem. 'He is not dead,' they cried in triumphant enthusiasm to the murderers of Jesus; 'he liveth.' The reckoning of the Sanhedrists turned out to be at fault. Their clever calculations proved to be the greatest folly and impolicy, for faith in the crucified and risen Lord brought about that which faith in the living Christ had not accomplished: the foundation of the new church, the separation from Judaism, the conquest of the world. Whence this sudden change? For that the disciples fled in confusion and consternation is a certain fact. Their answer was: The Lord has appeared to us, first to Peter, then to the twelve, then to more than five hundred brethren together, then to James, then to all of the apostles, last of all to Paul. From

these appearances—the first must have taken place, according to the oldest accounts, in Galilee—they inferred the facts of the resurrection and of the present life of Jesus in glory. In the very earliest time, when Saint Paul obtained this information from Saint Peter, they were content with drawing these conclusions and required no further proofs. The new faith rests upon the appearances alone. Our judgment as to these appearances depends upon the credibility which we attach to Saint Paul and his informant, and still more upon our philosophical and religious standpoint, upon our 'faith.' Purely scientific considerations cannot decide where the question at stake is the existence or nonexistence of the invisible world, and the possibility of communicating with spirits. Hence, too, all attempts at explanation, which rest upon the axiom that our world of phenomena is the only reality, are merely subjectively persuasive and convincing. The Christian faith always reckons with the reality of the other world which is our goal. A Christian, therefore, has no difficulty in accepting, as the ground of his belief in the resurrection, the real projection of Jesus in this world of sense by means of a vision." This series of strong papers by Dr. Tigert foreshadows, we presume, another volume to be added to his already ample authorship, to take its place with his Theism and the rest of the valuable list—all of them characterized by disciplined and trenchant thought, notable scholarship, lucid and sinewy expression. Not within our recollection has the Review of Southern Methodism been sustained at so high a level of excellence or edited with such virile power and capable equipment as now. And the general rule is that nothing stronger appears in it than the editor's own writing.

In a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly (Boston) Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, in verses entitled "A New Poet," wrote the following lines:

"Friends, beware!
A sound of singing in the air!
The love song of a man who loves his fellow men;
Mother-love and country-love, and the love of sea and fen;
Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long:
There has come to the old world's singing the thrill of a brave new song.

"They said there were no more singers,
But listen!—a master voice!
A voice of the true joy-bringers!
Now will ye heed and rejoice,
Or pass on the other side,
And wait till the singer hath died,
Then weep o'er his voiceless clay?
Friends, beware!
A keen, new sound is in the air,—
Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day!"

It is surmised that the new singer whom Mr. Gilder had in mind was Frederic Lawrence Knowles, whose lamented death has compelled a host of friends who rejoiced in his noble verse to "weep o'er his voiceless clay."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Paths to Power. By FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 362. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

These thirteen lecture-sermons, which began not as a series but independently of each other, have expanded until they touch and coalesce into a vital unity in thought and form and feeling; so that all of them may be fitly comprehended under the one title, "Paths to Power." The subjects folded in under the general title are: "Power through a Vision of God," "Enduring Power through a Deeper Vision of God," "Overshadowing Power," "The Winning of Power through Temptation," "Power to Meet Unexpected Demands," "The Power that Unifies," "Power that Makes for Self-Conquest," "Power for Ministry," "Power from Above," "Steadying Power," "The Phantasm of Power and the Reality of Power," and "Power for Nation-Building"—the last of which was delivered in City Temple, London, on the Sunday morning following the coronation of King Edward VII. This son of Ohio Wesleyan University has been preaching nearly twenty years in Chicago, and now, as pastor of Central Church, addresses weekly in the Auditorium the largest congregation of Christian people in the world. He preaches on Sunday to more people than Beecher ever had in Plymouth Church, and holds them with an eloquence as noble, rich, sympathetic, and educative as Beecher's at his best. Dr. Gunsaulus is now in his prime, virile, robust, red-blooded, disciplined by years of hard work not unmixed with suffering, as passionately in earnest as he is cultivated, one of the most intensely laborious of men. The printed creed of his church is as follows: "We believe in the divine character and mission of Christ; that he is the Saviour, whom man in his ignorance and sinfulness needs; that all accepting and obeying this Christ as their Way, Truth, and Life are fully entitled to the name and hope of the Christian." He delivers each Sunday one sermon, in the morning. Is this the arrangement best suited to our times, toward which the tendencies press, and for which, with reason, not a few pastors and congregations long? The belief which experience and observation have lodged in many minds is that the ideal plan is *one* sermon (in the morning) with everybody there, both old and young—*one* subject for the minister to live with, develop, and absorb himself in all the week, and in the delivery of which he may spend all his preaching force, without reserve (Lyman Beecher said, "When I preach twice on Sunday I *prate* once")—and *one* sermon for the congregation to absorb and think upon during the subsequent week, unconfused and undisplaced in the mind by a second discourse. (If the second sermon is good it divides and distracts the memory from the morning discourse; if it is poor it weakens the effect of the morning, makes an anticlimax for the day, and brings to the

audience a feeling of weariness.) Then in the evening there might be an informal service, frequently enlivened by impromptu variations, lively, fervent, and often evangelistic, fitted to attract, influence, and actively engage the young people and to win outsiders especially, but bringing in, so far as possible, the whole church—a service popular and free in spirit, with no prescribed routine, pastor and people being free to take advantage from moment to moment of every turn of thought and feeling; making this service tell to the utmost, religiously and socially, for the warming up and mixing together of all the people of the church, and for giving strangers a homelike and want-to-come-again feeling, to the end that they may be won to Christ. So much we have ventured parenthetically in this book notice on one side of the one-sermon-a-day question; we are aware there are two sides. In addition to the pastorate of Central Church, Dr. Gunsaulus is President of the Armour Institute of Technology, Professorial Lecturer of the University of Chicago, Professor of Preaching in McCormick Theological Seminary—these regularly, and, besides, miscellaneous engagements and labors of many kinds in all parts of the land. The man who can do all this and do it powerfully knows the paths to power—has found them for himself and can point them out to others. It is not the voice of a dilettante or theorizer that speaks in this glowing book, but an active, ardent, forceful man who has traveled these paths with his own strong feet, knows how rough and steep some of them are, but knows to what heights of exultant vision they lead, and has experimentally, we might almost say scientifically, tested and proved the truth of the things which he here preaches to his fellow men. Here is some of the wisdom of his experience addressed to his fellow ministers: "The only pulpit that men permanently respect pours forth the music of redemption. It is tremulous with the minors of Good Friday. Believe it, my brothers. People were never so willing—nay, so desirous—to go to church as they are now, if Christ is there to get them on their feet. Without him they will not stay to hear your dream of a better day. . . . The death of Christ—Pessimism hears of it and cries out, 'There, that is proof that this is a damnable world. Such a thing should not happen.' The deeper philosophy of Paul says, 'No. While it is in a way the saddest event of the world's long tragedy, and the most disheartening, it is the gladdest and the most encouraging, because evil, in its supreme hour, suicided there in its bold attempt to kill goodness in its supreme hour. Because of this event, man stands on his feet in hope. It is a fearful thing to fail to tell men of this Christ, in an age as misanthropic and yet so aspiring as our own. Long years ago I heard Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock speak of a Bedouin on the desert whose pitiable condition was this: He had been without food so long that he was starving. His hope was that some other traveler who had already gone that way might have left by chance a packet of food. Away beyond, near a fountain, he spied what he took to be a traveler's bag, and to his hunger it *must* contain *bread*. Slowly and hardly he pulled himself across the hot sands to the little pouch. He took it up and poured out before his hungry eyes a stream of glorious gems. As they sparkled and flashed in the sun his

famished body fell over, while he murmured, 'O, it is only diamonds, only diamonds.' We echo Dr. Hitchcock's sigh, 'Merciful heaven! that this should be an accurate description of so much that is called preaching!' Diamonds, only diamonds! A piteous condition of affairs for preacher and for people! Both are disappointed sadly. Diamonds! And he, the preacher, works so long to find them, and so hard to grind them well, and so unceasingly, perhaps, to set them in a golden paragraph—and they, the people, want only the bread of life. One mouthful of plain bread, and you may have the hard polished dogmas, the glittering periods, the flamelike phrases, the splendid sentences. All glowing exordiums, all flashing epigrams, all brilliant perorations—you may have them all for one taste of the bread of life! . . . Jesus Christ himself is the capital on which alone the pulpit is in business. Men have the right to expect their ministers to be experts in manhood, Christlike manhood, fearless, hopeful, free. They have the right to expect them to preach Christ and to make manifest his lawful lordship over them. Other men have better right to speak with authority on a multitude of other interesting subjects than has the minister. But no man ought to be able to overmatch or to question his mental and moral fitness to speak on the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Few of us are worthy to stand in the pulpit; none save by God's grace. But the minister of Christ has an unfailing theme. His topic's interest depends not on war or peace, parties or revolutions—it is the *Lamb* slain from the foundation of the world. His sermon is not a bit of unctuous oratory or pious literature. It is an address out of his experience with Christ—this experience reinforced by all the history and all the prophecy of humanity, glorified by the love of God, and illumined by the mighty presence of Jesus as a living Lord—it is this, in the giving of comfort, in the urgency of appeal, in the defiance of wrong, in the championship of right—*this* that makes the minister. Let the minister say to his people: 'I have the gracious opportunity of speaking these things to you. I do not know enough of politics, sociology, art, literature, music, or science to justify your coming to hear me speak on such topics. I know here but one thing, and if I am true to it you will not weary of me. . . . I will preach only what I believe—the time is short. I will preach only what I know to be supremely important in the mind of Christ—the time is short. I will preach only what I have fallen down upon and found safe and able to bear me up—the time is short. I will preach only what I found true when lately I went up to the gate of Otherwhere—the time is short. I will preach these things with absoluteness of conviction that God will bless us, and I will look for the fruit of this ministry here, where the time is short, and there also where time shall vanish in the morning-glow of Eternity." One of the most inspiriting of these sermons is that on "Steadying Power"—"Paul purposed: I must see Rome." He is only a preacher of a despised heresy, but in his soul twangs the tense lyre-string, "*I must see Rome.*" The coming of Paul to Rome in the first century and what came of it is vividly and thrillingly and spiritually pictured; and then it is splendidly insisted on that Paul—the *spirit* of Paul—came again to Rome in the sixteenth cen-

tury and once more in the nineteenth, and the prediction is that the great apostle will keep on coming to Rome in successive advents until the ecclesiastical Cæsarism that looks on the Tiber from the windows of the Vatican is overthrown. In the sixteenth century Rome once more had Paul within her gates. No one saw Paul, but it was his spirit that filled the brave, burly man who visibly arrived. It was Hans Luther's son—a mighty man full of Paul, saturated with Paul's epistle. "He walks to the foot of the cold stone stairway, still loyal to the dominion of the pontiffs. As he tries to ascend the long stairs on his knees the awful weight of Rome's iniquity drags him back, and then, with one leap of sublime confidence in something greater than Rome, he cries out, 'The just shall live by faith.' That is Paul's own word. Paul is in Rome again. And now the Reformation is born." The march of history swerves to the right. As Victor Hugo said of Waterloo, it was not a battle, it was an about-face of the universe. Paul came again to Rome three centuries later. "Ecclesiastical Rome is making political domination her business. Liberty is crushed and the Italian people are crouching with fear. But soon we see Garibaldi and his heroic soldiers; we hear Mazzini's eloquent appeals; we behold Cavour meditating and organizing statesmanship for Liberty and Truth. The sword is sharpened and loosed, and Liberty fights through to victory. King Victor Emmanuel enters Rome in triumph and hoists his flag above a united and liberated Italy. Arrogant political ecclesiasticism is beaten down and back. What is it that has happened? Paul has again come to Rome." It is no stretching of the truth to apply to the preacher of these sermons (as to many another true minister of Christ) words which are found in this volume: "His mind is not under the dominion of whims, nor is he obedient to sudden gusts of impulse; on the contrary, he is steadily working under the mastery of a sturdy idea, and a serious enthusiasm possesses him. . . . The manner of his life is that of a God-infused, God-encompassed, God-guided, and God-driven soul." Buy and read Gunsaulus's Paths to Power.

The Revival. Edited by Rev. J. H. McDONALD. 12mo, pp. 147. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 75 cents net.

This is a symposium of addresses delivered before the Chicago Preachers' Meeting by Bishop W. F. McDowell, President Charles J. Little, Rev. J. H. McDonald, Rev. John Thompson, Rev. Dr. W. E. Tilroe, and Rev. Dr. P. H. Swift. Their purpose was to awaken a more general interest in revival work, and they are reported to have accomplished that result. "How much space are you going to give to the revival?" asked one of our best evangelists of the editor of this REVIEW, at a Conference in the middle West. "As much as possible," was the reply. Our readers know that the evangelistic note has not been wanting in our pages. Not merely once, but many times, in the REVIEW and elsewhere, have we moved that this business be declared urgent throughout Methodism. The evangelist who travels tells us that the revival is now here; it is on already; it is stirring America, not so much yet in the East as in the West, but coming everywhere. He reports that the recent revival in Den-

ver, conducted by a union of denominations, so centered public attention upon itself that the mayor of the city officially suggested the closing of business places, and the governor of the state recommended the Legislature to suspend its session, in order that on a certain day all persons might be free to attend the special religious meetings then being conducted in all parts of the city. The evangelist says that like movements are being planned in other cities West and East; and that the work in Boston is already organized for victory. A great call and a great opportunity has come and is coming to the churches. The Presbyterian Church, especially, has heard the call, has laid aside every weight, and is girding itself for a fervent, systematic, and splendidly directed campaign. That great denomination got rid of its handicap by revising its creed, and came out of the chamber of revision like a bridegroom rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. The feeling of the men of that communion is well expressed by one of its leading ministers, Dr. John Balcom Shaw, in these words: "The old stern notions of God are gone, even from our Calvinistic churches. Our own Presbyterian Church has lately been forced by the times to put love into the Westminster Confession, from which it had for centuries been absent. Men can never turn away from a God whom they call Love, and with such sentiments abroad *the church has ten times the opportunity to win them* that it had back in the days when the wrath of God was men's chief thought of the Deity." That tenfold opportunity Methodism has *always* had, and, in the past, has made good use of it unto wide victory. But we shall not keep our primacy unless we quicken our pace. To-day many conditions combine to challenge us to a more strenuous, fervent, and aggressive life than we have ever lived before. The price of leadership has been raised, and we must pay it or forfeit our historic place. There is the beginning of a stir in our Methodist camp and the spirit of aggressive evangelism spreads along our ranks. In 1903 we made very little gain in membership. In 1904 the net gain was thirty-two thousand. In 1905 it is not less than sixty thousand, one Conference reporting an increase of sixteen per cent. In 1906 that gain ought to be quadrupled, and 1907 should quadruple the result of 1906; and the General Conference of 1908 should report our membership at not less than four millions. If the spirit of our fathers lives in us and our church makes this its supreme business, we can easily report that number in this quadrennium, not for denominational pride and glorying, but for the glory of God, our Saviour, and for the salvation of men. The urgency which pushes us in all the pages of the book before us will help to get things going in the desired direction. "Get busy" at this business of straight-away soul-winning is the gist of its message; with some helpful hints as to methods. The book opens with the keen, quivering, tingling address of Bishop McDowell, who has been and is a distinctly evangelistic force in colleges and schools, in Young Men's Christian Association meetings, in Epworth League assemblies, in churches, Conferences, and elsewhere. President Little's paper, on the Religious Revival in History, is most competent, complete, guideful, and inspiring, something like a polished concave reflector gathering the light and heat of all the past and focusing it on the

present with intent to make the church of to-day burn and shine tenfold. Fit companion-pieces for these two papers, and filled with the same earnest energy, are the others on Personal Evangelism, The Human and Divine Elements in a Revival, Continuous Evangelism and the Sunday Night Service, New Paths Through an Old Forest, and Chicago Methodism. Rev. John Thompson truly says: "We are witnessing a new type of evangelism in these days. English Methodism has appointed some of her strongest men to lead in evangelistic work and take charge of city missions. [For this the credit must be given largely, perhaps mostly, to that intense, passionate, and urgent evangelist, Hugh Price Hughes.] This new evangelism is more respectful of the intellect, is less dogmatic and more considerate of differences in temperament. It is quiet and reverent, but devout and fervent, and penetrates to the very roots of character and life." God grant that this spirit and type so active to-day in British Methodism may increase among us, until all our brightest and best-trained young ministers shall burn with the passion for evangelism, and resolve upon a militant, outreaching, and soul-recovering ministry. There is already enough of this spirit among us to give encouragement and hope for more of it. One young man who was recently pressed into a college presidency, said in substance to the official inviters: "O, take your invitation to somebody else. My only conscious ambition or desire, aside from the ordinary pastorate, is for a chance to work in city evangelism." There is need of men of that spirit in our colleges and schools as well as in unchurched quarters of our cities. And it ought to be said, right here, that there is more of that spirit now in our colleges and seminaries as a whole than ever before. The institution that is not pervaded by it and does not cultivate it is thereby discredited to an inferior reputation among the institutions of its class. As to methods of evangelistic work the following words of Dr. Swift seem to us sane, fair, and sensible: "As long as a man is true to the fundamentals of Methodism and the gospel he should be allowed to do his own work in his own field in his own way. . . . Fields vary, and even in the same field the same methods may not work successfully year after year. We live in an age that demands freshness, adaptation, and the heart-throbs of a living man. The true minister must be himself. He ought not to be bound by the methods of another. David cannot win if he is encumbered with the untried weapons of Saul. The only thing that we have a right to insist on is that the work be done, and done decently and in some sort of order. I do not much care whether you hold a protracted meeting or do not hold one; whether you invite people to the altar or to an inquiry room, or do not invite them to either; whether you invite people to rise for prayers or sign a 'Decision Card'; whether you draw the line sharply, or do not draw it at all; whether you hold special services, or make all services special—so long as in some way, and that your own way—you get men and women, boys and girls, to surrender to Jesus Christ. If you cannot walk in the old paths, we will not find fault with you if you will cleave some new ones to the goal through the great 'Black Forest' of human need. You can do it. In this age of doubt and uncertainty, fear and perplexity, there is in the minds of men a conviction that Jesus Christ is the complement of

needy souls." In this November number of the REVIEW, on the edge of the coming winter, at the outset and onset of the season of intensest work, some of our readers may thank us for printing here a statement of the methods used by a successful Chicago pastor, as described in the volume before us: "My methods, which have worked well in a large church and in a community where extremes meet, and in an atmosphere shot through with every current of thought, can be stated briefly. *First.* We have a Sunday night service equal in dignity and order to that of the morning. We have the best in music from a large, well-trained, vested choir. The hymns are carefully selected from the Methodist Hymnal. I am partial to our Methodist Hymnal because, in singing from it, I know my people are singing Methodist doctrine. The hymns are not jumbled together in it, and it is full of 'experimental and practical divinity.' So we use the Hymnal. Then the taking and consecration of the offering is made as impressive as possible. We do not treat the evening service as if it was second-rate to the morning. We put our best into it. The whole service is arranged so as to aid the soul in the loftiest of all exercises—the worship of God. *Second.* We have a question box. This experiment has worked well. The inquirer is in every audience. We have on a Sunday night hundreds of young people, and many of them students in the university; so we had a box fixed and gave them an opportunity to ask questions. Not a frivolous question has come into the box. All have been serious, and many of them suggested themes for sermons. Never a week has passed without some questions. *Third.* We sometimes throw open the church parlors for a social half hour after the evening service. This is for the special benefit of young people away from home and strangers in the city. It gives us a chance to meet them, and also relieves the lonesomeness for many a heart. Many young people have told me that the hour after church on a Sunday night is the most lonesome in all the week, when, far away from home and friends, they have only a small rented room to go to. By means of the social half hour we try to help such. *Fourth.* We hold an inquiry meeting. This to us is better than an after-meeting in the large auditorium. The rights of all are respected. We rarely have a Sunday night without some tarrying for prayer and talk about religion. These methods have been successful. We are open to suggestions all the time. Each pastor must discover such methods as he can best use and as are adapted to the conditions of his service. That more may be accomplished in our Sunday night services we must all admit. Let us, then, make of ourselves the best of messengers in delivering the best of messages, and give the people our best in thought and feeling. The Holy Spirit will honor all such efforts."

Back to Bethlehem. Modern Problems in the Light of the Old Faith. By JOHN H. WILLEY, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1 net.

This is a *modern* book, alive to the problems that are most clamorous in this year of our Lord 1905. It marches abreast of the foremost rank in the advance of the new age. It is not unaware of the latest, freshest

thought of the world; rather the book is steeped in it. This much the very titles of its chapters indicate: "The Survival of the Fittest," "Environment," "The Unity of the Race," "Arrested Development," "The Development of the Race," "Jesus and the New Age," "The Evolution of the Book" —these titles are from the vocabulary of modern thought. There are eleven chapters, besides a prologue, an epilogue, and a good index. The book exhibits wide reading and varied knowledge; it is rich in allusions and illustrations; it is gifted with a swift and flashing style; it throbs with feeling. It is utterly loyal to the Old Faith, though speaking the new dialect. It shows that the Old Faith lives and leads before all comers in the race for primacy in the tumultuous present. Ancient truth with modern interpretation is what its pages contain; and the result is acceptable, convincing, and fortifying. In the forefront of modernity it prescribes the modern Christ, born at Bethlehem, as the cure and the solution for all the ills and problems of to-day and to-morrow. It is difficult to get past any one of these chapters without quoting from it. Talking about environment, and the fatalistic power ascribed to it by physical science, the author meets that gospel of humanity which says, "Change a man's surroundings and you will change the man. Remodel the tenement house, ventilate the workshop, regulate the hours and conditions of labor, and you redeem the race. Give the man a bathtub and a bookshelf and a flowerpot, and you give him new ideals and a new inspiration. The salvation of the world is to be effected by social reform, by the physical and moral elevation of the submerged tenth." Reference is made to that "new revival," the scheme of which is stated by Dr. John Watson thus: "There was a day when a preacher could appeal to his hearer and awaken his heart to praise because God had saved him while thousands had been left to perish, but to-day the hearer would firmly suspend his praise for his own salvation till he knew what was going to become of other people. No longer does a man think that the great effort of life should be, as the Romans say, to 'wake his own soul,' but rather that it should be to help his brethren both in soul and body. A sermon on the hell beyond the grave would be heard with indifference; a sermon on the hell in the slums of cities will lay hold on every man's mind. The sense is creeping over the community that socially and physically we stand together, and religion cannot remain a water-tight compartment of spiritual selfishness. With such a tide running like a millrace, and such a wind blowing like a gale upon one's face, have we not reason to expect that the message of the next revival will be social righteousness, and its effect the redemption of the national life?" Upon this our author comments wisely, thus: "There is much of truth in this, but not all the truth. The church has always been engaged in social service, and has always stood for social reform. But the church that neglects the individual, that makes its first and main appeal for the improvement of economic conditions is little better than a social club. First convert the man, and then he will proceed to change his environment. Send him home some night with a clean heart and a new love, and he will see that the wretched hovel in which he has housed his wife and children—bare and cold and cheerless—is not home; that the wan, hopeless woman and the

hollow-eyed little ones who meet him there have not had their share of life, and that he is to blame for it." And there are pages of further and finer, incisive and just comment upon the sort of gospel which operates on the circumference of a man's life, hoping therefrom to affect the center, as contrasted with the evangelism which directly attacks the center, the heart of the man, and by purifying the fountain cleanses all its outflowing streams. Social reform and ethical culture are good in their way and as far as they go; but without the radical gospel of individual regeneration they are inadequate and ineffectual. In the chapter on "The Gospel of A Person" the author says: "The power which is to transform the race is not abstract but concrete. It is not subscription to a creed, nor obedience to a law, nor indorsement of a system of morals. It is devotion to a Person. 'For I know *whom* I have believed' is the first Apostles' Creed. And herein lies the secret of victory: a Person, real, live, substantial, potential, the exponent of truth, the substance of law, the personification of love; a 'who' instead of a 'what'; a Man instead of a method; a being who is himself all that we ought to be and that we long to be. This is the need of modern theology and of modern life and this need is met in Jesus Christ. . . . The needed leader must be one who will be neighbor to every man; whose range is not affected by time nor posited by race peculiarity; one whose words and spirit will be heard and understood in every age and in every clime and in every social stratum. The great painters have given us pictures of the Christ, and these conceptions have been tinged by the environment and the personality of the artist. Da Vinci, for instance, shows us the tender Christ; Titian shows us the human Christ; Angelo represents the conquering Christ; Raphael gives the divine Christ; Correggio and Guido Reni paint the suffering Christ; and Hoffman brings us the Christ beautiful. Even the sacred writers give us different phases of the same character. No two could see him alike. Matthew sees in Jesus the fulfillment of the old-time prophecies, the completion and climax of the Old Testament dispensation. Mark portrays the Conqueror; his verbs are in the present tense; he hurries from event to event, from victory to victory, in one great sweep of power. Luke sits down quietly at his desk to give us as a student the life of the Man; as historian he records the details of his parentage and childhood; as physician he is minute in his treatment of clinical cases; as artist he gives us dainty studies of life scenes and incidents. John is one of the Sons of Thunder. He sees the Eternal Word, dwelling in the shadows with God; the Almighty Creator of all that is, made flesh and dwelling among us: conceding yet revealing the glory of the Father; giving life; promising the Spirit; discipling the world. But after all, no one of these is adequate. Jesus of Nazareth cannot be taken at a single sitting. He is not a Jew, nor a Roman; he is not Aryan, nor Semitic; not Italian, nor English. He is the one Man who is never an anachronism and nowhere an alien. His words are still damp from the press. We wake up in the morning and find his spirit in the leading editorials; we listen to the sound of hammers out of our back windows building the hospital after his plans. The smokeless powder leaves the atmosphere clear so that we may see his cross upon the battle-

field; and with the Red Cross go the newest scientific instruments and the latest appliances for comfort and help." The Epilogue closes this alert and living volume thus: "In the supreme moment when man became a living soul he was differentiated from the tribes that move upon the earth's surface, or fly in its air, or swim in its waters. His forehead in that moment was lifted to the divine level, his feet were turned into the King's highway that leads through the eternities. Two boats are out yonder fishing side by side. Presently the anchors are lifted and they start for home. One fisherman puts out his oars and pulls sturdily toward the shore. The other seems to drift; he ships no oars; he makes no haste. He is lifting into the air a broad white piece of canvas. It is not ornamental, it affords no screen from the sun, it is apparently useless. But presently it is fixed in its place; then it grows rigid, there is a straining of stays, a swaying of spars; and now away flies the boat, flinging the white spray from her prow and hastening to the land. The first boat is a fish, the second boat is a bird. One gets its power from below, the other from above. One lives in the world of the visible, the slow, the commonplace; the other has reached out into the invisible and taken hold of the unseen. What opportunities there are above us! What a world of majesty and breadth is there! We do not see it, we cannot understand it, but we have affinities and endowments which, like the spread sail of the boatman, adjust themselves to this glorious spiritual realm and bear us as on wings. Let us hoist our sails. The winds are blowing over land and sea. All down the horizon great ships are sailing. Mighty spiritual fleets are out there, sailing, sailing over an ocean as wide as eternity and sunlit with the gracious smile of God. 'The glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs,' all these have entered into communion with the invisible, have set their affections upon the spiritual, have touched the pulse of the Infinite." The author of this book could doubtless convict us of having quoted in this notice, not the best, but some of the less excellent passages in his volume, one characteristic of which is a flavor of freshness in the thought and the expression.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Overtones. By JAMES HUNEKER. 12mo, pp. 334. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

James Huneker as a writer and critic classifies himself in our mind with Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton; all three are brilliant. The author calls this sheaf of studies A Book of Temperaments, and writes about musicians and authors, music and literature—about Richard Strauss, and Verdi, and Chopin, and Wagner, and about literary men who loved music like Balzac, and Alphonse Daudet, and Turgénieff, and George Moore, and also about such writers as Flaubert and Nietzsche. Strauss's experience with his musical compositions is like a preacher's in making a sermon on a great subject. He says: "I have the material for two symphonic poems, but don't know which will take shape first. It usually takes two years before a meditated composition assumes definite form.

At first there comes to me an idea—a theme. This rests with me for months; it lies in my mind while I am thinking of other things; while I am busy the idea is fermenting of its own accord. Now and then I bring it distinctly to mind, just to see how far it has progressed. Finally, in the course of time, it is ripe and ready for use. There is no doubt that processes of thought go on unconsciously in us. The creative power works in subconscious regions, and in sleeping as well as in waking hours. For instance, I slave over a melody, and am baffled by obstacles I cannot surmount, no matter how hard I try. This during a discouraging day and evening; but the next morning when I wake the difficulty has disappeared, the subject is clear before me, just as if my creative forces had toiled at it all night." In Ernest Newman's description of Strauss's music are some oblique hints for writers. He says: "His type of melody is magnificent. It is the prose of music—a grave, flexible, eloquent prose. His style is nervous, compact, sinuous, as good prose should be—a blend of logic and rapture, of truth and ideality." And then a sparkling piece of bravura in writing is quoted from Flaubert: "I can conceive a style which should be beautiful; a style which some one will write one of these days, in ten years or in ten centuries; a prose which shall be as rhythmical as verse, as precise as the language of science, with undulations and modulations as of a violoncello—flashes of fire; a style which would enter into the idea like the stroke of a stiletto; a style on which our thoughts would sail over gleaming surfaces, as it were, in a boat with a good wind aft." Flaubert was a master of cadenced prose, moving on in processional splendor. He held that only *good* prose can stand the test of being read aloud, because a well-constructed phrase adapts itself to the rhythm of respiration. He would spend a day trying to improve a sentence that did not sound well. He scanned prose as carefully as a poet would his poetry, and so it came to pass that the best writing of this "Beethoven of French prose" is rhythmic and sonorous, written for the ear as well as for the eye and the mind, as canorous as it is pictorial. Huneker thinks that the "squat tower," in Browning's mystical poem, is meant to represent utter defeat, death. That is the Dark Tower to which Childe Roland goes, and, setting the slug-horn to his lips, blows victory in the very teeth of Death. That dim-vivid poem is the mate to "Prospice"; defiance to death is the motive. A sample of Huneker's description of great music relates to the score of "Also sprach Zarathustra" by Richard Strauss. Here is the passage: "This is the vastest and most difficult score ever penned. It is a cathedral in tone, sublime and fantastic, with its grotesque gargoyles, hideous flying abutments, exquisite traceries, prodigious arches, huge resounding spaces, gorgeous façades, and heaven-splitting spires—a mighty musical structure. In it there is such laughter as was never heard, holy laughter and dancing—the dancing of the midget, man, in the furtive and fleeting gleam of present sunshine that bridges between the Past and the Future. And then those twelve tremendous bell strokes! Deep eternity is heard in the humming of the metal. Nothing as audacious as this was ever penned before in music by the hand of man." Referring to Don Quixote, Hun-

eker speaks of the homely wisdom of that sensible fool, Sancho Panza, who, having barked his shins as well as warmed them at the grate of life, knows a thing or two and always speaks by the card. Our critic thinks all pessimism is temperamental; the fact is, most of it is pathological. Nietzsche is spoken of as "a great aboriginal force," and it is said that the thunder-march of his ideas, and the brilliancy and polish of his style make his writings the greatest German prose since Schopenhauer's, notwithstanding his cloudland rhapsodies, his futile flights into the inane, his word-weaving, his impossible premises and mad conclusions. Huneker has this to say about Tolstoy: "He has reached threescore and ten; has led, according to his own confession, a life of self-indulgence; has been a gambler and a hard drinker; has made his belly his god; has run the gamut of dissipation. Now, having lived too fast and too exuberantly, he falls to railing at fate, like the dyspeptic and gouty Englishman who 'cursed because he had enjoyed too much pleasure in this world.' Tolstoy, having tasted of everything and gorged himself, has damaged his palate. Nothing pleases him. He calls life an empty illusion. This is not fair to the young ones who are coming on. Away with the old cynics and gray pessimists! Even if Tolstoy does swear that the inverted bowl of the firmament is full of the ashes of burnt-out stars, healthy youth will still see the bravery of the cosmical circus, its gay streamers, and rational innocent pleasures." We are told that Gounod, the musician, used to lie on the floor and roll about on a bearskin rug when he was in the travail of composition. Between Flaubert and Turgénieff there was a beautiful friendship, of which Alphonse Daudet said: "It was George Sand who married them. The boastful, rebellious, quixotic Flaubert, with a voice like a guard's trumpeter, with his penetrating, ironical look, and the gait of a conquering Norman, was undoubtedly the masculine half of this marriage of souls; but who, in that other colossal being, Turgénieff, with his flaxen brows and his great unmodeled face, would have discovered the woman—that woman of over-accentuated refinement whom Turgénieff has painted in his books—that nervous, languid, passionate Russian, torpid as an Oriental, tragic as a blind force in revolt? So true is it that in the great human factory souls often seem to get into the wrong covering—masculine souls into feminine bodies, feminine souls into cyclopean frames." Turgénieff's brain was the heaviest on record, surpassing that of Cuvier. A friend once advised Flaubert not to lie still and let life grow over his head like grass, but to get up and do something passionate, powerful, and glowing. Turgénieff thus characterized Hamlet: "Analysis first of all, and egotism, and therefore no faith; an egotist cannot even believe in himself. Therefore Hamlet is a skeptic, and never will achieve anything; only faith can give force. Yet, though he is a skeptic, and disbelieves in Good, he does not disbelieve in Evil. He hates it; Evil and deceit are his enemies; and his skepticism is not indifferentism, but only negation and doubt which finally consume his will." Huneker says that Balzac's "characterization of the megalomaniacal Mahomet and his epileptic grandeurs would do as a portrait of most founders of new religions"; that Balzac "makes epilepsy

a big element and factor in Mahomet's life, as it has been in the lives of the majority of religious inventors and fanatics from Buddha to the newest faith-curing healer." Are Mary Baker Eddy and John Alexander Dowie epileptics? Of George Moore, the Irish novelist, Huneker says that "the Roman Catholic Church literally obsesses him. Her ritual dominates his vision, and, like a sickly woman, he loves to finger the gorgeous livery of the Lord. He is haunted by the notion that, outside of her pale salvation is impossible." Apart from this, and in spite of it, or should we say because of it, Moore seems like an acrobat "flirting and balancing on the rope of faith swung over the chasm of doubt and despair." As for the artistic perfection of Moore's work, Harry Thurston Peck calls him "the greatest literary artist who has struck the chords of English since Thackeray." Huneker says that Verdi composed his greatest work when he was past seventy. "The fact seems incredible; in its score seethes the passion of middle manhood, the fervors of a flowering maturity. It is a wonderful composition, begun at a time when most men are preparing for death. Reversing the natural order, this phenomenal being wrote younger music the older he grew." Brahms reminds our essayist of Browning by his full-pulsed humanity, his dramatic modes of analysis, and his relentless tracking of motives to their ultimate lair. Heinrich Heine spoke of himself as a German swallow who had built a nest in the periwig of Voltaire. Huneker calls Napoleon III "that sphinxlike nonentity." Because this "Book of Temperaments" is exotic to our peculiar realm, yet not wholly alien, we let it drop some of its bright petals on these pages.

"*In the Heights.*" By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. 16mo, pp. 95. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

This is the latest volume of verse, the eighth or ninth, from a true poet, whose delicate yet virile art is a joy, a charm and an inspiration to all that is finest and highest in men. Here is the lyric utterance in words of a sensitive and uplifted spirit dedicated to the service of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, whose sympathy for the woes and whose service to the necessitous wants of his fellow men have endeared him to mankind and enshrined him especially in the heart of those whom he has most served and helped. Though not a new poet, his own words are true of him and his work—when over the dust and muck and the buzz and roar of wheels his music steals, a right true note is always struck. His singing is the song of a man who loves his fellow men, and who, for the purity of his life and the strong gentleness of his nature, and the practical value of his work, is loved by them. In his songs there is mother-love and country-love, and the love of sea and fen, with lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long. This we write because we are not willing to be of those who pass by in silence and wait till the singer has died and then weep o'er his voiceless clay because of their loss and also because of regret and shame on account of their unfair reticence and stupid dumbness while the singer was alive. We know of no proprieties which require us to dissemble our love of Mr. Gilder and his work. He is no mere singer with

a lovely voice and playing well on an instrument; to such music as his rise the walls of the white city of human welfare, which is the city of God on earth. He is one of the builders of the State, bringing to that task clean hands, noble ideals, outlines copied from the ground-plan and elevations of the New Jerusalem, and that purity which makes for health and hardiness, and is, indeed, the strongest thing in the world. It is a brutal mistake to imply or imagine that man-force is measured, or the State builded, by rough burliness, bull-neckedness, big biceps, or hard fists. These are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, but they cannot build the State that shall endure; they have not the mind for architectonics nor the eye for supervision, nor the taste for beauty. Richard Watson Gilder, as our readers know, is the son of the Rev. William H. Gilder, of the New York East Conference, who was a chaplain in the War for the Union, and who, when smallpox broke out in the army and the sufferers from it were sequestered at a distance, and nurses willing to go there and shut themselves up with the loathesome disease were hard to get, himself volunteered to enter the pest hospital and serve the sick soldiers in the double capacity of chaplain and nurse, remaining with them and praying with them and writing letters home for them and receiving dying messages from them for their families and ministering to their physical needs until he caught the plague from them and lay down and died with them and for them. In the well-known poem, Pro Patria, the son pays a tender tribute to his father's heroic self-martyrdom. In the admirably suitable poem which Mr. Gilder wrote for the celebration at Wesleyan University of the bicentennial of John Wesley's birth, there is another reference to his father, so touching as to melt the audience when he read it, and so intimate to his own emotions as to suffuse his voice with tears and imperil his utterance with an impending sob. The reference was befitting to the place because his father was a student in Wesleyan University. These are the lines:

How oft have I,
A little child, hearkened my father's voice
Preaching the Word in country homes remote,
Or wayside schools, where only two or three
Were gathered. Lo, again that voice I hear,
Like Wesley's, raised in those sweet, fervent hymns
Made sacred by so many saints of God
Who breathed their souls out on the well-loved tones.
Again I see those circling, eager faces;
I hear once more the solemn-urging words
That tell the things of God in simple phrase;
Again the deep-voiced reverent prayer ascends,
Bringing to the still summer afternoon
A sense of the eternal. As he preached
He lived; unselfish, famelessly heroic,
For even in mid-career, with life still full,
His was the glorious privilege and choice
Deliberately to give that life away
In succor of the suffering; for he knew
No rule but duty, no reward but Christ.

That the spirit of this godly father lives and flames in the son seems evident from the prayer with which, while thinking of his father and John Wesley, he closes this noble poem:

> Increase thy prophets, Lord! Give strength to smite
> Shame to the heart of luxury and sloth!
> Give them the yearning after human souls
> That burned in Wesley's breast! Through them, great God,
> Teach poverty it may be rich in thee;
> Teach riches the true wealth of thine own spirit.
> To our loved land, Celestial Spirit,
> Bring back the meaning of those ancient words,—
> Not lost but soiled, and darkly disesteemed,—
> The ever-sacred names of husband, wife,
> And the great name of Love—whereon is built
> The temple of human happiness and hope!
> Baptize with holy wrath thy prophets, Lord!
> By them purge from us this corruption foul
> That seizes on our civic governments.
> Crowns the corrupter in the sight of men,
> And makes him maker of laws and honor's source!
> Help us in memory of the sainted dead,
> Help us, O Heaven, to frame a nobler state,
> In nobler lives rededicate to thee:—
> Symbol and part of the large brotherhood
> Of man and nations; one in one great love,
> True love of God, which is the love of man,
> In sacrifice and mutual service shown.
> Let kindle as before, O Heavenly Light,
> New messengers of righteousness, and hope,
> And courage, for our day! So shall the world
> That ever, surely, climbs to thy desire
> Grow swifter toward thy purpose and intent.

We affirm that Gilder's poetry is worth more to this New World, and the Old also, than all the poetry or prose that Edgar Allan Poe ever wrote. If Paris should not agree with this estimate we would neither be disturbed nor surprised. On such values the judgment of Paris is not to be highly esteemed. For the molding of a gown, or the compounding of tints, or the concocting of artificial dishes, or other like enterprises, and for all things that perish in the using, Paris is the artist and the arbiter, but not for any of the things that are immortal. We cannot close this notice of In the Heights without making additional mention of a collection of twenty-two of the sacred poems of Richard Watson Gilder. The collection is published in most elegant, yet not expensive, form, in a thin, tall, white-covered volume of octavo size containing only forty pages, but these handsomely bordered and embellished with pictures and designs by Henry McCarter. Our belief is that those poems of Gilder which will live longest are in that volume of selections which is entitled A Christmas Wreath. We know of no daintier book for a holiday gift. It is published by The Century Company (Union Square, New York) for $1.40 net.

Practical Agitation. By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. 12mo, pp. 157. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.

The author of Emerson and Other Essays, noticed by us some years ago, tells us that this book is an attempt to follow the track of personal influence across society. Part of its message is that much of the evil in the world to which we supinely submit is not necessary, but might be and should be resisted, overthrown, and destroyed. The chapters treat of "Election Time," "Between Elections," "The Masses," "Literature," and "Principles." We make only one extract: "Speech is a very small part of human intercourse. Indeed, speech is often not connected with the real currents of intercourse. Speech and gesture help the transfer of power, and that is all they do. The communion, upon whatever plane of being it takes place, is a contagion, and goes forward by leaps and darts, like the action of frost on a window pane. . . . The exchange of energy between man and man is so rapid that language becomes a bystander. It is like the passage of the electrical current—we receive an impression or a message, or twenty messages at once. All this is the result of suggestion and inference. And it is normal wherever two human beings meet. The only mystery about it is that our senses should be so much more acute than we know. Ask a man to dinner and talk to him about the Panama Canal, and the next morning your wife will be apt to give a truer account of that man, what sort he is, than you can give. She was sewing in the corner and thinking about the best place to buy children's shoes, but she knows which coils in her brain were played upon by the stranger's nature. The reason why your wife knows that your Panama friend is no saint is that she feels that certain strings of the benevolent harp that is sounding in herself were not reinforced by his presence. They were dead notes in him. These facts have been neglected by philosophers, because the facts defy formulation. You cannot get them into a statement. They are life. But in the practical, workaday world they have always been understood. Men of action owe their success to the habit of using their minds and bodies in a direct way. Men in every profession rely upon the accuracy of direct impressions. The great doctor or the great general or the great business man uses the whole of his sensibilities in each act of reading a man. There is no other way to read him correctly. We speak of great men as 'simple,' because they retain a sensitiveness to immediate impressions very common in uneducated persons and in children. Their thought subserves the direct currents of suggestion. Their instincts rule them. Their minds serve them. They are great because of this power to read the thoughts of others through the pores of their skin, and answer blindfold to unuttered appeals, whether of weakness or of strength. To do this means intellect, whether in Napoleon or Gladstone. Every pianist and public speaker, every actor and singer knows that his whole art consists in getting his intellectual apparatus into focus, so that the vibrations of his formulated thought shall correspond and fall in with the direct and spontaneous vibrations of his audience. This is truth, this is the discovery of law, this is art. . . . Our problem is how to influence people for their good. It is clear that when you and another man meet, the personal equation, the

personal effluence, is the controlling thing. If you are more high-minded than he, the way to influence him is to stick to your own beliefs and convictions; for they alone can keep you high-minded. They alone can make you vibrate so that he will receive a mental and moral impact. These glowing in you will radiate upon him and potently affect him. It is they and not you that will do the work. Be, and by mere contact with him you will influence him to be as you are." We have quoted this passage because it contains a momentous truth not always borne in mind.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Representative Men of the New Testament. By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. Crown 8vo, pp. 352. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.50.

To refrain from noticing a new volume from this gifted man is difficult. He has so much of the blind-Milton power of vision, his nature is so chaste and spirituelle, he takes us to so many heights of thought on which truth stands transfigured, that his books are a class by themselves, unlike in quality anything else in current literature. In the blending of illumined thinking, purity of diction, and a truly devotional temper, we know not where to find the equal of the former minister of Saint Bernard's Parish, Edinburgh. His two volumes of studies of The Representative Men of the Old Testament we noticed when issued. The men in those volumes, as in this one, were studied as types and sections of universal humanity. Those studies and these are not critical or historical, but mental and human. Dr. Matheson has not the slightest doubt of the actual historical reality of all these men of both the Old Testament and the New. But each portrait embodies a distinct thought, and the thing sought for is the particular message of each representative man's life and character. In each case the lesson is for every time and place. The everlasting pertinency of the message is vividly and sensitively plain, and the wondrousness of the Book of God seems more than ever amazing. Each of the sixteen chapters of this book closes with a short prayer, the quality of which may be judged by the one following the study of Thomas The Convinced: "Lord, there are times in which my experience is like that of Thomas. There are days when I hear not the bells of Easter Morn. I tread the road to Emmaus, and I meet not the risen Christ. I call to the five hundred brethren, and they answer not. I stand on the mountain of Galilee, and there comes no voice upon the breeze. I sail on Gennesaret's lake, and I see no vision. I frequent the upper room, and get no hint of His presence. My faith cannot walk by sight in such hours. What shall I do at such a time, O Lord? Hast thou a remedy for the loss of light? Yes, my Father. Thou hast a gate where faith can enter without seeing where it goes; the name of the gate is Love. Lead me by that gate when my eye is dim! When I cannot follow him to Olivet, let me worship him on Calvary! When betimes I lose sight of his risen form, do not shut me out from the hearing of his name! In the days when immortal hope is dim, make room in my heart for immortal memory! If I cannot soar with him into heaven, let me at least go back

to finish his work on earth! Let me gather the fragments of the cross which remain on the Dolorous Way! Let me distribute the twelve baskets which were not served in the wilderness! Let me take up his burden at the spot where he was too faint to carry it! Let me mourn with the Marthas whose Lazarus I cannot raise! Let me pray with the paralytics whose weakness I cannot cure! Let me sing to the sightless whose eyes I cannot open! Let me lend to the lepers the touch of a brother's hand! Let me find for the fallen a chance to renew their days! Then shall my evidence come back—brighter, stronger. Then shall my Easter Morn shine again through the clouds of night. Then shall I know the meaning of the words: 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.'" The reader of Dr. Matheson's studies notices at once that, whereas those of the Old Testament exhibit *phases* of character, these exhibit *revolutions* of character. Thus in this volume we are spectators of transformations. This is indicated in the very titles, John The Expanded, John The Self-Surrendered, Nathanael The Invigorated, Peter The Emboldened, Nicodemus The Instructed, Philip The Disillusioned, Matthew The Exalted, Zaccheus The Conscience-Struck, James The Softened, Barnabas The Chastened, Mark The Steadied, Cornelius The Transplanted, Timothy The Disciplined, Paul The Illuminated. All these are men who were operated on, and, as if we had been contemporaries, we are admitted to witness the operations. The author discriminates one difference thus: "The men of the Old Testament grow, the men of the New flash. For what is the spectacle which the Christian Gallery of Portraits reveals? It is a series of figures rapidly discarding their original costume and appearing in a different garb. We catch a momentary glimpse of a fiery persecutor—it is Saul of Tarsus; we turn aside for an instant, and, when next we look, we are in the presence of a son of charity. We see a man flying from the post of duty because it is the post of danger—it is Simon Peter; we avert our eyes in disgust. The next moment the man stands before us in quite another attitude and vesture; instead of shunning duty through fear of danger, he is almost making danger itself a duty. We behold a rather narrow churchman, devoted to externals and eager for ecclesiastical power—it is John, the son of Zebedee. We divert our gaze for a moment. Then we look again, and lo, the man has lost his formalism, lost his ecclesiasticism, lost his pride, and is found reclining on the bosom of love! These transformations are not magical. Though rapid they are a normal development. What is the one influence which has power to initiate or accelerate the development of a soul? The answer is—contact with a great personality. A man may live for a whole lifetime amid the loveliest and grandest scenery, and he may remain at the end as stolid, dull, and lethargic as at the beginning. But let that man meet with another man—a higher man, a man of piercing mind and potent heart and mesmeric attraction—you will see in a week an absolutely radical change. The eye will flash, the step will lighten, the face will brighten; it will be like the dawn of an inward day. Nature has lofty thoughts for those who are already lofty, but she cannot speak *down*—cannot impress a message on a dormant mind. This is precisely what a high soul *can* do. The higher a soul is the easier for that soul to speak down to lower souls.

And these men of the New Testament had come under the spell of a great Personality. They had lived amid scenery which might have inspired cultivated minds, yet it had failed to rouse them from their rustic apathy. But suddenly a Man appeared. In the midst of their startled lives, right before them, stood an extraordinary, unparalleled Presence. The power of his influence was not so much in what he taught, nor in what he amended, as in direct personal effects which roused them from center to circumference of their being. First of all he woke in their strangely quickened natures the sense of wonder. Human intelligence begins not with an act of understanding, but with the feeling that there is something that is not understood. The earliest effect of Jesus on the men of Galilee was his waking them to wonder, and a sense of something new and great. He did for these men what the hills and the woods and the lakes and the stars could not do; he woke them and made them *ask questions*. That is the time of development, the hour when the man or the child becomes an inquirer—felicitous name it is, that of 'the inquiry room.' It is the *question*, not the answer, that is the note of dawn. My milestones lie in my mysteries, not in my acquirements. Galilee struck a new hour when, seeing Christ, it cried wonderingly, 'What manner of man is this?' It learned for the first that there was something it could see and not perceive, something it could hear and not understand. That sense of ignorance was worth more than all the knowledge in the world; it was the beginning of wisdom. It was the first leap out of the darkness, the earliest emergence into light." In the Introduction, from which we have taken these extracts, is also a suggestive passage in illustration of the "fullness" that is in Christ; not only the fullness of Godhead dwelt in him, but the fullness of humanity also: "Take any great quality found in any one of the Old Testament characters in our gallery of portraits, and ask yourself, Is not this equally represented in the life of Jesus? Has Enoch a vision of immortality; Christ reveals life eternal. Is Noah a preacher of righteousness; Christ calls sinners to repentance. Has Abraham a dream of universal empire; Christ claims to found a world-wide and age-long kingdom of God. Does Isaac represent home-life; so does Christ at Bethany. Does Jacob aspire to a priesthood; Christ offers himself for the world's sins. Is Moses the lawgiver on Sinai; Christ is the lawgiver on Hermon. Is David chivalrous to his foes; Christ forgives his enemies. I do not know a phase of Old Testament heroism which has not been reproduced in the Picture of Jesus. The calm wisdom of Solomon is here, side by side with the flashing of Elijah's fire. The fine courtesy of Boaz is here, hand in hand with Elisha's denunciation of wrong. The daring fearlessness of Daniel is here, blended in equal measure with Job's patient endurance. The humanitarian sweep of Isaiah is here, but along with it there is something which such universal sympathy is apt to exclude—the capacity for individual friendship which marks the soul of Jonathan." Such is the human fullness of Christ. And such as we have quoted are the thoughts of this spiritual seer who sees all the better for being blind. And once more the frequent lesson of history is taught us—that a blind man may see greater things than do those who have eyes merely. Not long ago we noticed here George

Matheson's Leaves for Quiet Hours. In at least one minister's home that rare volume is kept on the sitting-room table, along with the Bible, for use in the family morning devotions. For the home, or the devotional meeting, or the Bible school, or the pulpit, Dr. Matheson's books are helpful.

The Priestly Element in the Old Testament. An Aid to Historical Study, for Use in Advanced Bible Classes. By WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER, Professor of Semitic Languages and Literatures in the University of Chicago. Revised and Enlarged Edition. (Constructive Bible Studies, College Series.) 8vo, pp. 160. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Price, cloth, $1.

This closely printed, reference-filled, formidable looking volume is announced by its publishers as "designed to serve as a guide for the more mature pupils in the Sunday school, although the needs of students in colleges and theological seminaries have constantly been kept in mind." Let us be perfectly fair, but also perfectly frank. We have grave doubts as to whether there exists anywhere in this weary world so much as one single Sunday school where such a book could successfully be taught. Certainly a scholar, a technical Old Testament scholar fully up to the average level of Old Testament professors in the best American theological schools, would be needed for instructor. The class would need to be carefully selected. Its members must be women, for few men in business life at least would have the necessary patience. They would need all to be college graduates, preferably those who had taken honors in mathematics, though place might be found for one or two who had received the highest honors in history. They would need to be free from all the ordinary entanglements of life so as to devote all their time to the study of this one thing. We are not poking fun at a serious book. "We speak the truth and lie not," and are anxious only to make perfectly plain our conviction that the book is hopeless as a manual for Sunday school instruction. It is too elaborate, too complex, makes too severe a demand upon sustained attention, upon such a concentration of the mind as is possessed only by those who have disciplined that very useful organ by years of labor. But, let us hasten to say that the book has a very high usefulness. It would make the best book yet published for a small Seminar class of advanced Old Testament students, under a competent director, who really wished to go to the bottom of Israel's priestly system. Everything needful in the way of direction in the handling of the matter is here assembled, digested, arranged with a thoroughness and an accuracy of which President Harper is a master. Not only that but the whole vast literature of criticism is here also set forth, so that no man need accept anything in the book itself without examining the work of everybody who has said anything worth while upon it. Some amiable despot ought to find a means of preventing all "bishops and other clergy" from saying a word about the criticism of Israel's priestly laws until they have passed a fair examination upon this book. Not that we would expect them to accept all that is in it, we do not do that ourselves, but it would show them how difficult the subject is and teach them to be lenient in judgment concerning scholars who feel bound to accept some of its conclusions. It is extremely interesting to observe that this book, difficult as

it is, has already reached its third editon. We are a bit surprised, but are glad at least for this reason that we may hope that Professor Harper will be encouraged thereby to issue his promised companion volume on "The Prophetic Element in the Old Testament." We have a feeling that this ought to prove a little less forbidding, more filled with matter of interest to many who could make little or nothing of the book now before us.

The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries. By ADOLF HARNACK, Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin. Translated by JAMES MOFFATT, B.D., D.D. Vol. II. Pp. ix, 488. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Williams & Norgate, 1905. Price, cloth, $3.

The same characteristics which were found in the first volume (see this REVIEW, September, 1905) are in this also, especially that wonderful continuation of learning and interest which, among Germans, the author so well illustrates. One of the most interesting discussions is that with which this second volume opens—The Name of Christian Believers. The original name, disciples, was finally confined to the believers who had seen Christ, and to the confessors and martyrs of the second and third centuries who became *personal* disciples of the Lord. The Christians called themselves God's people, Israel in spirit, the seed of Abraham, the chosen people, the twelve tribes, the elect, the servants of God, believers, saints, brethren, and the church of God. The first seven hardly became technical titles, though the terms elect and the servants of God came near being so. Believers was a technical title, however, and back of it was the message which, says Harnack, made them what they were—the preaching of the one God, of his Son Jesus Christ, and of the life to come. The three most characteristic titles were saints, brethren, and the church of God. They were called saints because they "were sanctified by God and for God through the Holy Spirit sent by Jesus, and because they were conscious of being truly holy and partakers in the future glory despite all the sins that daily clung to them. The actual and sensible guarantees of holiness lay in the holy media (sacraments), the charismata (supernatural gifts), and the power of expelling demons." Saints was the name applied by Christians to each other till after the middle of the second century. Now, why did that name cease as the technical designation of all Christians? That was due to two causes, says Harnack: first, the growing worldliness of Christians, who were no longer conscious of being personally holy, and, second, the rise of special classes in the church distinguished by their patience in suffering, or for being set apart to holy work, to whom the name saints was appropriated. These were martyrs, confessors, ascetics, and finally bishops. With the disappearance of personal holiness of the people, the holy media, or sacraments—which gave official or magic holiness to persons who lacked real sanctification of life—assumed still greater importance. While people were not personally holy, they comforted themselves that they had holy martyrs, holy ascetics, holy priests, holy ordinances, holy writings, and holy doctrine. As the name saints denoted the Christian's relation to God and the kingdom of God here and hereafter, so the name brethren denoted their relation to their fellow believers. They termed themselves a brotherhood (1 Pet. 2. 17; 5. 9, etc.) as well as

brethren, and to understand how fixed and frequent was the title, says Harnack, to understand how truly it answered to their life and conduct, one has only to study not merely the New Testament writings (where Jesus himself employed it and laid great stress upon it), but Clement of Rome, the Didachê, and the writings of the apologists. Yet even the name brethren, though it outlived that of saints, lapsed after the close of the third century, or, rather, it was only ecclesiastics who continued to call each other brethren; and when a priest gave the title of brother to a layman it denoted special mark of honor. Brethren survived only in sermons, as it does to-day in the Roman and Episcopal Churches, but confessors were at liberty to address ecclesiastics and even bishops by this title. This interesting history of titles and names given to Christians has had its counterpart in Methodism. The early reality, when brethren was a living and common designation, has given way to secular designations except in certain official uses. Does this mean that the church to-day is less a brotherhood than the fraternal societies, and unconsciously confesses herself so in the lapse of the old names? From the above facts taken from the first chapter in this volume the reader can judge the extraordinarily rich feast set before him in Harnack's Expansion. Pages 240-446 of this volume are taken up with a minute, scholarly, and interesting investigation of the evidences of the geographic expansion of Christianity, canvassing each country in turn. Take India. From the evidences collected by the late Rev. Charles Egbert Kennet, of Bishop's College, Calcutta, in his valuable pamphlet, Saint Thomas, the Apostle of India, second edition, Madras, 1892, it has been supposed by some that the apostle Thomas really preached in India and founded the church there. See Hurst, Indika, 309-312, and the Hurst History of the Christian Church, i, 117-119. All that Harnack will say is that in the first half of the third century Christians may have existed in India. But Richard Adelbert Lipsius has subjected the Thomas legend to a critical pulverizing in his Die Apokrypen Apostelgeschichten und Apostellegenden, Braunschweig, 1883, i, 281-291. India received its Christianity (so far as it had any in ancient times) from Persia in the fourth or fifth century. Even the Thomas Acts, says Lipsius, show that the tradition of an Indian activity of the apostle did not refer to our India, but to the Bactrian kingdom of Gundaphorus, corresponding roughly to our Afghanistan. At the end of the second century Thomas was considered the apostle of the Parthians and neighboring peoples, and it was easy to carry him over the Indian-Parthian boundary lines to South India, or India proper. The "apostle of the Persians" became reverenced, as a matter of course, as the apostle of the daughter societies of India. We have noticed some glaring instances of proof readers' oversight, but none that could not readily be corrected by an intelligent reader. The vaulable series to which the translation belongs is published in unnecessarily expensive form. The original work in one volume in cloth cost just half the price of this translation. Ministers and theological students, to whom mostly such works appeal, are generally blessed with a short purse, and publishers should remember this and spare needless luxury.

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